



THE
OUTLOOK OF FREEDOM:

OR

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ELEMENT

IN

AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY JUSTIN D. FULTON.

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PREFACE.

THE OUTLOOK OF FREEDOM is gained, by following in the footsteps of those who have battled for the living God on the Western Continent. Though Romanism had the start by nearly two centuries—though the standards of her faith were planted by Christopher Columbus on the island of San Salvador, and from thence carried westward to the Pacific, southward beyond the Gulf of Mexico—beyond the isthmus to the dreary wastes of Patagonia, northward to the Canadas and round the chain of lakes to the sources of the Mississippi; yet we shall see how events, guided by a Divinity that never errs, were so shaped and controlled that within a century, Romanism met with an overthrow on the heights of Quebec, in the heart of Europe, and in far distant India.

We shall see how this foe of freedom, of truth and of humanity then became the secret ally of a foreign despotism. We shall note her conquests, chronicle her defeats, and reveal the distorted features of an enemy full of subtlety, cunning and deception.

The field is new—others have written at length regarding American history; but this is the first attempt made to trace the elements of Romanism and Protestantism as they have met face to face to try swords on a new field. We shall see that the stream of Roman superstitions, born at the foot of frozen glaciers in the caves of Pagan antiquity, however furiously it may roll on, and however turbulently it may strive to be acknowledged as the Gospel—has met with a signal defeat and an insurmountable barrier, in the freedom which the truth gives; and in the swelling floods of that other stream which takes its rise at the throne of God, and flows on an undisturbed and pure river of life.

The work is now committed to other hands. We can promise them much of pleasure and of profit, providing they, like the writer have felt sad forebodings when their eye has wandered over the land, viewing the evidences of power, of bitter enmity to freedom—of harsh denunciation, which characterizes the progress of Romanism in our midst; for amid it all, the reader can not fail to detect the hand that rules the storm, pointing the eye forward to the time when the light of the Gospel, the influence of free institutions and the onward march of science, will roll back and dispel the murky clouds of superstition; and when the papal throng, fleeing from the despotisms of Europe shall emerge into the liberty which results from free thought, free speech and free labor bequeathed to us by the founders of the Republic.

We will not detain the reader with a record of the pleasures or sacrifices, of the toils, disappointments and hopes incident to an undertaking like the present. If the enterprise is successful it may stimulate other writers to exertion, if a failure, we shall show them how we have learned to endure defeat.

The heart of the author has been encouraged by the flattering evidences of regard he has received from friends. He bespeaks for this book which is the product of years of patient investigation, the candid and impartial examination of a generous public.—Deal plainly with its faults and commend its virtues; and may God make it the seedling from which shall spring another strong prop, which shall stay up the interests of a land whose past history is full of praise, and whose future is all aglow with the rising beams of hope. For America seems indeed like the citadel of a world's hope, built by an Almighty hand, from whose high tower there is an Outlook of Freedom, dear alike to the historian, the patriot and the Christian.

SANDUSKY, Ohio, July, 1856.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.—A glance at Europe prior to the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.....	9
---	---

CHAPTER II.

THE WEST INDIES.—Columbus discovers San Salvador—Mistakes it for one of the Islands lying adjacent to India—The Natives—The cruelty of the Spaniards—The destruction of the Native population—Cruelty of Ovando—Persecution of Columbus—The condition of Cuba and Hayti.....	30
--	----

CHAPTER III.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO AND PERU.—Cortez—His Character—Montezuma—The characteristics of the Mexicans—Scenes in the Conquest—The overthrow of the Mexican and commencement of the Spanish rule—Peru—Its conquest by Pizarro—The results—Influence of the Jesuits.....	59
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

- HISTORY OF JESUIT MISSIONS IN NORTH AMERICA.—The origin of the Jesuits—Loyola—His plan—Distinguished French Missionaries—When they came—Their success and defeat..... 90

CHAPTER V.

- THE COLONIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—Early settlement of Florida—Fernando de Soto—Discovery of the Mississippi—French Huguenots—Their persecution by the Spaniards—Gaspard de Coligny—His character—The slaughter of Protestants by Catholics in Florida—Massacre of St. Bartholomew 124

CHAPTER VI.

- THE OVERTHROW OF THE TEMPORAL POWER OF POPERY.—The triumphs of Xavier in Japan and China—Luther's attack—The overthrow of French influence in India—The success of Frederic of Prussia, of De Wolfe on the heights of Quebec, planted the standards of Protestantism in the heart of Europe and America..... 139

CHAPTER VII.

- HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN THE UNITED STATES.—The lecture of Archbishop Hughes on "The Catholic Chapter in the History of the United States," noticed—A comparison of the United States and South America—Religious Freedom—Its establishment claimed for the Catholics of Maryland—That claim disproved—Roger Williams of Rhode Island, the standard-bearer of Soul liberty—James II—His character—Roger Williams and Lord Calvert in contrast..... 166

CHAPTER VIII.

VIEWS OF THE PAPISTS WITH REGARD TO THE UNITED STATES.— The purposes and plans of the Papal Hierarchy—How they regard the United States—The Secret Societies of Europe plotting the overthrow of the Republic—A contrast between Catholic and Protestant Missionaries.....	189
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.—Non-Intervention an American doctrine proclaimed by Washington and Hamil- ton—By whom opposed—Naturalization Laws—Foreign In- fluence.....	208
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

THE GOOD AND EVIL EFFECTS OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.— America the place of refuge for the oppressed—Equal Rights —How abused—Dangers arising therefrom—The origin of the American and Foreign Christian Union—Norton, Baird, Dow- ling, Tyng, and Hague—Their work.....	229
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL QUESTION—ITS PAST AND PRESENT CON- DITION.—Settlers of New England eager for Schools—Catholics object to use of Bible—Gov. Seward, D'Arcy McGee, and Meagher on School Question—Reports of State Committees— Nunneries.....	242
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHURCH PROPERTY BILL.—Its history—The bill of Senator James O. Putnam, of New York—The charges preferred by Hon. Erastus Brooks against Archbishop Hughes.....	270
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RELIGIOUS FREEDOM OF EUROPE A DESIDERATUM TO AMERICANS.—The overthrow of Religious Liberty in the Old World—Its influence upon America—Do Catholics fight as freemen?—Archbishop Hughes—His history and pretensions—Metropolitan Hall meeting, in 1853, in behalf of Religious Freedom. 299

CHAPTER XIV.

APPEALS OF EUROPEAN REPUBLICANS AND DESPOTS TO OUR SYMPATHIES.—Louis Kossuth—His reception by the American people—The doctrine of Non-Intervention maintained by Millard Fillmore and defended by Henry Clay—The influence of Kossuth upon the German population in the United States—Gavazzi and Bedini—Their influence..... 326

CHAPTER XV.

THE OUTLOOK OF FREEDOM.—The American movement—Its success, and its overthrow—Opposition to Despotism was the secret of its power—Its alliance with Despotism the source of its weakness..... 345

CHAPTER XVI.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE IN 1848 AND 1849.—Pio Nono—Joseph Mazzini—The hopes built upon Italian Freedom—The overthrow of the Republic by the French—Persecution of Bible readers. 357

CHAPTER XVII.

THE INFLUENCE AND PROSPERITY OF PROTESTANTISM AND POPERY COMPARED.—The Truth gives Freedom—The church of Rome is enslaved—Freedom—What it is doing for the nations—The past and present condition of the ruling nations—Estimates of the numbers and power of the churches—Protestantism occupies the center of Europe and America—The triumphs of Truth—The condition of Catholicism throughout the world..... 368

THE
ROMAN CATHOLIC ELEMENT
IN
AMERICAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

A Glance at Europe prior to the Discovery of America by
Christopher Columbus.

THE Roman Catholic element can be traced through all the meanderings of the world's history during a period of fifteen hundred years. The tree was planted in Pagan soil long before the rising beams of modern civilization illumined the path of empire; Columbus, though he laid at his monarch's feet the record of a discovery which startled Europe from its long repose, did little more than plant on the shores of a forest-world seed gathered in ancestral climes, which, springing up, has brought forth a hundred fold.

This element, as it runs through and tinges the history of America, is but a continuation of the history of Roman Catholicism, and whoever watches the stream issue from its native channel in the Old World, and beholds it creating for itself a channel in the New, finds that it remains unchanged in appearance or destiny, and that it is easily recognized and followed.

Others have fully exposed the absurdities of the theological tenets of the Church of Rome. She has been shown to rest her hope of advancement and success not upon faith in Christ, but upon a system of works which blind and befog the ignorant, and which enshrouded the sky of her despairing votaries with the murky vapors of superstition. We shall gather together the fruits borne by the trees which make up this wilderness of error, and strive to point the eye of a generous people toward a land of gospel light and liberty, where the green fields of truth, veined by crystal streams, invite the worn and weary to an abundant rest.

Romanism is not a system of religious belief. When her founders forsook the path marked out by the New Testament and entered the arena of conflict, determined to wrest the trident from Pagan Rome, they abandoned every principle dear to humble followers of the Nazarene, and became a political power, whose onward course was marked by blight and ruin. This power beggared and then enslaved Europe. It covered the fairest portion of this green earth with the pall of night, and hung temples used to songs of praise and words of prayer with the drapery of gloom.

When Columbus reared the standards of the cross on the island of San Salvador, Europe was groaning under this accumulated weight of wrong. The reaction commenced so soon as an avenue was opened to thought, and while the Jesuits were penetrating the wilderness, were communicating with rude natives and making strenuous endeavors to instruct them in the forms and rituals of worship, reform was busy in Europe. It arose as a giant refreshed with wine, from the couch of

luxurious ease, and with rapid stride surmounted the obstacles lying in its path. History shows that Romanism had unlimited sway in America, and acted out herself until the triumphs gained by Protestantism made it dangerous, when because of defeat she was forced for a time to wear the mask.

The historian then has to deal with a principle which has withstood the fall and crash of empires and the revolution of ages. He has to deal with a fixed fact, which made its appearance upon our continent nearly four centuries ago; which began, a spectral cloud dotting the blue skies of the tropics, and now hangs like a frowning tempest, dark, ominous and portentous; a fact that is a sojourner with us — that plants upon the most costly edifices of our land the cross, around which gathers, to a great extent, the poor, the ignorant and superstitious; that is now, though boasting of its love of religious and political liberty, evidencing, by its hostility to the Bible, to truth, to education, to free speech and independence of thought, that freedom, both religious and political, is the object of its hate and persecution, here and throughout the world.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that the discovery of truth and the discovery of a continent took place at or near the same time; that while God was leading the thought of Europe to make discoveries in science, in geography, and in navigation, in England Wickliffe and others were preaching the truth, and were thus preparing the way for a reformation in religion, and a revolution in mind, that was destined to change and disenthral a shackled humanity. It was a remark of Jonathan Edwards, "that the wheels of Providence are

not turned about by blind chance, but they are full of eyes round about, and are guided by the Spirit of God." The Bible is a faithful record of God's dealings with His chosen people, and His declared will published to the world. It points man toward a path that leads up from want and wretchedness to heaven, and gives him a guide so plain and unmistakable that a fool need not err therein. History is the record of God's dealings with the world. It enables us to see that there is a Power, back of all things, shaping and guiding and controlling individual and national destiny. "Facts, faithfully ascertained and placed in proper contiguity, become, of themselves, the links of a brightly burnished chain, connecting events with their causes, and *marking* the line along which the electric power of truth is conveyed from generation to generation. Historic truth may establish itself as a science, and the principles that govern human affairs, extending like a path of light from century to century, become the highest demonstration of the superintending Providence of God."

It is the privilege of all to gaze into past history, as a mirror, where the future may be seen. It is sublimely true that God moves in history. There will be *many* facts to demonstrate this, in our brief review of the period whence our history takes its rise. How else could we account for it, that Henry VII, of England, instead of Ferdinand, of Spain, lost the opportunity of fitting out Columbus in his voyage of discovery? Had his brother not been defeated in his plans before Columbus had won from the court of Spain the means to realize his splendid dream, the fleet would have sailed down the Thames; Englishmen, instead of Spaniards,

would have settled the West Indies, and South America, rather than New England, would have been the home of the Anglo-Saxon race. Why is it that no large society, of which the tongue is not Teutonic, has ever turned Protestant, and that wherever a language derived from that of ancient Rome is spoken, the religion of modern Rome to this day prevails? Italy, nor Spain, nor Germany — none of them, nor all of them together — were destined to exert the controlling influence upon the continent of America. It was England; and we shall see how the Providence of God ordered it, that England, instead of Germany, should revolt from the church of Rome; how Englishmen were restrained from coming here until the proper time; how, by persecution, by trial, and by education, the bone and sinew of a nation were being prepared to lay the foundation of the temple of liberty in the distant regions of this forest continent, fast becoming the garden of the world; “how a few resolute Puritans — who, in the cause of their religion, feared neither the rage of the ocean, nor the hardships of uncivilized life — neither the fangs of savage beasts, nor the tomahawks of more savage men — have built, amid the primeval forests, villages which are now great and opulent cities, but which have, through every change, retained some trace of the character derived from their founders.” How wisely it was ordained that Mexico, Peru and the Canadas should be colonized by the governments of Spain and France, while the centre of this western world has been peopled by stout-hearted and God-fearing men from every part of old England! We shall find that while, in the perfecting and carrying out of this great unfolding plan of

Providence, the Spaniards were daring the dangers of the deep, familiarizing themselves with the untrodden wilds of the ocean, or with the no less dangerous wilds of islands and forests — while they were timidly creeping along the shores of seas, penetrating the deep solitudes of continents — thinkers in Germany and in England were getting ready their bark to launch forth into the labyrinthine mazes of speculation, as with the Star of Bethlehem for their guide, the Bible for their compass, they cut loose from error, and pushed out upon the shoreless main of truth. Thus, while forests were being leveled, rivers ascended and mountains scaled in the New World, the accumulations of error, which had been gathering strength for centuries, were being removed, the area of scientific investigation was being mapped out, and streams of knowledge were permitted to flow forth, fertilizing, as they went, the continents and islands of the eastern hemisphere ; while the Spaniards were busy in gleaning sands of gold, the Anglo-Saxon race were no less eager in the pursuit of unseen treasures, which were to be garnered in the heavens.

Others have written the history of Roman Catholicism in Europe. They have led us to her cradle, where the infant slumbered in comparative security, rocked by superstition, which assumed the garb of truth. They have presented her again in the form of a mother, now doating and fond, now cruel and tyrannical. They have kindly lifted the veil that concealed the movements of the serpent, as noiselessly it has crept within the sanctum of the order, until, with slimy folds, it has coiled around the victim, pillowed its head upon the beating heart, taking captive the church, and guiding

and controlling its aspirations and hopes. Thus, while the Eden of history was invaded by the enemy of God and the destroyer of man, in the form of a serpent, which coiled around the tuft of the tree of knowledge, we find the Eden of the church taken captive by the same foe, clothed in the garments of avarice and superstition. In the first instance, the key to the wide realms of knowledge was proffered; in the latter, the door was thrown open to wealth and splendor.

A century passes, and history presents her, grown strong and mighty, with her towering cathedrals, decked with the costly trappings and tinselry of show. Others have portrayed her power, chronicled her conquests, and celebrated her triumphs. Aided by this light, we see her now laying waste the fairest portions of Persia; now desolating the land of the Moors, and erecting her monuments upon the Nile; now from the Holy Sepulchre comes a wild fanatic, wrapped in a gown and belted by a cord; and he calls millions after him to rescue, from the hands of the infidel, the tomb of the Messiah. Multitudes bestrew the plain with their bleaching bones, before we listen to the shout of victory echoing and re-echoing along their native hills, as, laden with spoils and trophies, they return to enrich their homes.

The scene changes, and we find her proud monuments leveled; her heroes and saints have been by Saracen arrows made to bite the dust. The sepulchre, won by toil and treasure, is lost. The sky-pointing summits of her hope are wrapped in gloom; her shrines and altars are bespattered with gore; her plate has been used for exchange, her vaulted cathedrals for stables,

and the palaces and conventicles of her priests have been converted into homes for the populace and the soldiery.

Behold her again, striving to recover from loss. Though rent by internal dissensions, she is yet strong and mighty, with a dead past forgotten, with a hopeful future growing bright. Thus was she in the fifteenth century. Error crept forth unblushingly, and "basked his scaly circles in the sun." The passions of men were unbridled; their hopes and fears were made to fill the coffers of the church, by procuring salvation in Christ, or release from hell, by the payment of gold. The tastes and appetites of the clergy were cared for by an indulgent mother—aye, they were nursed by a tropic growth.

Behold the clustering group of great minds, that found in this pregnant era of history a birth and education—incitements to enterprise, and a world for action. In 1435, Christopher Columbus was born; Martin Luther first saw the light of day in 1483; the heaven-born radiance of the Gospel, in 1516; Erasmus, a most illustrious character in the republic of literature and the cause of religion, was born in 1467; Tyndal, in 1477; Melancthon, in 1497; Ignatius Loyola, in 1491; Charles V, in 1500; John Calvin, in 1509, and Elizabeth, Queen of England, in 1533. This group forms a galaxy of talent such as the world had scarcely seen for ages. They all traveled in different paths, but each wound around a common eminence, leading all to distinction. The influences exerted and sent forth by them live yet; they have encompassed the globe. It is a common remark, that circumstances make men;

that they are the creatures of time. "The time called them forth; the time did everything, they nothing but what any one else might have done." "This," says Carlyle, "seems to me but melancholy work. The time call forth! Alas! we have known the times call loudly enough for their great man, but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the time, *calling its loudest*, had to go down to confusion and wreck, because he would not come when called; for, if we will think of it, no time need have gone to ruin, could it have found a man great enough, a man wise and good enough; wisdom to discern truly what the time wanted—valor to lead it on the right road thither: these are the salvation of any time." The history of the world is the biography of great men. In all epochs of the world's history we shall find the great man to have been the indispensable saviour of his epoch—the lightning without which the fuel never would have burnt. "Men, like stars, appear on the horizon at the command of God." How glorious to be such a star, ever shining so truthfully in the great moral firmament of truth—stars of God's own making, not the patched-up work of genius or literature, or of effeminate society. Such were the reformers of this period; they shine now in that resplendent constellation of which the Saviour is the sun; and as, in the sun's eclipse, we behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so, in the absence of Him, who is the light of the New Jerusalem, we behold these glowing ever in reflected light, and like the moon throwing from her silver sheen the glory of her departed king back upon the world.

Let us go back to this critical and important era, and learn what deeds performed by these illustrious men have given their names a place in history, and made their age the starting point of reform. Erasmus translated the Greek Testament into easy Latin, and thus made it accessible to the reading world. Tyndal went still farther, and gave Englishmen the Bible in their own tongue. Thus was the truth scattered throughout Great Britain, despite the opposition of the Church of Rome. Erasmus "laid the egg afterward hatched by Luther." At the same time (1517) that Erasmus gave England the New Testament, Luther began his attack upon the church. At this time the great German reformer developed a principle which sprung a magazine that, exploding, rent asunder the rocky barriers of the mountains of ignorance and superstition, pouring as from a volcano's crater, the lurid lava of truth over empires and continents. Calvin, planting his feet upon the Word of God, pointed his long, lean finger toward the corruptions of the church, and stirred up the dregs of error that so long had slumbered side by side with the golden grains of truth. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order of Jesus, possessed a mind that enabled him to contest with Luther the honor of fashioning the American history and character. The institution created by him early wrapped itself about the history of our country, and aided mightily in casting the spiritual horoscope of our continent. Seven years before Plymouth Rock received the disembarkation from the Mayflower, and twenty-three years before Rhode Island had its first European settler, France and the Roman Catholic religion had established itself in Maine. Still

sooner, Jesuits were in Nova Scotia. In 1625, Jesuit missionaries were laboring on the banks of the St. Lawrence; from thence they journeyed in different directions, stimulated by a common object, striving for a common goal.

Charles V. consolidated an empire, conquered the Papacy, imprisoned the Pope—now making that tremendous engine subserve his purposes, and anon becoming its most humble and devoted servant; now joining friendly hands with Henry VIII. of England, and anon becoming his deadly foe in the cabinet and on the field; now, setting in operation a scheme which belted the different nations of Europe together in a common brotherhood, and again throwing into their very center the torch of revolution, which drives Henry back to his home, breaks the power of Francis, and makes the Pope—that would-be Vicegerent—do his bidding, and perform his most menial work. Charles became the center of European influence, raised the Spanish power to the culminating point in greatness, and, by conquest, extended the area of empire to such an extent that the sun never ceased to shine upon his dominions. Elizabeth made England, during her reign, what Charles V. had made Spain a few years before. Her fleet conquered the Armada; her armies and her treasure gave strength and encouragement to William Prince of Orange in the Netherlands, and Henry of Navarre in France. England became the asylum for the oppressed of every clime—the cradle where the Protestant faith was rocked in its second infancy, and the furnace where, by persecution and martyrdom, the spirit of revolt was engendered and cultivated that gave to America its Puritan

element, and drove from the breast of a punctilious mother that seedling of strength which, planted in a wilderness, finally wrested from the parent state the right of self-government, and secured for herself the charter of our liberties. Elizabeth, by passing the Uniformity Act—an act that brought force to bear on the conscience, and fetters upon the limbs—blindly but surely laid the foundation of republican institutions; while Christopher Columbus bridged the ocean, and discovered the Atlantis of the ancient dreamers.

Prominent and distinctive features characterized each and all of the individuals above named. They were all honest. They had a singleness of purpose that is remarkable. There is, too, an individuality about them that enables the historian to paint upon the canvas of the past, life-likenesses of each. Separate, isolated and alone, each one stands forth the representative of some particular action, era or course of policy. All would call Luther first and foremost among the opposers of Popery; Loyola is equally prominent in defending the Papacy. John Calvin, the impetuous reformer, seems, like our own Edwards, to have burnt his image upon his age with the exact proportions that a red-hot bolt would burn into a board its length, size and form. Every lineament of his countenance can be seen, and his words even now seem to be echoing round the world.

The age of Elizabeth is her age alone. It has its niche in the temple of fame. She still occupies her throne. *There never can be a usurper.* Tyndal, whose life was devoted to translation, can be seen fleeing with his manuscripts from town to town, from country

to country, that he may write and print the English Bible.

Luther and Loyola are often referred to as the chief molders of American character; but, by a wise provision of Providence, the glory of starting, perfecting, and carrying out any work, can never all be ascribed to any one individual. And indeed, at this time many names stand, in the arrangement 'which the development of time has made, before either Luther or Loyola.

About the year 1581, Robert Brown, a weak and insinuating man, unsettled and inconsistent in all his views, in compliance with a freak of fancy, by endeavoring to model the form of the church after the infant community that was founded by the apostles, despite after exertions and recantations, sprung the thought which afterward grew into the system first styled Puritan, afterward Independent, and now styled the Congregational element. Brown, not being able to withstand the fires of persecution, shortly after he was driven to the Netherlands, deserted his followers, returned to England, took orders in the Established Church, and led an idle and dissolute life.

The unknown and unhonored Robert Brown has done more for American character than either Luther or Loyola, and has made himself the rival and competitor of Calvin, John Knox and Robinson.

"It has been the boast of the order of Jesuits, that Providence made the birth of their own Loyola to coincide so nearly with that of Luther, by the same arrangement of Divine benevolence that is said ever to provide the antidote in the vicinity of the poison. Their writers are also accustomed to say that, in bringing so closely

together the rise of their founder and the discoveries of Columbus, God had evidently pointed their way to those missionary labors upon our continent in which they engaged so earnestly and successfully.* Well may the Protestant, and especially the citizen of these United States, bless, in his turn, that fatherly care of Divine Providence, which neither allowed the era of American colonization to be hastened, nor that of the Reformation to be deferred." Had these events been differently arranged — had Spanish, and not English, blood flowed in the veins of our first settlers; or had the Mayflower borne to our shores the foundations of a Catholic colony, and had Roger Williams been a Jesuit missionary; or had the schemes of French conquest, that would have made Canada but the starting point of North American empire, been successful; had the religion and faith of Luther prevailed, instead of that of Calvin and Robinson, the guide and grand mover in the Puritan commonwealth, and of Williams, the immortal head of the colony in Rhode Island; had the converts to the Catholic faith and the establishments of the Jesuits been of a permanent character, how different had been the annals of our country and of our entire race! "America had wanted her Washington; the impulse of modern revolutions had remained yet to be given; the name of Lexington had continued still a common and unhonored sound, and the dial of the world had been put back for more than the ten degrees, by which, at the prayer of Hezekiah, the sun went down on the dial of Ahaz." Whereas, at this time, the Lu-

* Charlevoix *Histoire de Paraguay*.

theran church in the United States numbers but 250,000 communicants, and places where the Jesuits reared their chapels and read mass to the wild natives, are lost amid the twilight and uncertainties of the long ago, and are known only as legends or monuments, which mark the places sacred to the memory of the "black-robed missionary."

Let us take a cursory glance at the causes which led to the discovery of America, and we will leave the Old World, confining our wanderings henceforth to the New. The art of printing, which made literature current, and gave wings to thought, had been invented. This drew the manuscripts, covered with the dust of centuries, from the cloisters, and gave books to the million. It disentombed Plato and Aristotle, and bade them go forth, dressed in a befitting garb, to commune with mankind as instructors of the fogged and blinded student of metaphysics and scepticism. It unshackled the mind, and enabled it to throw off the yoke, that it might afterward wear the cloak of the prophet; while the discovery of the compass and the quadrant led the mariner, who had heretofore confined himself to shore, out into the wilds of the ocean. India, the El Dorado of the East, exerted a mighty influence upon the enterprises of this period. For ages her products had been conveyed, by the Gulf of Persia, the Euphrates, the Indus and the Oxus, to the Caspian and the Mediterranean seas, thence to take a new destination for the various marts of Europe.

To discover a new inlet to that fair portion of the East which so long, with its beauty and luxury, had

been the star hanging over the cradle of wealth and independence, became a raging passion among the leading nations of Europe. In this pursuit, the spirit of the Crusades, the spirit of chivalry, and the spirit of romance found a new and appropriate field. The Portuguese, governed, guided and directed by the sublime genius of Prince Henry, reproduced the charts and guides which had been buried in the monasteries of the monks. He gathered around him the talent and genius of the age, and pointed it toward India, around the coast of Africa. The Pope, having guarantied to him the right of discovery, granted plenary indulgence to all who should die in these expeditions. Mariners, who formerly looked with distrust upon a boisterous and apparently shoreless expanse — who had seen in every bold headland or far-stretching promontory a wall and barrier to progress — now resolutely dared the dangers of the deep, aided by the compass and quadrant. The republic of Genoa drank in the spirit. Columbus, surrounded by the stir and bustle of discovery, communing with persons who had risen by it to fortune and greatness, and voyaging in the very tracks of its recent triumphs, was aroused to a high pitch of enthusiasm in the cause. Unknown to him was the source whence came the logs of wood, carved with rude imagery and covered with strange grasses. Geography became his favorite — I may say his constant — study. The fabled land, often in the distance seen, but never explored, became the centre to the circumference of his thought; the conviction deepened within him “that westward the star of empire was destined to wing its way.” The

feeling took possession of his soul, and thrilled his being, that God had chosen him to discover a new track to India, whereby wealth might be acquired to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the iron grasp of the infidel. The Geography of Ptolemy, and the charts drawn upon the distant deserts of the East, pointed him across the ocean. Columbus became an enthusiast. He thought alone of his mission; he meant that the courts of Europe should think of it in like manner. Toward the West lay the road to wealth — this was his prophecy. This enthusiasm and honesty arrested the attention of princes and courts. By these he conquered their stupidity, and overcame their unbelief. We, who look with cold concern upon the expeditions of a Franklin, regardless whether he or his followers shall succeed in breaking the icy bolts of the North, that he may pass unscathed around into more balmy climes; who expect revolutions of empires as a matter of course, and grow tired of the flood of literature that sweeps across our land; who have seen this continent ribbed with iron, and strung with wiry nerves, can form no adequate conception of the tumultuous period in which our ancestry lived and moved. Wandering pilgrims from the Holy Lands, the disabled soldier of the Crusades had returned enriched with spoils and wild with fanaticism. The waves of a continental excitement were plowing the bosom and disturbing the depths of the sea of humanity; for the hoarse note of this tempest of strife had become the lullaby of genius and the music of the soul. India's wealth had built cities and made empires mighty. Venice, from being poor and mean, humble and obscure,

had come to sit in state, throned on her hundred isles, a ruler of the waters and her powers. Genoa, too, walled in and straitened on the land side by rugged mountains, carried on a wide and extended commerce; her sails whitened every sea, her ships, going out poor, returned laden with spoils won by arms, and wealth gleaned by industry. Portugal had accomplished much, but planned more. In the prime of manhood her prince died, and it was reserved for Vasca de Gama to double the Cape called, afterward, Good Hope, and furl his sails by the banks of the Ganges. Think it not strange that this age gave birth to the discovery of America. Great occasions call out great minds, and it is in accordance with a wise provision of Providence, that, in every critical period of history, there have been those whose superiority of intellect and brilliancy of genius enabled them to guide and command. Such have been the rulers in the province of mind—the landmarks of humanity.

“The men of this period,” says Duff, “saturated with the spirit of the age, and inflamed with the swelling reports of tradition and of distant fame, sallied forth, prepared not for novelties merely; they really expected and were resolved to meet with wonders; and, in the absence of real wonders, such was the fervor of their enthusiasm, that it would have thrown the most brilliant coloring over the tamest scenes, magnifying the most ordinary and common-place into the marvelous, converting every field into a garden of delight, every rock into a mountain of gold, every valley into Elysian bowers. What, then, must have been the effect on such

ardent and romantic spirits, when they found the ideal pictures actually eclipsed by the tangible and the visible; when even on their glowing fancies, the reality burst in a blaze of unexpected splendor! Around them were strown the most stupendous monuments of art, tombs and temples, palaces and towers, that seemed to bespeak an age when genii and demigods were denizens of earth and compeers of mortal man. Before them, too, and on every side, nature flung forth her stores with a prolific beauty unknown in northern climes. To say that they were filled with amazement, is to say little. The impression is altogether overpowering. From that time the very name of India throughout Europe was the symbol and representative of all that is great, glorious and magnificent in the products of nature and art; unsealing to the romancer and the poet a never-failing fount of imagery, which blending with the flowers of Parnassus and the gentle ripples of Helicon, has been woven into the richest drapery of modern song."

Such in brief, is a portraiture of the fifteenth century. Such was the food that fed Columbus; such the soil on which he grew, and these were the scenes that surrounded his cradle, that developed his manhood, turned his eye westward, and bade him go and fulfill a destiny and perform a mission, which, when recorded, as it then appeared to men, for boldness of thought and grandeur of conception, is second to none other chronicled in history.

The thought of a shorter route to the Indies lay crude and unshapen down in his mind alone. Perhaps before him flitted, at times, some vision that pointed to a glorious future, and whispered of success. The world

called it a dream, and pointed the finger of scorn at the visionary man. But this hindered him not. It made him count over again the chances of success. With the trumpet peal of fanaticism still sounding in his ears; with a mind deeply imbued with the characteristic zealotism of the age, and eminently distinguished for those attainments in general science which enabled him to argue with, and convert to his belief, the most distinguished scholars of his time; he began his journeyings to the different courts of Europe, to offer a New World to any who would enable him to carry out his plans. The story of his vexatious trials, of his discouragements and heart-sickening defeats; how, following in the retinue of Isabella, he was despised by courtiers and so-called philosophers; how year after year, he clung to this one central thought of his being; how he wasted his substance by supporting himself during long and fruitless delays; and how, one day, sitting penniless and way-worn, by the way side, he begged a crust of bread and a flask of water of a friendly monk, for his dying boy, and thus stumbled upon the patron whose eloquence and zeal made the lovely Isabella pledge her jewels to furnish from her exhausted treasury an out-fit for the despairing prophet—will never lose its interest; for this reveals to us the thorny path up which all climb that reach an enviable fame.

Thus did the assistance of a Catholic beget for him success. A Catholic court defrayed the expenses of his voyage. An unseen Hand guided him to the lovely regions of the South, securing for Catholic Spain the Spanish West Indies, Mexico and Peru. When the

first Spanish caraval moored itself in those balmy climes, the cross was first and foremost. When that band of resolute men first stepped upon the shore of an unknown world, they planted the standards of their faith, and flung out to the land-breeze the banner upon which was inscribed the cross; its folds floated with becoming pride over the fields and homes of a hospitable race. When we bid this standard adieu, we find it still flung out to the land-breeze, but it is no longer the object of wonder and rejoicing to this friendly race; for we leave it standing among a thousand graves, loaded with the curses and imprecations of the unfortunate dead.

CHAPTER II.

THE WEST INDIES.

Columbus discovers San Salvador—Mistakes it for one of the islands lying adjacent to India—The Natives—The cruelty of the Spaniards—The destruction of the native population—Cruelty of Ovando—Persecution of Columbus—The condition of Cuba and Hayti.

It was on the third of August, 1492, a little before sunrise, that Christopher Columbus, undertaking the most memorable enterprize that human genius ever planned, or human skill and courage ever performed, set sail from Spain for the discovery of the Western World. On the 13th of October, about two hours before midnight, a light in the island of San Salvador was descried by Columbus, from the deck of his vessel, and America was, for the first time, beheld by European eyes. The Admiral, on the following morning, attended by his followers, stepped upon shore, and, with tears of joy streaming down his cheeks, threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God. Rising, he drew his sword, planted the cross, displayed the royal standard, and, as the banners of the enterprize were flung to the breeze, he took possession of the soil; and a connection, that was to subsist forever, was established between Europe and America. Of the vast and important consequences that depended on this spectacle, perhaps not even the comprehensive mind of Columbus was fully

sensible ; but to the end of time the heart of every human being who reads the story, will confess the interest of that eventful moment, and partake of the feelings of that illustrious man.

Columbus, imagining that he had but stumbled upon one of the islands that dot the sea which washes the shore of India, called them West Indies. An acquaintance was speedily formed with the natives, from whom they heard of land, northward, southward, and westward, yellow with gold, its streams glittering with pearls, its forests swarming with inhabitants, ruled by powerful sovereigns, who were served from gold cups, and neck-laced with diamonds. Hayti, on the evening of the 6th of December, revealed itself to Columbus. San Salvador had been visited ; Cuba had also been explored. Gold was the object of their pursuit ; and the brave pioneers, delighted with the story of the rude natives, pushed on with all possible speed, hoping, in the unseen and undiscovered island, to find the realization of their dreams, and a recompense for their toils. At length, far to the south-east, lofty ranges of mountains, whose towering peaks lost themselves in the regions of cloudland, attracted the attention of the sailor, and the Indian. The latter exclaimed "Bohio," which was understood to mean the land of gold. Hayti captivated the Spaniards, and caused the restless adventurers to terminate their voyage, that they might search its hidden depths. "Its mountains were higher and more rocky than those of the other islands, but the rocks rose from among rich forests. The mountains swept down into luxuriant plains and green savannas, while the appearance of cultivated fields, of numerous fires by night, and columns of smoke by

day, showed it to be populous. It rose before them in all the splendor of tropical vegetation, one of the most beautiful islands in the world, and doomed to be one of the most unfortunate."

The inhabitants of this island have been described as a people of gentle and compassionate disposition, with a constitution both of mind and body, too frail to withstand oppression, or to support themselves under its weight. Their foreheads were high and broad; their eyes were remarkably fine, but restless and roving; their forms tall and straight; their carriage noble and commanding. Such was the race doomed, by a strange fatality, to fall victims to the indolence, avarice, and wantonness of discoverers.

For years, when the sages of the nations gathered around their council fires, an old tradition had been related, that a white race should descend from the skies to lead them on to wealth and happiness. Their eye ran forward to it as the grand event which should usher in the millennium of peace and prosperity. When famine pressed upon them—when wars thinned their numbers, or dangers begirt them—the star of relief revealed itself in this cherished prophecy. Their hopes were raised, their strength increased, their warriors became more valiant, and their women endured suffering more patiently. It seems not strange, that they gazed upon those white-winged ships with mingled feelings of awe and wonder; that they thought the men gods, and the ships huge birds gliding down from heaven, bearing upon their backs celestial beings, worthy of worship and homage; that others, less reverent, feared that a huge sea-monster, during the night, had risen out of the sea, and

was waiting to obtain his morning repast from the natives thronging the shore. Whatever might have been their hopes and feelings, they were destined soon to see them fade away before the aggressive march of rapine and lust. The awe and admiration felt for and manifested toward the discoverers soon passed away. They were at length looked upon as human, and finally as fiends. Nothing would have been easier than to have exerted a happy influence over the untutored savage. His tastes and habits made him a reverential being. Accustomed to behold the wildest tempests that ever swept across the ocean, or that desolate the land, he had seen in fancy a war-spirit ruling the winds and riding the crested wave. When Columbus first appeared, richly attired, he was worshiped as a deity. It belonged to Columbus to point them away from himself, up to that God who had proclaimed Himself the brother of the whole human race, and the author of a common salvation to all the ends of the earth. It was an interesting moment. The cross had been erected, for the first time, in the wilderness of America; and in the hour that witnessed this great re-union of mankind, it was befitting that other, higher and nobler themes should occupy the mind than gold. It was true that the morning mass was performed before the duties of the day were commenced, and the "Salve Regina," or Hymn to the Virgin, was sung at nightfall. Further than this, however, we are unable to find any evidence that religion exercised an influence over the conduct of those who gathered around the cross. Priests were not wanting; but how different was the course pursued by them, and that which characterized Thomas Heriot, who first pointed the native of

North Carolina, away from himself to Jesus of Nazareth. The natives were not wanting in intellect, in honor, or in hospitality. When the winds and waves had driven a ship upon shore, threatening life, and destroying property, the natives turned out in scores to save the crew, and preserve their effects. When the white man had become entangled and lost in the wilds of the wilderness, the hut and the mattress gave him a shelter and a couch. If sick, he was cared for; if hungry, he was fed; and, when resuscitated in strength, he was led back again to the homes of his brethren. Land was given freely, and thirty-eight of the companions of Columbus, concluding to erect a fort, and remain in that land of gold and beauty, while the Admiral returned to Europe, to bear back the record of his success, the Indians cheerfully rendered assistance, and furnished them with food. Warlike tribes, living on the neighboring islands, were objects of dread. Columbus gave to the natives the assurance that if they would assist in erecting a fort, it should be for mutual defense. The fort was built, presenting an air of comfort that betokened the happiest auspices. The anchors were raised, the sails were filled, and back went the Admiral to the Old World, bearing with him, Indians, gold, and samples of the productions of the New. Europe was electrified with the marvelous results of the discovery, which, breaking upon the shores of Spain, were heralded from court to court, and kingdom to kingdom, filling all with rapture and surprise. He who had departed amid the sneers and imprecations of thousands, was now a hero. Bonfires, triumphal processions, arches festooned with garlands, and the road bestrewn with flowers, attested a people's joy; while honors, little short of adoration, were

loaded upon him by his sovereigns. Pomp and parade, grand receptions, epithets and titles were lavished upon him with a prodigal hand. He was declared Admiral, Governor, and Viceroy of the lands discovered, and of all those lands that should afterward be by him seen and explored. Not satisfied with his humble garb, he was ordered to assume the style as well as the title of nobility. Would that it were our's to revel longer in the brilliant sunshine that flooded, at this time, the Admiral's path. But such is not my province. It becomes my duty, henceforth, to describe, not to argue; to relate facts, not to sport in fancy sketching. It becomes my duty to begin with the prologue of that dark tragedy, played by Spanish Catholics, upon the theater of this Western World. The most unrestrained licentiousness having characterized the pale-faced strangers, the red man had learned to detest and loathe those whom he had formerly revered and worshiped. They had seen the Spaniard before the cross, with hands crossed in prayer; they had heard him chaunt his orisons, and witnessed the performance of his religious rites; and, in mute astonishment, they had gazed upon them as they had plundered their homes, insulted their wives, enslaved their sons, and subjected their daughters to treatment which made their blood boil with rage, and drove them to redress their wrongs.

The mountain crags are tinged by the flickering beams of the council fires. Around it maddened braves gather in despair. With sad forebodings they gaze upon the future, canvass its portending clouds, and bewail its impending gloom. The white man's tread has been marked by blood, cruelty and wantonness. The

heart, which had beat responsive to the touch of sympathy, now swells with hate. The bold chieftain leads the way. The full moon is sailing up the sky; forest, ocean and plain are dancing in the moonlight. The songs of the night choristers are unheard by the cruel band, who have retired to deeds of shame. From mountain-crag to forest glade, the wild war-whoop is heard. The ramparts are scaled, and thirty-eight desperadoes are weltering in gore. Priests and people are in eternity. The fort is razed from its foundations, and lies scattered over the plain. Again turn to a rejoicing band, singing their wild war-songs among the bleeding carcasses of the slain. The honor of their wives and daughters has been revenged. No white man shall look again with lustful eye upon the form of the Indian maid. Days, weeks and months glide away. The Indian is happy; his home is dear to him. The fish that swim the sea, or sport in the murmuring brook, administer to his wants.

The scene again changes. The white men have returned. The morning and evening prayer is again heard. Columbus is again leading in his train a band of freebooters. The fires of persecution are rekindled, which in time surround the race. Their dreams burst like air-bubbles. Fears take possession of their souls. They see their idols trampled into the dust; their homes again are pillaged; their hunting-grounds are converted into hostile fields, where they, in turn, are hunted and enslaved. Columbus perceives the sad reality that meets his view, as slowly the curtain rises which concealed the fortunes of those who had been left behind, to find in the wilderness a grave. He discovers

that they had given provocation to the natives by their rapacity and licentiousness. Thoughts of revenge are held in subservience to deeper plans. The priests who have returned with him begin their work. Far off in the mountains of the interior the cross is upreared, and thirteen Indian converts proclaim their faithfulness. A chapel is erected within the fort at Isabella; in the tower of it is hung a bell that calls the flock together at morn and even. Caonavo, a proud and warlike chieftain, who had long looked with distrust upon the course pursued by the invaders, now that they had come within his territory, and erected a fort, as if to defy his people, meditated deep and lasting revenge. He lived in Xaraguay, the loveliest portion of the land. His wife was distinguished for her beauty, his people for their bravery. Columbus had come empowered to rule the discovered lands, to collect tribute, to work the mines, and to enslave the race. Caonavo had been requested to provide his tribute. Gold he had not; he offered the products of the soil, and these were spurned. Persecution was attempted. The hero and martyr of Haytien liberty called around him the warriors of his race, and advised them to repeat the tragedy before described. He led against the fort eight thousand followers, and labored hard to conquer, but in vain. Alonzo de Ojeda was commander of the garrison. He had fought upon the plains of Egypt, and knew well the artifices of the rider of the desert. Caonavo retired, but not to rest. No Spaniard was safe alone. A deep, settled hatred took possession of the race, and they were prepared, with Caonavo at their head, to die, but never to bow to slavery.

At length Ojeda promised to bring the captive, bound

to Columbus, who was confined to his couch by sickness. This exploit, as related by Irving, is thrilling with interest, and wild with romance. Ojeda penetrated the forest, swam rivers, scaled mountains, and reached the warrior's home, which was surrounded by plenty, and hung with trophies. Days were passed together. At length he invited the royal chieftain to accompany him to his home, and promised him the bell that was believed able to converse. The prize was too glittering to be withstood, and the chief consented to accompany him to the fort. The morning came for the journey, and Ojeda beheld warriors to the number of several thousands ready to accompany him. Ojeda objected to this in vain. They started. After pursuing their course for a time, Ojeda presented a specimen of jewelry often used in courts, and frequently worn by crowned heads or nobles. These he promised the chief that he should wear, as well as ride his horse, if he would bathe in the neighboring brook. The bargain was instantly closed. He repaired to the river, and having been assisted upon the horse, the jewelry—which proved to be shackles—was adjusted, and the chief, arrayed in royal ornaments, was the admiration of his followers. Ojeda now made several circuits to gain space, followed by his little band of horsemen, the Indians constantly shrinking back from the prancing steeds. At length, making a wide sweep into the forest, he evaded the army, and, after surmounting obstacles and encountering perils of various kinds—after toiling through deep-tangled forests and clambering over rocky and high mountains—he entered Isabella in triumph, with his wild Indian bound behind him.

The haughty Carib met Columbus with a lofty and unsubdued air. Disdaining to conciliate by submission, he would not bow his spirit though a captive. For years he was confined in chains in the apartments of the Admiral, yet he never treated Columbus with respect, or even with a recognition; while he admired the heroic prowess of Ojeda, and always rose when he entered. At length he was shipped for Spain. This killed him. Caonavo, broken in spirit, died on the voyage, and received an ocean burial. The Islanders rose in arms. Dangers thickened about the colony; gloom hung over and shrouded their hopes in a pall dark and threatening. Friar Boyle, the first priest who had come with this colony, became a leading agitator. Margarite, his ally, accompanied by a band of malcontents, had taken possession of some ships lying in the harbor, and had returned to Spain—the first general and apostle of the New World, thus setting the flagrant example of unauthorized abandonment of their posts.

Thus, while malicious and designing foes were undermining the reputation and blasting the prospects of Columbus at home, a plotting enemy was astir, disturbing his peace, threatening the cherished hopes of the colony. Columbus left Spain, prepared to defend and promote the interests of the crown. What was his outfit? What were the designs he formed for a friendly race, who had shared with him their food and raiment? Did the priests bring Bibles? Did Columbus bring implements of agriculture, that he might civilize the natives? Did he come prepared to educate them in the arts of peace, and teach them the fundamental principles of the Christian faith, viz: a wide good will to all?

Came he to convert their rural haunts into cottages, their hunting grounds into fertile fields? No! He came with guns, horses, crossbows, bucklers and bloodhounds; these were the implements of civilization. He brought whips, pick-axes and shovels for the mines; these were the tools for industrious toil. He came to enslave, not to civilize; he came to butcher, not to protect. He argues in vain, who tries to prove the natives the aggressors. The Admiral left the island a friend to all. The natives idolized him, and had proven themselves worthy of trust and friendship; and, ignorant of what was transpiring beyond the sea, sentence of subjugation had been pronounced against them. It was not to avenge injury, for he was ignorant of any committed; it was not for protection, for the natives had shown themselves peaceable and kind. He came to prosecute a most unrighteous purpose by the most inhuman means.

Let us return to the Missionary station in the mountains. There, too, is riot, rebellion and bloodshed. The missionaries are flying from their posts; the chapel is destroyed, the images are broken into fragments, and the cross is buried beneath a pile of rubbish and burnt. What is the cause? Among the missionaries who had accompanied Friar Boyle, were Roman Pane, a poor hermit, and Juan Borgoñon, a Franciscan monk. They had resided for some time among the Indians of the Royal Plain, strenuously endeavoring to make converts, and had succeeded, says Martyn, with one family of sixteen persons. The conversion of the Cacique, however, was their main object. The extent of his possessions made his conversion of great importance to the interests of the

colony, and was considered by the zealous fathers a means of bringing his numerous subjects under the dominion of the church. For some time he lent a willing ear; he learned the Pater Noster, the Ave Maria, and the creed, and made the whole family repeat them daily. At length his favorite wife was seduced, or treated with outrage, by a Spaniard of authority. The Cacique renounced his religion, which as he supposed admitted of such atrocities. The missionaries, perceiving that their labors for advancing the interests of the church would be no longer of avail at this point, departed, leading with them Juan Mateo, the Indian convert. Scarcely had they departed, when several Indians entered the chapel, broke the images in pieces, trampled them under foot, and buried them in a neighboring field. It was a period of great rigor in ecclesiastical law, especially among the Spaniards. In Spain the Inquisition was performing its mission. All heresies in religion, all recantations of faith, and all acts of sacrilege committed either by Jew, Moor, or Indian, were punished with fire and faggot. The Indians, exasperated by the crimes of the Spaniards, knew no bounds in their hostility toward the soldier or priest. A spirit of discontent characterized all; for the vile passions of the white man had converted this smiling garden of the ocean into a battlefield, and had transformed this hospitable people into savage and desperate warriors. The passion of revenge had been roused. Wherever the smoke of an Indian town rose from among the trees, it marked the spot where a horde of exasperated enemies were congregated; while the deep, rich forests swarmed with prowling savages. Against these Columbus led mounted cavalry, armed

footmen, and blood-thirsty dogs. The Indians, unprotected by armor, and without instruments of defense—wholly unacquainted with the use or danger arising from fire-arms—fled at once. Thus was an advantage easily gained by the dogs and Spaniards. They used it like furies. Thousands were slain; the captured were either sent to the mines, or shipped for Europe as slaves. The Islanders, despairing of victory, abandoned their fields and homes, and fled to the mountains, hoping to starve out their oppressors. The attempt was a vain one. The sea furnished the Spaniards with fish, and their vessels enabled them to procure food from the neighboring islands. The natives, subsisting upon roots and such game as they chanced to find, perished by scores. A third part of the population were said to have fallen victims to famine, and the remainder, driven by starvation, returned to bondage. This was the initiatory step in the subjugation of this people, taken by Catholic Spain, and carried out by Catholic ministers and soldiers. Within three years from the discovery, these acts were performed which scattered a happy race, dispelled their happiness, and destroyed their freedom.

The tale of their woes reached the ear of Isabella. Columbus was recalled, and in the year 1500 Francisco Bobadilla was made Governor General of the Indies. He was empowered to examine into the charges and representations brought against the Admiral at the Court of Spain. He was commanded to liberate the captives, and look after their spiritual interests. Columbus and his brethren were sent home in chains. Large grants, and new privileges were conferred upon the proprietaries, and greater burdens were placed upon the natives. The

duties payable to the crown were reduced, to encourage the working of the mines; and that the revenue might remain undiminished, instead of liberating the natives, as ordered in his instructions, muster-rolls were made out, and the inhabitants were divided into districts or classes, the distribution being made according to the value of the mines. All able to labor were impressed, and the proud warrior, whose hand was unused to toil, was forced to lay down the bow, and take up the spade. Their fields were neglected; their villages were deserted; the whole population was reduced to bondage. By these means Bobadilla, in a few months, drew from the mines gold sufficient to reimburse Spain all the expenses of the discovery. The result may easily be anticipated. Their spiritual interests were neglected. Unaccustomed to a life of hardship, and possessed of a nature that scorns servitude, the proud spirit of the son of the forest bent, and finally broke and gave way, under the oppression and tyranny of the Spanish rule. A frightful mortality ensues, that threatens their entire extinction. Again some disaffected Spaniard bears to the ear of Isabella, a description of the cruelties inflicted upon the helpless and innocent.

Another change takes place. Bobadilla is recalled to Spain, not to make atonement for disregarding the instructions of his Queen—not to suffer the chagrin of a trial, or a reprimand—but to revel in luxury—to riot, by means of his ill-gotten gains—to revel in pleasure, and enjoy the honors of a place at Court, as another professed Christian goes to take his place.

Don Nicolas Ovando, of the Order of Alcantra, is sent out, with instructions still *more* explicit and direct. “No

exaction shall be made, farther than the tribute which had been imposed upon all, and no Indians shall be compelled to labor in the mines." It belongs to him to proclaim liberty to the captive, and to let the oppressed go free. But Ovando either evaded or disobeyed his instructions, and, as though tyranny was inherent with the office, he proved himself to be one of the most execrable task-masters that ever swayed a sceptre, or ruled a province. That he might pave the way for carrying out his nefarious plans, he called a general assembly of the Caciques, made a proclamation corresponding to his instructions, removed the yoke of their servitude, and permitted the worn-out slave to lay down his implements of toil, and seek his home. At the same time he made use of persuasion, and proffers of friendship and reward, to supply the mines with laborers.

His protestations and rewards were alike in vain. The impression made upon their minds by past suffering and present want, as it was communicated from heart to heart, was overpowering. The mines were closed. Multitudes came forth from the underground vaults as ghosts from a sepulchre. The bent form, weakened by close confinement—the haggard countenance, and languid step—the despair pictured upon every face—told the story of their griefs, and caused tumultuous feelings of rage and contempt to mingle with their sighs for freedom, which, swelling to a torrent, swept away every barrier that obstructed their passage to a land of rest.

Change had been working with busy fingers, amid their fields and hearths. They knew not the land. Unnumbered victims of persecution met the wanderer's eye at every advancing step. New made mounds

dotted the plain, and the dead and dying lined the war-path. They had been called, in the haze of the morning, from their earthly couch to attend mass, and listen to the blasphemous petitions of a so-called priesthood. From thence driven to the mines, they saw the black robed friar lay down his prayer book and take up the scourge. Those who had been chanting their orisons were now either dragging out from the pit a corpse, to make way for another victim ready to take his place, having just been driven in from some quiet retreat by the aid of the blood hound and dashing cavalier, or else they were planning new hardships for the unfortunate and despairing. He had seen the graves of his fathers disturbed by the same sacrilegious hand whose ruthless grasp had seized objects dear as life to him, and compelled the wife of his bosom or the daughter of his hope, to gratify the appetites and passions of a licentious soldiery. Such was their condition when freedom came. They left the chapel, the tent and the slave-driver, and sought their green fields, quiet woods, and murmuring brooks, on the shore of the broad blue ocean, and were healing their wounds, resting their frames, and recruiting their strength. Shunning the saint as though he were a pestilence, the Indian no longer celebrated the mass, but threw away the image of the Virgin, and turned his thoughts toward the gods of his fathers. Ovando at once perceived the result. Poverty or labor awaited the Spaniard; freedom and happiness were being enjoyed by the Indian. The course pursued by Ovando is sickening to relate, and would surpass belief, were we reciting the deeds of any but Jesuits and those controlled by them.

Representations were made to the Court, setting forth, in strong colors, the natural levity and inconstancy of the Indians, and making their idle and disorderly manner of living, now that they were free, the means by which new shackles were to be forged. At this distant day it is impossible to read this letter of Ovando to his sovereign without feelings of loathing and disgust. How a man, whose eye had witnessed the sufferings of a persecuted people — whose ear had listened to their groans — whose heart, unless made of adamant, must have experienced sensations of pleasure at the swell of joy that rose from the liberated bondsmen — could then write a petition to have them again reduced to servitude, knowing that such a measure would extirpate the race, seems surprising. It required a man to perform this deed, who had beheld the victim upon the rack in the cellars of the Inquisition. No other could have made their idleness and levity a source of regret. The Indian, sore in limb, and weak in frame, was unfitted for toil; and it seems strange that hearts so long depressed with grief, and limbs so long accustomed to the chain and the lash, could again move in the dance, or join in the song. It was the joy consequent upon their release. Ovando contended that moderate toil would be for their improvement, and would enable them to pay their tribute, and save them from becoming an expense to the colony. What had they to do with the colony? Born free, they were unacquainted with labor, and ignorant of suffering. But this was not the end of this dark chapter. He added, that the Indians, being left to themselves, kept aloof from the Spaniards, which rendered it impossible to instruct them in the principles

of Christianity. This was true: they kept away from the Spaniard, both soldier and priest, for the same reason that the victim of persecution takes refuge in the fastnesses of mountains, or the hound-chased slave flies to a land of freedom. It was not the mass they evaded, but the lash; not the prayer-book, but the spade; not the admonition of a faithful clergy, but the fang of the thirsty blood-hound.

The reasoning convinced the Court, and their reply came, recommending "that if it was necessary to oblige the Indians to work, it should be done in the most gentle and moderate manner; that the Caciques should be invited to send their people in regular turns, and that the employers should treat them well, and pay them wages according to the quality of the person and nature of the labor; that care should be taken for their regular attendance upon religious worship and instruction; and that it should be remembered that they were a free people, to be governed with mildness, and on no account to be treated as slaves."

Thus released from all restrictions, with a noble Queen relying upon his honor, he had been successful in concealing the dart aimed at the heart of a weak and impoverished people. Beneath the cloak of Christianity, and by pretending to regard the interests of their spiritual wants, he had entailed upon them a curse which swept them, as a nation, from the land; and, though reminded of their freedom, still, like his predecessors, with a heart steeled against sympathy and the influences of an enlightened conscience, wanting in every attribute that marks the Christian, he trampled upon the instructions, reproduced the chains and lash, and hurled the

race again into a bondage worse than death. No more does the Indian breathe free air; henceforth he lives and dies a slave. A writing called an *encomiendas*, was made out, which represented the employers as the patrons of the oppressed. It read as follows: "I recommend to A. B. such and such Indians, enlisted by name, the subjects of such a cacique; and he is to take care to have them instructed in the principles of our holy faith." Oh! that word *holy* belies the faith. *Faith!* it smells of gold — whether it be examined in Hayti, in China, or in Rome. But such was the pretended design, by which the Indians were made again to rally round the cross — rather by which they were torn from their homes and altars to labor in the cold, damp mines, uncheered by sunlight, and without one single star of hope to illumine the night of their dark despair. For six months together were they kept by their employers under ground, without being permitted to roam the woods, to swim the rivers, or commune with their kindred. As might have been expected, from the labor and grief at being again doomed to slavery, they sank so rapidly that it suggested to the proprietors of the mines the having recourse to Africa for slaves; for the island was fast becoming a desert. The bones of thousands were bleaching in the dew, or whitening beneath a tropic sun. The wail of the bereaved and affrighted reached the ear of the neighboring natives, and called loudly for vengeance. A descendant of the noble Caonavo still ruled Xaragua. She was a woman beautiful in person, proud in spirit, and if she had a fault, it was that she loved her race, and dared to vindicate their cause. Royal blood flowed in her veins and warmed her

heart. Her home was situated upon the brow of a hill that overlooked the silver waters of a lake. Her warrior tribe shared her pleasures, administered to her wants. The tale of suffering had reached her ear. It was night. The moon lit up the heavens, and reflected its rays upon the shining waters that lay sleeping at their feet. The camp was in motion. A handful of faggots were lighted and thrown before her tent. The nobles of the land drew around the fire and listened to this beautiful woman, as she recounted the sufferings of their brethren. For a moment their hearts were softened; but, like the faggots before them, they were soon to be consumed by the fire of persecution which was raging furiously in the distance. Higue had been depopulated by the dogs of war, and Ovando swore that Xaragua should follow in its train. Putting himself at the head of three hundred and seventy followers, he declared that Xaragua should be stripped of its warriors, who threatened to avenge their brethren's wrongs. He left San Domingo, professedly to collect tribute, and pay this Queen a visit. The Princess heard of his decision, but she read the signs of the times, and apprehended her fate. The warriors, seeing that defense was of no avail, prepared to require tribute, and formed the resolution to receive the commander courteously, hoping thereby to save themselves from destruction. The Queen welcomed the commander as became her rank, and treated him as a king. After several days of feasting and pleasure, Ovando, professing to regard the Queen as a friend and ally, invited her and her friends to an entertainment, which he promised them, after the manner of Spain. A large building

was prepared; an immense concourse of Indians, besides the invited guests, gathered around to enjoy the spectacle. The Queen, surrounded by her nobles, was assigned the center. At the appointed hour the cavalry rode up, headed by Ovando, and took possession of every avenue to the building. With admiration the Queen and people gazed upon the commander, mounted upon his gay and brilliantly equipped charger. Shouts of applause rent the air. Ovando placed his hand upon the cross. The cavalry, thirsting for blood, rushed upon the defenseless crowd, slaughtered them until they wearied in the sport, and then loosed the blood-hounds, fired the building, and rested from their labors. The Queen was borne a captive to the camp, and, after a mock trial, was put to death.

This is but another instance that dots the page of Spanish perfidy and Catholic rule. Here was a man, who was the head of a distinguished order that belongs to the church of Rome, with a character black as Egyptian darkness, leading a life of cruelty and bloodshed that would disgrace a cannibal. Would that there were palliating circumstances to be found in the annals or records of this gloomy period; but he who searches history for them, looks in vain. Why can we not find priests rising up and calling down the imprecations of the Word of God, and the vengeance of heaven, to rest upon the heads of those who dare, despite the instructions and the remonstrances of an indulgent Queen, pursue this fiendish course? We find instances where the priests instigated suits against the unhappy natives, for treating coldly, and perhaps harshly, the holy faith — instances where they advised torture and burning, but

none of the opposite character, save those of Las Casas, meets the eye or cheers the heart. This noble man, at the foot of the throne, plead the Indian cause. He remonstrated with the white man, and sympathised with the Indian; but with no avail. He taught the *Pater Noster*, and sung the evening chaunt. The Indian cared not for creeds; he wanted freedom; he desired freedom here, without suffering, and preferred the hunting grounds to the church. Religion, preached by such men, is a mockery. "By their fruits ye shall know them," taught the Saviour; and by their fruits we judge of Catholic rule and Catholic missions. The Gospel teaches a doctrine that sets the captive free; it removes the burdens from the oppressed; it binds up the bleeding wounds, pours the oil of consolation into the bruised spirit; it rejoices in prosperity, in happiness and hope. And still, with this bloody record of inflicted tortures and heart-breaking woes, Archbishop Hughes prates of Catholic philanthropy, patriotism, and the holy faith, of which Ovando spoke. The Saviour, when upon earth, pronounced a wo against certain wise Pharisees; for, said he, "ye load men with burdens grievous to be borne, while ye yourselves would not touch them with one of your fingers."

From whence came these purposes that stimulated Ovando? Were they not the productions of a depraved and corrupt heart? Was there any cause to prompt this illiberal and anti-Christian as well as anti-human course? Gold was the shrine before which they worshipped, upon which millions of victims were immolated. Covetousness of the attainment of power ever has been, and probably ever will be, a predominant characteristic

of the Romish Church. It is this principle that is now at work in Europe and in America. Dressed in a thousand different forms, it has rode the popular wave, and ruled the storm. It was this principle that made the scenes before described but the twilight to that midnight gloom that afterward enveloped the Indies in its sable folds.

Isabella, the noblest and purest of Castilian Queens, died in 1505. Her dying request was that Ovando should be recalled. Her last prayer was offered in behalf of the unfortunate and the doomed. The bell that tolled the knell of her departure, joined its echo with the music of the beating wave that broke upon a distant island, and sung the requiem over the grave of Indian hope. The shadow of a starless night was thrown over the path in which they journeyed on to death. The tempest that was to break forth upon them had but yet sounded its alarm. Ferdinand loved gold, and disregarded life. Desirous of power, he cared not how it was gained. He derided and stigmatized those, as weak and imbecile, who preferred moral considerations to power; and laughed at the idea of converting a race who had been useful in replenishing his treasury, and might still do more. To abuse the native, became the surest road to fortune and power. The hours of labor were limited only by the strength of the victim's frame and the slave-driver's arm. Was the Indian baptized, it was that a tax might be raised for the crown. This paid, and the employers might ply the lash, and drive on the despairing to the gate of death, and here alone the Indian found emancipation. I rejoice that God rules the hosts of heaven; for if power

was there delegated to the Pope, and I should be compelled to live forever under his sway, hell would be a release. History tells us that the natives were frequently coupled and harnessed together like cattle, and driven with whips. If they fell under the load, they were flogged up. To prevent their taking refuge in the woods or mountains, an officer was constantly on the watch, with blood-hounds, and he who fled from slavery rushed into the jaws of merciless beasts that were fattened on human flesh. It would seem that the discovery of America had enthroned upon the altar of the Spaniard's heart, gold for a God, and that human sacrifices were all that could appease the divinity's wrath; for, by an enumeration made in 1507, the number of natives upon the island of Hayti was but 60,000—the remains of a population, which, fifteen years before, had exceeded a million of human beings. Death rode a fleet courser, and his arrows sped in showers. Famine and disease, occasioned by their hardships and intercourse with Europeans, completed the desolation of the island. The mines were closed for want of laborers. The Spaniards, being thus deprived of instruments to carry on their improvements, again resorted to the cloak of Christian charity, covered by which, they carried their engine of destruction into other islands. They represented the immense benefit that would accrue to the holy faith, could the inhabitants of the Lucayo islands be transported to Hispaniola, where they might be civilized with more facility, and instructed with greater advantage in the Christian religion. “Several vessels were fitted out for the Lucayos, the commander of which informed the natives

that they came from a delicious country, in which the departed ancestors of the Indians resided, by whom they were sent to invite their descendants to resort thither, to partake of the bliss enjoyed there by happy spirits in the Elysian Paradise. By this artifice above forty thousand were decoyed into Hispaniola, to share in the common sufferings of their race, by mingling their groans and tears with the wretched living, or by following to a common tomb the unfortunate dead." When this hypocrisy and deception failed, then were the natives dragged from their homes to eke out a miserable existence in the mines and among the graves of their brethren, until the Lucayo islands were depopulated. Other islands suffered the same impositions, and shared the same cruel fate. In 1509, Ovando was recalled, and Don Diego Columbus was appointed, who followed the same path, and reached a like goal. In 1511, the conquest of Cuba was undertaken and completed. Three hundred Spanish missionaries of the cross embarked from San Domingo, to convert the untutored savage, and subjugate the island. They landed in Cuba, without opposition from the natives, and in a few days surprised and captured the principal cacique, Hatuey, and made him expiate in the flames the fault he had been guilty of, in not submitting with a good grace to the doctrines taught by these evangelists. This cacique, when at the stake, being importuned by a priest to become a Christian, that he might go to heaven, replied that, "if any Spaniard was to be met in heaven, he hoped not to go there."

In 1514, the number of inhabitants of Hayti was reckoned at 14,000—the remains of a proud, free race.

Facts like these are more eloquent than words. Words die, but facts live, and, to the remotest age, he who reads the history of this bloody time and the untimely graves of the suffering natives, will not cease to hold in detestation that race and that nation, who for gold pursued a course that merits the stigma of every patriot, the pity of every Christian, and the contempt of all. At this time, the Dominican friars inveighed against the Repartimentas. Las Casas was their leader, who won for himself the proud title of the "protector of the Indians." But his labors were ineffectual. The Indians still sank into the arms of death, until among the native islanders there sprung up one who had the courage to put himself at the head of his countrymen—who erected the standard of revolt—who gathered around him the Indian and African, withdrew them from the Spanish gripe, and led them on to victory. The Conquest of Mexico had commenced. The troops were many of them drawn off, and the cacique, who had been christened Henriquez, who had been educated in a convent of the Franciscans, defended his retreat in the mountains with such skill and prowess that he defeated the Spanish troops, inspired courage into his followers, encouraged more of his countrymen to escape, who, with the Africans flocking to his standard, enabled him to preserve his independence. During this time the question of the propriety of keeping the natives in slavery underwent grave examination. The experiment was tried to allow them to take care of themselves; but Spanish histories relate that they proved so improvident that the encomiendas were pronounced necessary for their preservation. What a mockery! Before the

Spaniards discovered the island, the natives of Hayti showed they needed not the protection of their oppressors; and now that Don Henriquez led them on to victory, they evidenced their contempt for and disgust of a foreign rule. I will close this history with one remark: it is written that cattle having become plentiful, the Indians were no longer compelled to bear burdens.

The first chapter of Spanish civilization and Catholic missions has been completed. I have not embellished facts. I have not written anything that does not form a component part of history. I would refer those who doubt the authenticity of these statements, to "The History of the Buccaneers in America," by James Burney, F. R. S.; to Irving's Columbus, Graham's and Robertson's Histories of America, Las Casas' works, &c.

Perhaps the inquiry has been raised, why lay all these charges at the door of the Catholic faith? I would gladly have found some precedents by which I might have reached a different conclusion. Blot from the historic page the story of the Spanish conquests, of Ferdinand De Soto's bloody march from Florida to the Mississippi—tear from the record of the past the fact that Pizarro pillaged the Temple of the Sun, broke into fragments venerated idols, tore down their sacred shrines, and oppressed and enslaved the ingenuous, high-minded sons of Peru; or that Cortes, trampling upon every right, and disregarding every generous feeling and impulse, had converted the halls of the Montezumas into one great slaughter-house, where the innocent were compelled to fall victims to the caprices and whims of this dark, benighted emissary of a corrupt faith—and I might be convinced of an error.

But, finding such facts established beyond the reach of controversy, I am compelled to admit, upon the best of evidence, that those who have marched under the banner of the cross in this New World, have had gain for their pursuit, gold for a God, and hearts black and festering with corruption, to lead them on in that path where every step has been marked by blood, every act by crime, and every thought by treachery and deceit. Were it not that Ireland is in rags—that nation through whose veins courses the purest of blood, whose heart beats in sympathy with humanity, whose past is so glorious, whose ancestry so illustrious—were it not that Ireland, once the Athens of Great Britain, to-day resembles Hayti in its grave—were it not that Italy is in bondage, that France is drunk with Popish wine—I might believe that Catholicism had nothing to do with the slavery and degradation of the West Indies, of Mexico and South America—in fine, of every land upon which the shadow of the cross rests like a curse, or where the foot of a priest imprints upon the front of national prosperity the mark of Cain and the touch of decay.

Cuba and Hayti are not the beauteous islands of other and brighter days—of days when the red man built his camp-fires upon her mountains, or made her valleys echo back the wild notes of his war-whoop, and the melody of the dance. Those islands, that dot so gloriously the sea, the music of whose beating surf we can almost hear, are but the air-bubbles of golden Castilian dreams, which are fast preparing for an explosion that shall dissolve into thin air the hopes and cherished theories of ages. Those islands resemble some old grave-yard gone into decay, now and then visited by

the mournful and reflecting, who, desiring to sit down beneath the shadowy memories of the past, seek solitude and seclusion, where nature is full of the penciled beauties of the long ago, but is without life or bustle, fashion or business; or rather they seem like some old abbey or castle—grey, frosted with age, and trembling with decay, upon whose mouldering piles rests the shivered and distorted imagery of genius and toil. Her mountains are covered with verdure; but over her marts of commerce the creeping ivy has grown, and places, once the haunts of industry, are now filled with rubbish. No swarming bands of natives greet the eye, as you approach her shores; and he who wanders among her valleys, and sits down beneath the shadow of her mountains, once redolent with light, and alive with warriors, feels

“Like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted;”

for those neat little Indian villages that dotted the forests, swarming with an innocent and happy population, have disappeared, and in their stead you find huts of indigent, imbecile Spaniards, buried in the universal gloom. The decayed and deserted ruins of Isabella, as over them the owl sings her *te-whit, te-whoo*, unscared, have become objects of awe and superstition; while the chime of the vesper-bell, the flowing robes of priests, hooded and thick-veiled nuns, moving among a beggared population, points a significant finger across the sea toward Rome. As surely as the needle turns to the pole, and with the certainty of one who judges of the fountain by the rill that flows from it, may we ascribe the condition of all the Spanish possessions to the influence exerted over them by the Roman faith.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO AND PERU.

Cortez—His Character—Montezuma—The Characteristics of the Mexicans—Scenes in the Conquest—The overthrow of the Mexican and commencement of the Spanish rule—Peru—Its conquest by Pizarro—The results—Influence of the Jesuits.

THE last chapter marks a new era in the history of Catholicism in America. The Indian race that peopled the islands had disappeared before the onward march of cruelty and bloodshed. Las Casas, to preserve the remnant of this race, prevailed upon his sovereign to plant slavery upon the islands. A continent, stretching from the northern polar circle to a high southern latitude, above fifteen hundred miles beyond the furthest extremity of the Old World, presented at once a range for thought, a field for conjecture, and an object for speculation, that startled Europe from a lethargic slumber, and bade her sons go forth in quest of the marvelous and the real. Theories vanished before facts, dreams were eclipsed by realities, and hopes were oft-times more than realized. Explorers by sea and land rivaled each other in discoveries. They saw nature carrying on her operations upon a larger scale, and with a bolder hand. A peculiar magnificence enveloped everything with its charms. America was found to be not only remarkable for its magnitude, position, and mineral wealth, but for the sublimity and grandeur of its scenery. Loftier

mountains cast their shadows upon more fertile plains, and Europe was outdone in lakes and rivers, in climate and productions. The plain of Quito, which is but the base of sky-piercing peaks, is higher above the sea than the top of the Pyrenees; while the stupendous ridge of the Andes, whose bold, bare fronts, though exposed to the rays of a tropical sun, are frosted with eternal snow, beneath which storms and tempests roll in gloomy grandeur, and thunderbolts spend their force and fall harmless at their base; yet these are no less remarkable for elevation than extent, though they lift themselves up into air above the peak of Teneriffe, the highest land upon the Eastern Hemisphere. There was music in America, sung by different voices, and poetry written as by inspired bards. The melody of the waters, with Niagara thundering forth her deep-toned bass—the distant echo of ocean-waves beating their tenor strain upon either shore—the softer alto of the sweet-toned choir of the lakes, harmonizing well with the second played by numerous rivers, as, murmuring their plaintive music, they press forward to their ocean-home—prairies that sweep off interminably, covered with a luxuriant vegetation, waving a good-by to the evening gale that bows the necks of mighty forests—mountain and vale, forest, river and lake, tinged with the golden light of wigwam-fires—war-whoops and festive dances, happy homes and glowing altars, mighty cities, and swarming millions—made discoverers fanatical, and enthusiasts of all.

And still, when everything was so well calculated to widen and expand the views of man, to untie the bonds of prejudice, and fill the heart of the beholder with praise,

we find Catholicism trailing her slimy length along these plains, over these mountains, swimming these lakes, rivers and seas—thirsting for human blood—gloating upon human flesh—hunting gold in the temple, on the altar, by the road-side, and within the sacred precincts of the family circle. In the year 1519, Fernando Cortez, then twenty-four years of age, a man possessed of talent, religious enthusiasm, a love of gold, and a recklessness of purpose that rendered him equal to any undertaking, set sail from Cuba, to make war upon a monarch whose dominions were more extensive than all the kingdoms subject to Spain. “As religious enthusiasm always mingled with the spirit of adventure in the New World, and, by a combination still more strange, united with avarice in prompting the Spaniards to all their enterprises, a large cross was displayed in their standards, with the inscription, ‘*Let us follow the cross, for under this sign shall we conquer.*’ ”

The history of the conquest of Mexico is but a repetition of the course pursued by the Spaniards on the islands of Cuba and Hayti. Priests were among the prime movers of the expedition, which had the securing of gold for its chief object. It was to the cunning and Jesuitism of priests that Cortez was indebted for his life and fame. A traitor to his country, he would never have succeeded in freeing himself from the vigilant eye of Velasquez, had it not been for his spiritual advisers; but, guided by these, he was enabled to leave Cuba under cover of night, and prosecute a voyage which resulted in achievements and exploits that dazzled Europe with the splendor and brilliance of their renown—achievements which have lent their lustre to the glory of Spain, which planted the

cross in the capital of the New World, and furnished for history an example of Catholic missions, when no difficulties retarded their progress, and no other power was a competitor for the goal to be won. These battles of the conquest are described by Spanish historians with all the pomp and parade due to the sterner and well-poised conflicts of the armies of France and England. They enter into a minute detail of particulars, mingling many exaggerated and incredible legends with the real and marvelous ; so that the student of history is at times led to forget that the victories of Cortez were gained over savages, who had no letters—who were ignorant of the use of metals—who had not broken in a single animal to labor—who wielded no better weapons than those which could be made out of sticks, flints, and fish-bone—who regarded a horse-soldier as a monster, half man and half beast, and who took a musketeer for a sorcerer, able to scatter the thunder and lightning of the skies. But when we find in every combat, no equality of discipline or danger ; and when every narrative closes with an account of thousands slain on the one side, while not a single person falls on the other, the most labored descriptions of the ferocious disposition of the troops, or of the various vicissitudes of the engagement, become insipid, and leave the impression indelibly stamped upon the reader's heart, that a murderous band of gold-seekers, whose path might be traced by blood, and the heaps of the slaughtered victims of avarice and superstition, pushed their way from Vera Cruz to Mexico, and, dethroning the hereditary ruler of a mighty empire, left an imperishable monument of the second enterprize of the Roman church, in the ruins of the Mexican capital,

in the annihilation of their government, and in the innumerable graves of the slaughtered dead.

It was on the afternoon of the 2d of April, A. D. 1519, that the fleet of Cortez, consisting of eleven vessels — the largest of a hundred tons, three of sixty or seventy tons, the rest small, open barks — rode into the harbor of St. Juan de Ulua. On board of these were six hundred and seventy men — seamen, soldiers, priests and all. The first ripple ever formed by the wake of a Castilian ship had kissed the feet of a band of natives who were standing upon the shore of their forest-home, gazing with troubled wonder upon objects strange and startling. One hundred and eighty miles distant, in the capital of a powerful empire, was a monarch trembling with superstitious fear. The prophecy of the war-god, as he stood upon the shore of the lake that washes the environs of the capital, prior to launching his wizard skiff composed of snake-skins, still sounded in his ears. It had been predicted that from the rising sun a powerful race should come, who should subjugate the land, destroy their religion, plunder their temples, and enslave their race. The prophecy was being fulfilled. A year had scarcely passed since two natives, who were stationed in the province of Yucatan, had brought intelligence to the priests that the race had come. Doubt and dismay shrouded their hearts, and gloomy forebodings took possession of their souls. The bravest trembled, and the stoutest faltered. A city threatened by an earthquake, when the heavens are black with smoke, and a breathing tempest spreads its dark pall over the face of nature — when the earth is hot with

hidden fires — when the very ground is agitated by an unseen force — when the solid strata of the globe is bent and tossed like the waves of an angry ocean — when terror writes the record of its wo on every feature — when to shun danger is to rush perhaps into its very jaws — when the blackness of despair drinks up the gaze — when the soul sinks, the spirits droop, the strength deserts the frame — when man, from absolute fear, lays his hopes, interests and even existence, without a murmur, into the hands of an all-powerful Providence; — this is a scene calculated to awaken the liveliest sympathy of the beholder, and calls for the most strenuous exertions. But such a scene is tame when contrasted with the one that wrapped a free and happy people in the folds of an insupportable grief.

A dark and portentous cloud hung over all Mexico, and, as if threatened with the descent of an avalanche, the whole nation rose to escape the danger. The bravest stood in the breach, and insisted that Cortez should not set foot on land. They offered him every assistance, and promised him every aid, that he might pursue his voyage. To their entreaties Cortez turned a deaf ear, and persisted in his determination of being conducted into the audience chamber of Montezuma.

It is well known that painters in the train of the Mexican chiefs sketched every object of interest, that they might convey to Montezuma an adequate conception of everything that transpired. In this way the Emperor became apprised of every movement of Cortez and his band, and sent back a decided remonstrance, stating, in plain and unmistakable language, that while

he entertained the highest respect for the King of Spain, yet he could not allow foreign troops to approach his capital, or remain in his territory.

From this point dates the commencement of the dark history of the invasion of Mexico. Cortez, without one word of opposition from the priests, decided to trample upon the rights of a free and prosperous nation, by marching to the capital over the dead bodies of slaughtered patriots. He did this under the pretence that he was an ambassador of Charles V. It is but due to the Emperor of Germany to say that Cortez was without a commission from the Court of Spain, and was not only an outlaw, but a rebel. Priests, of the order of Loyola, were the instigators of the plot. They procured for Cortez an outfit, shared his triumphs, and were made rich from the spoils of a plundered capital.

The Mexican empire, though, from traditionary accounts, it had subsisted but one hundred and thirty years, was at that period at a pitch of grandeur to which no society ever attained in so short a time. Extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, over territories stretching (with some small interruptions) about fifteen hundred miles from east to west, and six hundred from north to south, it comprehended provinces not inferior, in fertility, population and opulence, to any in the torrid zone. The character of the Emperor, as drawn by different historians, makes him, of all the princes who had swayed the scepter over this thriving province, the most haughty, violent and impatient of control. His subjects looked upon him with awe, his enemies with terror. The former respected him for his talents and bravery; the latter dreaded the power of

his arm, and were overcome by the sagacity of the warrior. And yet this bold chieftain, from the landing of the Spaniards, was embarrassed in all his operations, and evinced an amount of trepidation and alarm that broke the heroic courage of his warrior-band. His subjects caught the spirit, and a panic of terror and dismay pervaded the public mind, and froze with fear the public heart. Such was the influence exerted by those legends which, from time immemorial, have been handed down from father to son. They were mere traditions, but superstition transformed them into terrible and threatening facts. These disarmed Montezuma of his courage, wrapped the horizon of hope in the drapery of a starless night, and made him like a traveler who has lost his way in the darkness among precipices, where any step may dash him to pieces, and where to retreat or to advance is equally perilous.

Notwithstanding these apprehensions, so soon as Montezuma became convinced of the hostile intentions of Cortez, he made vigorous efforts to prepare a defense that should place an insurmountable barrier to his approach. But discontent had alienated the hearts of some of his subjects. These quickly enrolled themselves under the standards of Spain. All his exertions to reclaim these, or to instigate others, were in vain. As though the fiat of Jehovah had gone forth that the Indian race should be subjugated, success crowned the efforts of the conquerors, and they went on from conquering to conquer, until most of the Western World was brought under the dominion of the cross—not with its inhabitants converted to the faith, *but entombed*; not by proclaiming peace, and heralding the

good news of a Saviour crucified, and a full and free atonement made for all who would believe; but by bestrewing the path of the heralds of salvation with the carcasses of the mangled dead and heaps of smoking ruins.

Among those provinces first to enroll themselves under the Spanish flag was Zempoalla. By so doing she was reduced to slavery, her altars were overturned, her idols thrown down and destroyed, and in their place was erected the crucifix and the image of the Virgin Mary. Hascala, a neighboring province, toward which Cortez now directed his march, having learned of the indignities and insults which the images and altars of Zempoalla had been subjected to, resolved to protect their sun-temples from like treatment, and to avenge their insulted deities. Three hard-fought battles are recorded by Spanish historians, and this nation was in slavery. Robertson records the fact that fifty nobles, who bore food to the Spanish camp with friendly intentions, were seized, their hands were cut off, and, they with their bleeding stumps, were sent back to their fellows. This, together with the fire-arms and horses used in battle, filled them with terror, and caused them to address their enemy as follows:

“If you are divinities of a cruel and savage nature, we present you five slaves, that you may drink their blood and eat their flesh. If you are men, here is meat, bread and fruit to nourish you. If you are mild deities, accept an offering of incense and variegated plumes.”

Though Father Almedo accompanied the expedition as chaplain, yet we find Cortez again considering him-

self the instrument employed by Heaven to propagate the faith; and though wanting both in knowledge and morals, with a life stained by acts that would disgrace *any but a Spaniard*, we find him telling the Hascalans of the Deity he worshiped, and urging upon them the advantage of abandoning their deities, and turning to cleaner images, viz: the Virgin Mary and the cross. But the Hascalans clung to their forms of worship with an unyielding tenacity that surprised all. Cortez, provoked at their obstinacy, turned to his soldiery, as at Zempoalla, and ordered them to overthrow their altars and shiver their idols. Almedo then stepped forth and checked his impetuosity — whether for the reason that Cortez was usurping business that belonged to him, or not, we cannot tell. His reproof was bitter, pointed and appropriate. After representing the imprudence and injustice of such a measure, he asserted boldly the principle that religion was not to be propagated by the sword, or infidels to be converted by violence; that other weapons were to be employed in this ministry. Patient instruction must enlighten the understanding, and pious example captivate the heart, before men can be induced to abandon error and embrace the truth. Among scenes where a narrow-minded bigotry appears in such close proximity with oppression and cruelty, sentiments so liberal and humane soothe the mind with unexpected pleasure, and administer a rebuke which should have been sounded in the ears of every Catholic, from Constantine the Great to Pope Pius IX — a rebuke which, if it had been heeded, would have been the harbinger of a brighter destiny and happier auspices, for the oppressed of every clime.

We now pass to Cholula, which was to the Mexicans what Mecca is to the Mahometan, or Jerusalem to the Christian, the holy city of Anahuac. Here was the far-famed pyramid whose base covered fifty-four acres, and the platform whose truncated summit embraces more than an acre in extent. Its perpendicular height is one hundred and seventy-seven feet. On the summit stood a sumptuous temple, in which was the image of the mystic deity, god of the air, with ebon features, unlike the fair complexion he wore on earth, when he taught the inhabitants the arts of civilization, better forms of government, and a more spiritualized religion, in which the only sacrifices were fruits and flowers. Now, on his head was a mitre waving with plumes of fire; a resplendent collar of gold encircled his neck, pendants of mosaic turquoise were in his ears, a jeweled scepter in one hand, and a shield curiously painted, the emblem of his rule over the winds, in the other. Hither resorted pilgrims who came from the farthest corners of the province to offer devotions upon the shrine of their God. Here many of the kindred races had temples of their own in the city, in the same manner as some Christian nations have in Rome. "Nothing," says Prescott, "could be more grand than the view which met the eye from the area on the summit of the pyramid. Toward the west stretched that bold barrier of porphyritic rock which nature has reared around the valley of Mexico, with the two world-renowned volcanoes standing like two colossal sentinels to guard the entrance to the enchanted region. Far away to the east was seen the conical head of Orizaba, soaring high into the clouds, and nearer, the barren though beautifully shaped Sierra de

Melanche, throwing its broad shadows over the plains of Hascala. Three of these are volcanoes higher than the highest mountain peak in Europe, and shrouded in snows which never melt under the fierce sun of the tropics. At the feet of the spectator lay the sacred city, Cholula, with its bright towers and pinnacles sparkling in the sun, reposing amid gardens and verdant groves which then thickly studded the cultivated environs of the capital."

Such was the magnificent prospect that met the gaze of the conquerors, as, rested in frame, they came to share in the hospitalities of the city of temples. Cortez came, and soon perceived signs of discontent, which indicated that preparations were being made to destroy him and his followers. It was too true. Montezuma had invited him, and given orders for his cordial reception, at the same time indulging the hope that the impious Spaniards would suffer from the wrath of the gods, or from the belief that success would crown his efforts in marching against a common foe, under the immediate protection of divinities whose mansions were being defiled, and whose power had been insulted in the place of its peculiar residence. Cortez, upon learning these facts, made preparations to wreak his vengeance upon an unsuspecting foe. The signal was given. The troops rushed upon the unprotected inhabitants, who, destitute of arms, and incapable of defense, dropped their weapons from the nerveless grasp, and, motionless and powerless, died by thousands. For two days the work of death went on, during which the wretched inhabitants suffered all that the destructive rage of the Spaniards, or the implacable revenge of their Indian

allies, could inflict. Six thousand Cholulans were slaughtered, without the loss of a single Spaniard. Such were the victories won by Spanish arms, whose deeds of daring have been hymned in song and story, and whose zeal for the faith has been chronicled by the historic pen. Such were the men whose coming ushered in the dusky era of the night of gloom, that settled down and now rests upon the valleys and mountains of Mexico and the fertile plains of Peru.

There seems to have been a common center to the circumference of all the thoughts and plans that occupied the minds of Spanish invaders. That center was gold. This was the loadstone that attracted the magnet of their hearts, and toward it ever the needle of their wills and impulses was pointed. This was to be found in the capital, and thither, with buoyant step, they hastened on. At length, on turning an angle of the sierra, a view suddenly presented itself to the war-worn veterans that richly compensated them for the toils of many a weary march. Before them lay the golden dream of youth, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland and cultivated plains—its shining cities and shadowy hills all spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama. It was the valley of Mexico, with its forests of oak, sycamore and cedar stretching far away at their feet, beyond yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens. In the center of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and in the midst, like some Indian empress, with her coronal of

jewels, the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters — the far-famed Venice of the Aztecs. High over all, rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezeneo; and still further, the dark belt of porphyry girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels. Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the conquerors. “And even now,” continues Prescott, “when so sad a change has come over the scene — when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce rays of a tropical sun, is, in many places, abandoned to sterility — when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin, white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins — even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which nature has traced on its features, that no traveler, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.”

It was on the morn of the 8th of November, 1518, that the Spanish general was up mustering his followers with the first streak of dawn, that with

“rosy steps in th’ eastern clime,
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearls.”

With beating hearts they gathered around their ban-

ners — the trumpet sent forth its spirit-stirring peals across water and woodlands, till they died away in distant echoes among the mountains. The sacred flames on the altars of numberless temples, dimly seen through the gray mists of morning, indicated the site of the capital, till temple, tower and palace were fully revealed in the glorious illumination which the sun, as he rose above the eastern barrier, poured over the beautiful valley. This may well be called a memorable day in history, as that on which the Europeans first set foot in the capital of the Western World. The remainder of this conquest — so much of it as has a direct bearing upon my present subject — is soon told.

Now we see Cortez leading his troops along one of the causeways, which, stretching across the lakes to the city, link the capital to the opposite shore. Indian warriors and Mexican chiefs are crowding past him, gazing with a bewildered expression. Away in the distance comes the glittering retinue of the Emperor, slowly emerging from the great street which then, as now, led through the heart of the city. Amid a crowd of Indian nobles, preceded by three officers of state, bearing golden wands, was the royal palanquin or carriage, blazing with burnished gold. It was borne on the shoulders of nobles, and over it a canopy of gaudy feather-work, powdered with jewels and fringed with silver, was supported by four attendants of the same rank. The emperor descends from his litter, and, leaning on the arms of his nephew and brother, he advances beneath the canopy, while obsequious attendants bestrew the ground with the finest tapestry, that his imperial feet may not be contaminated by the rude soil.

This is the portrait drawn by those who beheld the emperor at this time. He was about forty years of age, with a person tall, slim and well made. His hair was black and straight, his beard thin, complexion pale, and features serious, though destitute of that melancholy air of dejection which, in later years, settled upon them. He moved with dignity and grace, and his whole bearing bespoke royal ancestry and princely blood. At his table none but the costliest viands were served, and dishes never were returned. His dessert surpassed, in splendor and expense, any served up to the princes of Europe. It was gathered fresh from the most opposite climes, and his board displayed the products of his own temperate region, and the luscious fruits of the tropics, plucked the day previous from the green groves of the warmer regions, and transmitted with the speed of steam, by means of couriers, to the capital. "It was," says Prescott, "as if some kind fairy should crown our banquets with the spicy products that but yesterday were growing in a sunny isle of the far-off Indian seas." Nobles were glad to pay him homage; jesters, music and dancing afforded him pleasure in his pastime hours. Secretaries bore him the petitions of suitors, and carried back the royal mandates. None could enter his apartments without covering their garments, however rich, under the coarse mantle of the *nequen*, and moving, with bare feet and downcast eyes, into the royal audience chamber. Palaces, hung with the costliest tapings, decorated by all that art or wealth could bestow, furnished him a home. Temples, on whose flat roofs altars threw their flickering, undying flames over the city, which lay spread out beneath, were erected at an

expense that almost exceeds belief, and here he worshipped. Gardens beautifully laid out, fragrant with flowers, and watered by artificial founts, borne from a distant eminence, by means of aqueducts which rivaled, in simplicity and convenience, the Croton works of a remote century, administered to his happiness and delighted his tastes. Such was the emperor — such was his ancestral home. See him leaning on the arms of his kindred! Far as the eye can reach are crowds — some standing on those pyramidal temples crowned with tapering sanctuaries and altars blazing with inextinguishable fires; others, on the flat roofs of the palaces, are vying with each other in raptures of applause. National airs enliven the scene; the wands rise and fall, and with them goes the multitude. Through this dense throng of people, who swarmed through the streets and on the canals, filling every doorway and window, and clustering on every roof, comes the bold, dashing cavalier of Spain, riding his prancing steed and surrounded by his chivalrous train. Cortez dismounts, throws his reins to his page, and supported by his cavaliers, advances to meet the monarch of the empire. The interview must have been one of uncommon interest to both. “In Montezuma, Cortez beheld the lord of the broad realms he had traversed, whose magnificence and power had been the theme of every tongue. In the Spaniard, on the other hand, the Aztec prince for the first time saw the strange being whose history was so mysteriously connected with his own. The one was the personification of a cherished hope — his gold, his splendor and his courtesy dazzled and convinced; the other was the subject toward which the

finger of prophesy had pointed. His brave bearing, his courtly manners, struck terror into the heart. The brother of the emperor conducted the foreign guests, who, with colors flying and music playing, made their way to their royal apartments." In a short time Montezuma pays them a visit, and upon his departure takes leave of them with a politeness not unworthy of a court more refined. "You are now," said he, "in your own house; refresh yourselves after your fatigue, and be happy until I return."

The scene changes. Cortez leads the train within the royal audience chamber, and in the bosom of a powerful empire takes the emperor captive and leads him to his quarters. Now a prisoner, we see Cortez endeavoring to instruct him in the principles of the faith. But neither the respect of Montezuma for Cortez, the fear of death, nor the hope of liberty, could influence him who knew how to rule, and whom to fear. He would not renounce his gods; he would not embrace the Christian faith. A faith built upon the text of pike and gun, with doctrines supported by apostolic blows and knocks, had no charm for him, and it was spurned. The king and people declared themselves tributary to the crown of Castile. Cortez was summoned before Montezuma; he was informed that as all the purposes of the embassy were fully accomplished, the gods had declared their will, and the people had signified their desire that he and his followers should immediately depart the empire. It is unnecessary to go further into detail. The fact that Cortez consented to do so—that he left Mexico under pretence of going to the Gulf for the purpose of constructing ships, when, in fact, he went

to head against a rebellion which Navarez was raising in a distant province—is well known; also, that, by a series of unparalleled exploits, Cortez marched from the capital to the coast, subdued his foe, added a large number of recruits to his service, and returned just in time to save his garrison from annihilation. I need not dwell upon the perfidy of Alvarado, who was left in charge of the garrison, or describe how he lost the respect of Montezuma, and pursued a course which has branded his name with eternal infamy, by leading his companions up to a temple filled with the Aztec nobility, who were dressed in their most magnificent gala costume, sprinkled with precious stones, their necks, arms and legs ornamented with bracelets of gold; and it may be, perhaps, unnecessary to relate how that as soon as the dance commenced, amid the ceremony of a religious chant, and the wild, discordant minstrelsy of the dance, the concerted signal was given, when the Spaniards, who had been housed and fed by the hospitality of an unsuspecting nation, rushed with drawn swords upon a friendly host, smote down the flower of a nation, made the pavements red with blood, and left not one of that gay company to mourn his brother's loss. Their bodies were rifled of jewelry by those who knew neither shame nor honor—whose breasts were steeled against all those finer sentiments and feelings that enable man to partake of the godlike qualities of his Creator.

Mourning and desolation were borne within every home, and many a doleful ballad rehearsing the tragic incidents of the story, and adapted to the plaintive national airs, continued to be chanted by the bards, as sitting beneath the roof-tree of a dreary abode, they

remembered the wrongs and injuries heaped upon their fathers. It is not difficult to anticipate the result of such daring, high-handed perfidy. The Mexicans rushed to arms, and fought like brave men, long and well. The ground was piled with the heaps of the slain. Cortez and his brave companions found themselves surrounded by an infuriated foe, who swore eternal vengeance against all that was of Spain. All know that, as a last resort, Montezuma was dragged forth to appease and assuage the wrath which threatened their destruction—that he was treated with contempt by his race—that he was wounded in the affray, from which, broken in spirit, deserted by his friends, and despised by his nation, he died—died breathing and invoking a burning curse upon Cortez—died praying for the nation whom he had ruined. Cortez was defeated, and was driven from the city with irreparable loss. He fought his way to Hascala, recruited his strength, and passed months in continued warfare, until his fleet, transported from the Gulf to the lake, was launched upon the waters which never before had been disturbed by aught but the light canoe; and in process of time he starved out, burnt out and killed out the inhabitants of that beautiful capital which received him as a god. No one can read the history of the conquest of Mexico, as painted by Prescott, or told by Robertson, or described by the Spanish historians, without feeling emotions too painful and lacerating to be endured. No one can review the scenes that Cortez passed through, without feeling to drop a tear of sympathy upon the unmarked graves of Aztec nobility. Montezuma was a noble man; his soul was magnanimous, his spirit brave; but super-

stition made him a child. His followers knew not cowardice; but he taught them subjection, and Cortez made use of the superstition of Montezuma, and of their respect and devotion to their leader, to further his projects, work their ruin, and build up for himself a fortune and a name. Historians have described the tragic portions of Mexican history with a painter's skill; they have preserved legends which throw a poetic coloring over the tamer parts of the picture; but, when finished and complete—when the last word is written—when Cortez is proven to be a hero, the priests evangelists and followers, the true and faithful soldiers of the cross—still, a feeling of sadness pervades the breast—the eye wanders away to Calvary—it stretches on farther still, and rests upon that star that marked the manger of the God-Man; the ear listens to the strain of heavenly music proclaiming a wide good will to all; it catches the words pronounced by Him whose right it is to rule: “My kingdom is not of this world”—words which, embodied in a principle, have been for eighteen centuries the dividing line between a professed and a real Christianity. Jesus coveted not, neither did he esteem, the power of courts nor the armies of kings. Catholicism, having made the cross a symbol of power and a standard of conquest, desires both, and labors and struggles to obtain them. With the banners of a nation goes its genius and spirit. When the hordes of the infidel prophet swept over the Eastern World, conquest and tribute were inscribed upon their banners. They made no pretension to anything higher. If they could make converts, well; if not, the nation conquered must pay tribute, or die. Search the historic page—

hunt out the darkest, *bloodiest* passage in Mohammedan history; beside it place the record of the conquest of Mexico, and methinks Archbishop Hughes himself would blush to behold the contrast. Mexico is Catholic. Its capital, once laid in ruins, has been rebuilt. Poor, homeless bards chanted their wrongs to the evening breeze, which, freighted with sympathy, bore the echo to the listening ear of the disheartened and dismayed, cheered the wanderer in his exile, and breathed hope into his spirit. Spaniards came to love the enslaved; a common interest chained their hearts together. The oppressions of Spain were felt to be too grievous to be borne. In 1821, the Spanish yoke was thrown off, and in 1847, the stars and stripes of our own free republic floated over a disconsolate city, since which time revolution, crime and bloodshed have been the order of the day. The Catholic religion is established by law; education is limited, and ignorance universal. Turn the eye to Peruvian history, and a future darker yet is in reserve.

At the time of the Spanish conquest, Peru was more extensive than at present. Its kings were called Incas; they were held to be a sacred race, to be descended from the sun, and were universally adored by the people. The sun was the object of their worship. In arts, civilization and agriculture they stood peerless and alone, first and foremost in the van of nations that inhabited the Western continent. Temples and palaces were constructed out of stone. They were skilled in working in metals; vessels from silver and gold were made beautiful in appearance, and roads were constructed

of an excellent quality, which made neighbors of remote provinces, and advanced a general internal commerce and prosperity. Animals here alone had been broken to labor as beasts of burden. Though ignorant of writing, yet the record of remarkable events had been preserved by means of paintings and knotted cards of various colors. Forty years after the discovery of America, the first decided invasion of Peru was made. As early as 1524, there were three persons settled in Panama, on whom the impression produced by the discovery of the Southern Ocean, by Balboa, remained so strong and ineffaceable, that even the defeats which had attended numerous expeditions could not dissipate it.

“In an age when the spirit of adventure was so ardent and vigorous, that large fortunes were wasted, and the most alarming dangers braved, in pursuit of discoveries merely possible, the faintest ray of hope was followed with an eager expectation, and the slightest information was sufficient to inspire such perfect confidence as conducted men to the most arduous undertakings. In such an age men rushed forward to see and to conquer. The names of the trio who drank in the spirit, and partook of the rage of discovery, were Francisco Pizarro, Diego de Almagro, and Hernando Luque. The one was a bastard, the second a foundling, and the third an ecclesiastic. As the spirit of discovery and acquisition uniformly accompanied that of adventure, in the New World, and by that strange union both acquired an increase of force, this confederacy, formed by ambition and avarice, was confirmed by the most solemn act of religion. Luque celebrated mass, divided a consecrated host into three, and reserving one part for himself, gave the other two

to his associates, of which they partook ; and thus, in the name of the Prince of Peace, ratified a contract of which plunder and bloodshed were the objects.”*

The history of the conquest of Peru does not differ materially from that of Mexico. Men, possessing the same religion, governed by the same influences, and controlled by like impulses, planned the expedition, partook of its toils, and enjoyed its trophies. As loud professions were made by Pizarro as by Cortez, that he came to enlighten the natives with the knowledge of truth, and lead them in the way of happiness ; while outrages, rapaciousness, and cruelty, were committed by himself and band to an extent that rivaled even the disgraceful career of the Spaniards in Mexico. Montezuma was seized in his capital, and Atahualpa was taken captive in the Spanish camp, where he had been invited as a guest. It was on the morning of November 16th, 1533, that Pizarro, notwithstanding the character that he had assumed of an ambassador from a powerful monarch, who courted an alliance with the Inca, and in violation of the repeated offers which he had made to him of his own friendship and assistance, determined to avail himself of the unsuspecting simplicity with which the Inca relied on his pretensions, to seize his person during the interview to which he had been invited.

The Inca approached, heralded by four hundred men, in a uniform dress, as harbingers to clear the way, seated on a couch adorned with plumes of various colors, and almost covered with plates of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones, and borne on the shoulders of his

* Robertson's History of America, p. 262.

principal attendants. Behind him were officers carried in the same manner. These were followed by singers and dancers, while the whole plain was covered with troops amounting to thirty thousand men. "As the Inca drew near the Spanish quarters, Father Vincent Valverde, chaplain to the expedition, advanced bearing in one hand a crucifix, and in the other a breviary; and in a long discourse explained to him the doctrine of the creation, the fall of Adam, the incarnation, the sufferings and resurrection of Jesus Christ, the appointment of St. Peter as God's vicegerent on earth, the transmission of his apostolic power by succession to the Popes, and the donation made to the King of Castile by Pope Alexander of all the regions of the New World. In consequence of all this, he required Atahualpa to embrace the Christian faith, to acknowledge the supreme jurisdiction of the Pope, and to submit to the King of Spain as his lawful sovereign, promising that the General would intercede in his favor, if he submitted; but denouncing vengeance, if he refused. With the tragic history of the Inca every child is familiar—how he was captured by Pizarro and his band, because he replied, calmly, that he was the rightful sovereign of Peru, and that he was unable to see how a foreign priest should pretend to give away his kingdom—how he declared he had no intention of renouncing the religion of his fathers, and asked for the authority by and according to which, Valverde addressed him. "In this book," replied the priest, holding up the breviary. Atahualpa took it, turned it over, put it to his ear, and threw it to the ground, saying, "This thing is silent—it tells me nothing." Valverde, in great indignation, turning to the troops, called out,

“To arms—to arms, Christians! the Word of God is insulted. Avenge this profanation on these impious dogs.” The troops fell upon the helpless guests, and continued to slaughter them until night closed the scene. Four thousand on one side were slain, and not a Spaniard on the other. The Inca, a prisoner, brought in gold to procure his release. A mock trial is instituted, of which Pizarro is judge and jury. The Inca is charged with being an usurper—an idolater—that he sacrificed human beings to the sun, kept a large number of concubines, and that since his imprisonment, he had wasted and embezzled the royal treasures, and had incited his subjects to take arms against the Spaniards. With such crimes was he charged; of them he was convicted; and for them Pizarro ordered the unhappy monarch to be led instantly to execution; and what added to the bitterness of his last moments, the same monk, who had just ratified his doom, offered to console, and attempted to convert him. The argument used was a promise of a mitigation in the form of punishment. The dread of a cruel death extorted from the trembling victim a desire of receiving baptism. The ceremony was performed, and Atahualpa, instead of being burnt was strangled at the stake.

With the death of the Inca closed the conquest of Peru. The troops were every where victorious, and the dominion of the Castilian monarch was every where established. Viceroy, appointed by the court of Spain, governed the nation till 1821, when a general revolt and uprising of the masses took place, and in 1824 the Spanish yoke was thrown off. “The history of the expeditions which terminated in the conquest of Mexico and Peru, displays, perhaps more strikingly than any other portion of the

records of the human race, what is the naked and uncovered policy of the Roman church, and what would be its course, whenever and wherever, unchecked and unbridled, it is or shall be permitted to mark out its own paths for the securing of its interests, and the furthering its operations, and increasing its power." This history evidences to all that within the verge of Popish effort are embraced all the energies of the soul and body—that religion and avarice are yoked together, and hand in hand journey together round the world—that she courts the power, the wealth, and the emoluments of earth, and at the same time clings with superstitious regard to the forms and ceremonies of a human system—in fine, that she strives to serve God and mammon at the same time. The inflexible pride, and deliberate tyranny of these adventurers, their arrogant disregard of the rights of human nature, and calm survey of the desolation of empires, and destruction of happiness and life, is rendered the more striking and instructive by the humility of their own original circumstances, which seemed to level and unite them, by habit and sympathy, with the mass of mankind. Graham remarks, that the conquests of the Spaniards were accomplished with such rapidity, and followed with such barbarous oppression, that a very few years sufficed, not only entirely to subjugate, but almost wholly to extirpate, the slothful and effeminate idolaters, whom it was the will of God to destroy by their hands. The settlements that were founded in the conquered countries produced, from the nature of the soil, a vast influx of gold and silver into Spain, and finally exercised a most pernicious influence on the liberty, industry, and prosperity of her people. But it was long before the bitter harvest of this

golden shower was reaped ; and in an age so ignorant of political science, it could not be foreseen through the pomp and renown with which the acquisition of so much empire, and the acquisition of so much treasure, seemed to invest the Spanish monarchy. But the day of a righteous retribution at length came. The child treated the mother with disdain ; the inhabitants, whose ancestry had forged chains for others, were forced to bear chains themselves. A church, beneath whose smiles and auspices the conquest had been made, turned upon her own children, and made conquests of them. The inhabitants of South America, of Mexico, and the Indies, groaning under grievous burdens, and tortured by a galling despotism, are miserable in condition, wretched in life, and are destined we fear, to be hopeless in death. The Bible is their only hope, and this they burn. Missionaries are their best earthly friends : these they shun and persecute. Jesus is their only Saviour, and Jesus is forgotten ; while Mary and the cross, the saints and martyrs, are the objects of their worship ; to these they offer their prayers.

Mexico and Peru are overrun with Jesuits, Franciscans, and other ecclesiastics. The ancient inhabitants of America have imbibed some faint knowledge of the ceremonies and forms of the Romish religion ; but these feeble rays of instruction are totally eclipsed by the gloomy suggestions of their native superstition, and the corrupt influence of their barbarous customs and manners. They have been stripped of their native independence, and plundered of their wealth, by swarming missionaries and plotting Jesuits. That greedy and ambitious order claimed a great part of their goods and possessions, as a recompense due to their labors in the cause of religion ;

and hence arose for a time a warm contest between the priests of the Roman faith, and the guides of the Indian in matters of religion. The contest was decided by the law of force. The depopulating soldier, sword in hand, gave weight and authority to the instructions of the Jesuits, by wresting out of the hands of the lawful possessor whatever the Romish priests and monks thought proper to claim, and by treating the innocent and plundered sufferers with all the severity that the most barbarous spirit of oppression and injustice could suggest. By such means a few tribes have been reduced to servitude, and are enrolled among the trophies of the cross. There are still in South America about three millions of Pagans. These consist of Indians who live remote from the European settlements, wander about in the woods, and must be, like their brethren, reclaimed from that desultory manner of living, and civilized by an intercourse with persons whose insinuating and humane manners are adapted to attract their love, and excite their imitation, before they can receive or retain any adequate notions of the Christian doctrine. This the Jesuits saw, and have modeled their plan accordingly. They have erected cities, and founded civil societies, cemented by governments and laws, like the European States, in several Indian provinces, both in South and North America. Thus they are enabled to discharge the double functions of magistrates and doctors among these, their new subjects and disciples; and that they may exert an unlimited influence, and hold an absolute sway over their minds, hearts, and persons, they forbid the approach of Europeans, under the pretence of preserving their morals and sentiments pure and uncorrupted.

In the year 1730, a memorial was sent to the Court of Spain, by Don Martin de Bornu, at that time Spanish Governor of Paraguay, in which the Jesuits are charged with the most ambitious projects, and the most rebellious designs, represented as setting up an independent government, accused of carrying on a prodigious trade, and of building up for themselves a power with which to overthrow the power of the State. The public did not believe the charge. The illusion lasted for a time. In 1750, the Courts of Spain and Lisbon entered into a treaty for fixing the limits of their respective dominions in South America. Then the true character of the Jesuits was revealed. The illusion was dispelled. They who had formed an independent republic in the heart of those dominions, composed of the Indians, whom they had gained by the insinuating softness and affected mildness, humility, and generosity of their proceedings, were much alarmed. It proved to be one of the fundamental laws of this new state, founded under the mask of a Christian mission, that no bishop or governor, nor any other officer, civil, military, or ecclesiastical, nor even any individual Spaniard or Portuguese, should be admitted into their territories; to the end that the proceedings and projects of the Jesuits might still remain an impenetrable secret. The members of their order were alone to be instructed in this profound and important mystery. The use of the Spanish language was prohibited, in order to prevent all communication between the Indians and that nation. The Indians were trained to the use of arms, furnished with artillery, instructed in the art of war, taught to behold the Jesuits as their sovereigns and their gods, and to look upon all other white people,

not only as demoniacs and atheists, but as their barbarous and mortal enemies. Such was the state of affairs when, in 1752, the united troops of Spain and Portugal marched toward the eastern borders of the river Uruguay, to make the exchanges of certain villages that had been agreed upon in the treaty. Under various pretexts the Jesuits demanded a delay of the execution of the treaty. The delay was granted; but, as the Spanish General, Gomez Trene Andrada, perceived that the *holy fathers* employed this delay in arming the Indians, and preparing for a defense, he wrote to his Court, and thence received orders to proceed forthwith to the execution of the treaty. A war ensued between the Spaniards and Portuguese on one side, and the Indians, animated by the Jesuits, on the other, in which the Spanish General lost his life, and the Jesuits were finally overcome. This was the original cause of the disgrace of this order at the Court of Portugal.

CHAPTER IV.

HISTORY OF JESUIT MISSIONS IN NORTH
AMERICA.

The origin of the Jesuits.—Loyola.—His plan.—Distinguished French Missionaries.—When they came.—Their success and their defeat.

“ONE day a cannon shot from Pampeluna’s walls broke the legs of the vilest scoundrel then in Spain, and left untouched his head. For religion, catholicity and man, that was the unluckiest cannon shot recorded in history; for when the tibia of the wounded patient knitted, they miraculously supported the body of a saint. In his delirium he had imagined a conspiracy of disciples to himself, which, acting by stealth and in secret, would filch the world of its reason. Those familiar with jail philosophy can well appreciate the impulse which drives the criminal, convicted of thieving, or burglary, or murder, and on the verge of the tomb, to indulge in fancies of a huger thieving, or a crueller and more infamous murder, and to long for life or unshackled arms, that he might become pre-eminently notorious by its enactment. Even such a thought came over the brain of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order profanely called of Jesus, and he recovered and was successful. Bishops and Popes greedily accepted his schemes against humanity. The order was established on the basis of secrecy, espionage, martin-

etcy, and agglomeration of wealth and sway. For centuries this hideous conspiracy has rent the Catholic world, made and unmade Popes, dogmas, treaties and empires, and is at this moment a power so vast, so unscrupulous, and so masterly, that it were folly to deny its strength, and cowardice to shrink from its contact. Its principles have ever been ultramontane and despotic. Its ministers are perhaps the best selected agents, the ablest men by training and discipline, the most learned in books and in the human heart, the most dexterous and the meanest in the world.

“They educate youth and console women; they set up a golden calf before the unfortunate, stung to despair; they tend the sick, they bury the dead, they clothe themselves in the vesture of charity; yet, are in their order, infamous. It would be folly to imagine that all its members personally partake of that infamy, are cognizant of the enormity of their principles, or of even their own acts, or yet are hypocrites. On the contrary, so perfectly and astutely do their systems of training, teaching and espionage warp young minds naturally honest and independent, that hundreds and, we doubt not, thousands of young men belong to their order, who believe its practices and rules to be the paragon of religion, Christianity and virtue, and who lay all the acts of dubious morality to the good of the church. Occasionally, indeed, a contact with the living world lifts the veils of Mokanna, and discloses the horrid features of the power to which they are subjected. The victim then rebels outright, or shrinks back in terror into the form of rascality to which he had been so deftly accustomed. Young men, under

such discipline, become indeed, in certain walks of life, a few of them, great in any art, one of whose requisites is deception ; but the greater portion continue for life abject and sneaking prevaricators, or seek in a wild, baseless implicity a mental revenge for the base artifice practiced on their youthful existence. Hypocrisy or atheism is the dilemma of the Jesuit scholar. With the Jesuit rulers *practice is every thing* — belief of little moment.

“By means of affiliated orders of pious and confiding women, of dreaming and well-intentioned boys — such as the society of Vincent de Paul — by, too, the ordinary machinery of the church, distorted into a political system — but, more than all, by their schools for youth, they debase boyhood, enchain manhood, and sway empires and continents and nations hither and thither like reeds. Obedience is their law — espionage their earliest and omnipresent engine. In their schools, among children, in their colleges, in their houses of residence, in their refectories, and in their beds the same law prevails. *No two can be together.* They make war on family, on friendship, on society, as they have always done on the principal nations. One may go alone ; no two can go together ; there must be three, one of whom is a spy. All three of them may be spies, each upon the other, and yet not one is certain that he is not the victim or detective.”

Such is the portraiture, in brief, of Jesuitism, as drawn by a correspondent of the Democratic Review. It could not have been written for political effect, for it was issued from the press nearly two months after success had everywhere crowned the efforts of an united

democracy. It could not have been prompted by an ignorant and fanatical zeal, for every word is but an echo of that voice which the history of centuries has been sounding throughout the realm of mind and the domain of thought. It is an honest and candid view taken of that tremendous power whose gigantic arms begirt the globe, and are at this moment operating everywhere—around us, among us, by day and night, by speech and pen, by sword and olive branch, by periodicals, lectures, sermons, editorials and pamphlets.

It is with the history of Jesuitism in the colonial history of North America, that we have now to do. Coming here, as did the Jesuits, when America was a wilderness—planting the citadel of their hope in the heart of savage wilds, and in mountain fastnesses—taking captive the credulity and superstition of barbarians—moving with an air of sanctity among all—enduring persecution, famine, and pestilence, with martyr patience—instigating wars among rival tribes—reconciling opposing factions, and, above all, caring for the interests of their order, and furthering the policy of the church, they became a mighty lever in the hands of the Pope and French for building up and constructing a power whose benumbing shadows once stretched themselves over this continent, and obscured the effulgence of the Sun of Righteousness, whose beams quickened into life, and gladdened the growth, of those principles which make New England the heart, fountain, and parent, of religion, liberty, and free institutions. The Jesuit, unattended by followers, and trusting to his Indian guide, bearing in his hand the breviary, cross, and image of the Virgin Mary, plunged into the depths of forests; entered the council

chambers of powerful tribes ; learned, whether as prisoner or guest, their language ; erected a chapel, hung it with trappings calculated to catch the eye, and woo the untutored fancy ; sung with apparent devotion the morning and evening chant ; instructed the chief and child—the warrior bold in battle, and the cringing squaw—in the doctrines of the church, until, by coiling around the ignorant savages the network of Romish superstitions, the missionary, single and alone, was enabled to captivate, by the magic of idolatry, large and powerful tribes ; and after having accomplished his task, so great was his influence that he made them allies of a common government, and instruments of defense and persecution for the perfecting and carrying out that bold stroke of policy which characterized the French Government during her disgraceful supremacy over some of the fairest possessions of North America.

So great was their power over the natives, that argument or instruction was fruitless in disabusing the minds of the natives in relation to the absurdities practiced and taught by the Jesuits. Sacraments, Purgatory, the Invocation of Saints, the Rosary, the Cross, and Images, the lighting of churches, and all the practices of the church, were sacredly observed by the benighted Indians. Everywhere they went throughout these western wilds as pioneers of civilization and faith. Amid the snows of Hudson's Bay—among the woody islands and beautiful inlets of the St. Lawrence—by the council-fires of the Hurons and Algonquins—at the sources of the Mississippi, where, first of the white men, their eyes looked upon the falls of St. Anthony, and then traced down the course of the bounding river, as it rushed onward to earn its title of

Father of Waters—on the vast prairies of Illinois and Missouri—among the blue hills which hem in the salubrious dwellings of the Cherokees—and in the thick cane-brakes of Louisiana—everywhere were found by the wild hunter, or the adventurous traveler, the traditions of the “Black Robes,” graven as with a pen of iron upon the memories, and legends that render the haunts of the wilderness classic ground.

Marquette, Joliet, Brebeuf, Jaques, Lollemant Rasles, and Morest, are names that will live enshrined in the hearts of many of the earlier occupants of the boundless West. It is not my purpose to prove that Jesuitism has exerted a deleterious influence upon the best interests of the colonial government. We find that the Jesuit Fathers came here at an early period; that they traversed regions, overcame difficulties and surmounted obstacles to perform a certain kind of labor; we find that they accomplished their undertaking and were apparently successful. It is for history to chronicle facts—to show what was done, to point to endeavors, and to publish whether they were successful, and, if so, to speak of the results.

It is a fact well known, that England and France started in a fair race for the magnificent prize of supremacy in America. That France, for a time, outstripped England—that she not only secured the St. Lawrence, fortified Quebec, but pushed forward her enterprise until her flag was floating over the whole wide range of the Canadas—of the lakes that girdle so large a portion of the Northwestern Territory—that, pushing forward into hitherto untrodden climes, she gained possession and established her trading posts from

the Gulf of St. Lawrence all along the mighty rivers that tunnel the Western territories, until New France embraced almost the half of North America. It shall be my object to show that France was indebted to Jesuit missionaries for the achievement of this mighty enterprise, and that to them may be traced many of the causes which resulted in wresting the longed-for prize from the hands of the French, and conferring upon England the fruits of a conquest earned by toil and bought by treasure.

As early as 1500, the Gulf of St. Lawrence was discovered by Gasper Contereau, who pushed on northward, by the coast of Labrador, almost to the entrance of the Hudson Bay. This expedition was undertaken more for mercantile advantage, than for the advancement of knowledge. Timber and slaves seem to have been the objects. No less than fifty-seven of the natives were brought back to Portugal and doomed to bondage. These unhappy savages proved so valiant and useful that great benefits were anticipated from trading on their servitude; the dreary and distant land of their birth, covered with snow for half the year, was despised by the Portuguese, whose thoughts and hopes were ever turned to the fertile plains, the sunny skies and inexhaustible treasures of the East.

Soon after, Pope Alexander VI issued a bull, bestowing the whole of the New World upon the kings of Spain and Portugal. England despised the decree, and France refused to acknowledge it. In 1523, Francis I, king of France, fitted out a squadron of four ships to pursue discovery in the West. The command was entrusted to Giovanni Verazzono, of Florence. It has

often been remarked as strange, that three Italians should have directed the discoveries of Spain, England and France, and thus become the instruments of dividing the dominions of the New World among alien powers, while their own classic land reaped neither glory nor advantage from the genius and courage of her sons. Of these voyages no permanent results were effected. Many of them pursued their explorations for a time, returned to report, left again their homes to find an ocean burial, and to become the instruments of national defeat.

There is an old Castilian tradition, that the Spaniards, having visited these coasts prior to any other nation, and having been disappointed in their search for gold, frequently exclaimed, "*Acanada*," signifying here is nothing, which sound the natives treasured and repeated to other Europeans upon their arrival. The strangers concluded that these words were a designation, and from that time this magnificent country bore the name of Canada. On the 20th of April, 1534, Jacques Cartier set sail from St. Malo, with two ships containing one hundred and twenty men, to establish a colony in Canada. On the 16th of September, he anchored his ships in a stream to which he gave the name of St. Croix. In the angle formed by the tributary and the great river, stood the town of Sladacona, the dwelling-place of a friendly tribe, who had afforded them shelter and furnished them food; thence an irregular slope ascended to a lofty height of table land. From this eminence a bold headland frowned over the St. Lawrence, forming a rocky wall of three hundred feet in height.

At this time, most of the country above their fort of shelter was fresh from the hand of the Creator. Far as the eye could reach, the dark forest spread, over hill and valley, mountain and plain, up to the craggy peaks, down to the blue water's edge, along the gentle slopes of the rich isle of Bacchus; and even from projecting rocks and in fissures of the lofty precipice, the deep green mantle of the summer foliage hung its graceful folds. In the dim distance, north, south, east and west, where mountain rose above mountain in tumultuous variety of outline, it was still the same—one vast leafy veil concealed the virgin face of nature from the stranger's sight. On the eminence commanding this scene of wild but magnificent beauty, a prosperous city now stands. The patient industry of man has felled that dense forest, tree by tree, for miles and miles around, and where it stood rich fields rejoice the eye; the once silent waters of the great river below now surge against hundreds of stately ships. Commerce has enriched this spot; art adorned it; a memory of glory endears it to every British heart. But the name of Quebec still remains unchanged, as the savage first pronounced it to the white stranger; it stands to-day among the proudest mementoes of Canadian story.

Far away from home, Cartier busied himself in exploring the country, in studying the language, and learning the habits of the natives. The hill is yet marked by a Catholic monument, where, in the morning of our national antiquity, this devoted Catholic gathered around him the sick and infirm, the lame and blind, read to them aloud a part of the Gospel of St. John, made the sign of the cross over the sufferers,

and presented them with chaplets and other holy symbols. He then prayed earnestly that the poor savages might be freed from the night of ignorance and infidelity. The result of this expedition was in the main disastrous. Many of the crew had fallen a prey to the scurvy and other diseases. The impaired health of the remainder, the privations they had endured, the poverty of their condition, all tended to cool the ardor of those who might otherwise have wished to follow up their discoveries. Happily for civilization, the reports of Cartier produced a favorable impression upon some of the more powerful and wealthy in France. The pious Catholic, most of all, strove to impress upon the King the glory and merit of extending the blessed knowledge of a Saviour to the dark and hopeless heathen of the West. Expedition after expedition set sail, all for the same object, viz: the discovery of gold; these, starting out in a race which had for its goal suspended empire, wealth and fame, one after another saw the prize fade imperceptibly away, involving each and all in a common ruin, and were never heard of more. Thus, for many a year the stormy Atlantic swallowed up all the bright hopes of founding a new nation in America; for since daring men like these had failed, none others might be expected to succeed. As our eye wanders over the history of the Old World, we learn the secret of defeat which met so many enthusiastic discoverers, who desired to be equipped and fitted out, that they might win the goal and get the prize. War was raging on the Eastern continent, sweeping into oblivion cherished schemes of acquisition of unknown territory, in the desire to preserve the power and retain the possessions at home.

Charles V, of Germany, and Francis I, of France, had been battling for honor, for territory, and a name. When death caused them to exchange the sword for a shroud, their descendants, no wiser for experience, continued the contest with renewed energy and with more determined zeal. The Reformation, headed by Luther, had taken root in every province, and was causing an earthquake, which, shaking kingdoms to their center, threatened the occupants of thrones. For a long time in the heart of France the Huguenots had been gaining strength and importance. Toward them the canons of the church and the batteries of kings had been turned; but still they lived and worshiped God. Boldly their leader stepped forth, during the reigns of Francis II and Charles IX, while France was convulsed with civil war, and America was forgotten, and labored manfully to protect and faithfully to cheer them in the dark hour of their calamitous history. His name was Gaspard de Coligny. During the reign of Henry II, he had been the first to press upon the king the importance of obtaining a footing in South America, and dividing the magnificent prize with the Portuguese monarch. This celebrated man was convinced that an extensive system of colonization was necessary for the glory and tranquility of France. He purposed the settlement in the New World should be founded exclusively by persons holding that reformed faith to which he was so deeply attached, and thus would be provided a refuge for those driven from France by religious proscription and persecution.

It is believed that Coligny's magnificent scheme comprehended the possession of the St. Lawrence and

the Mississippi, gradually colonizing the banks of these great rivers into the depths of the continent, till the whole of North America, from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, should be hemmed in by this gigantic line of French outposts. Had this scheme succeeded, the history of America would have differed materially in many points. The free principles and free hopes of such a people would have made them honorable competitors with the colonists of New England. English supremacy must have yielded before the progressive march of France. New France would then have been colonized by a people, instead of a government. This would have been their asylum, their home, their country. Their exertions would have been put forth for Canada, not for France; whereas, in Canada, men of intellect, influence and wealth were only the agents of the mother country. They fulfilled their duties with zeal and ability, but they ever looked to France for honor and approbation, and longed for a return to her shores as their best reward. They were in the colony but not of it. They strove vigorously to repel invasion, to improve agriculture, and to encourage commerce, for the sake of France, but not for Canada. The state was everything, the people nothing: Finally, as a natural result, when the power of the state was broken by a foreign foe, there remained no power of the people to supply its place; and on the day that the French armies ceased to resist, Canada was a peaceful province of British America.

This proposition, like others which succeeded, met with no cordial sympathy or support from the throne; and the hopes of the Protestants and, I may say, the

best interests of France were broken and killed by the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew, where he fell a sacrifice to his faith, and a martyr to truth.

In 1603, De Monts, a Calvinist, succeeded to the powers and privileges of Pierre du Guaston, the commander of a trading expedition to Quebec. This commission was even more extensive, and the star of hope again shone forth upon the Protestant world from the tempest-driven heavens. Jesuits again opposed him, and he was only able to obtain the freedom of religious faith for himself and his followers in America, providing that the Roman Catholic worship should be established among the natives. History informs us that even his opponents admitted the honesty and patriotism of his character, and bore witness to his courage and ability; he was, nevertheless, unsuccessful, for the jealousy excited by the doctrines of the reformer involved him in ruinous embarrassment. The Huguenots of France continued to hope against hope; they were ever willing to embark in any enterprise that should redound to the glory of their country, providing they were allowed religious liberty. They seemed never to forget the hope excited in their breasts fifty years before by the great Coligny, which looked ever forward to a refuge from religious persecution in the forest sanctuary of America. They followed brave and true leaders to Acadia, Florida and South America, until Jesuitical intrigues and a bigoted zeal deprived one and another of their leaders of the commission which gave them safety, support and defense.

In 1627, Champlain, zealous for the Roman faith, procured a decree forbidding the free exercise of the

reformed religion in French America. Seven years prior to this last date, in 1620, a handful of Puritan refugees landed upon Plymouth rock, bearing in their hands the Bible and the charter of their rights, "freedom to worship God." It was winter on the earth when they approached these shores, but a brighter heaven never spanned their souls with its cerulean arch. The scowling sky above their heads, the frozen earth beneath their feet, and, sorest of all, the unacknowledged love of that venerable land which they had abandoned forever, made their trial bitter; but hope flooded their path with light, the freedom of conscience gave them quiet, and the food of heaven, gained by prayer and secured by love, gave sustenance to their spirits. Around them were their wives, their children, and their scanty stores. Before them, the dark, unleveled forests, laden with snow and black with thickness, and yonder in the deep, dense thicket was the prowling savage; yet the unwritten sentiment, penned by our Longfellow, a lineal descendant, which says:

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act — act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead,"

made them happy. A brighter morning soon broke in upon them. "The snowy desert changed into a fair scene of life and vegetation. The woods rang with the cheerful sound of the axe; the fields were tilled hopefully, the harvest gathered gratefully." Other vessels followed in the wake of the trusty Mayflower. Their numbers swelled to hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands. They built the church side by side with the

school-house ; they preached a pure faith to the Indians ; they had neither rich nor poor, and, in the words of another, they admitted of no superiority save in their own gloomy estimate of merit ; they persecuted all forms of faith different from that which they themselves held ; and yet they would have died rather than suffer the religious interference of others. Far from seeking or accepting aid from the government of England, they patiently tolerated their nominal dependence only because they were virtually independent. For protection against the savage ; for relief in pestilence and famine ; for help to plenty and prosperity, they trusted alone to God, and to their own right hand on earth.

It seems necessary to proceed thus far with the history of French and English colonization, in order to mark the point where the paths of their history began to diverge—the one winding to an eminence never before reached—an eminence which renders it the city of the nations and the light of the political word ; while the other, from this date, viz: 1627, when religious freedom was denied to the French colonists, began to descend from the common level into comparative obscurity, until its light has been quenched and lost in the brilliant radiance which the sun of freedom poured in upon it—that at a glance it might be seen how the principles which have rendered the history of New England bright and glorious were crushed beneath the heel of a bigoted despotism in New France—that the fact might be developed which forms a key to interpret the dark and disgraceful history which enshrouds her past with gloom, and which hangs over her present the almost unbroken pall of a blinding ignorance ; and that

explains the strange problem which presents itself to the eye, when it beholds on one side of the river St. Lawrence millions of happy men, distinguished for their freedom, their intelligence, and their liberal principles, while, on the opposite shore, three-fourths of the population are immersed in Romish superstitions, ignorant of letters, of freedom, and of truth.

With these preliminary steps taken, we now stand upon the threshold of our subject. Would that it were a goodlier superstructure that invites our inspection. Would that the eye could discern a difference between its imagery and that which renders Italy poor and mean — which renders her blue sky and green hills, her glorious memories and bright renown, a sad commentary and fitting reproof to that church and those principles which have caged her spirit and fettered her progress.

In 1608, Champlain founded Quebec. He obtained a charter for his colony, and having, in 1614, engaged some wealthy merchants of St. Malo, Rouen and Rochelle in an association for the support of the colony, through the assistance of the Prince Conde, Viceroy of France, he obtained letters patent of incorporation for the company. The temporal welfare of the settlement being thus placed upon a secure basis, Champlain, who was a zealous Catholic, next devoted himself to obtain spiritual aid. By his entreaties four Recollects were prevailed upon to undertake the mission. These were the first ministers of the Catholic religion settled in Canada. They reached Quebec in the beginning of April, 1615, accompanied by Champlain, who, however, at once proceeded to Montreal, in company with Father Joseph le Caron. There they found the Huron and other allied

tribes preparing for an expedition against the Iroquois, and having injudiciously joined in the quarrel in which they had no concern, they not only injured their cause, but lost the confidence of the Indians, and were compelled, for want of a guide, to remain among them during the winter as unwilling guests. It is recorded that, in 1616, a signal service was rendered to the colony by a worthy priest. A general conspiracy had been entered into by the Indian tribes surrounding and adjacent to the place known as Three Rivers, where, as a missionary, he had been engaged in the conversion of the savages, and happily had so far gained their esteem, that some of his converts revealed to him the plot. Duplessys contrived with consummate ability to gain over some of the principal Indians — to make advances toward a reconciliation with the white men — and by degrees succeeded in arranging a treaty, and in causing two chiefs to be given up as hostages for its observance.

Fresh and more appalling dangers menaced the colony in 1621. The Iroquois attacked the French outposts, seized one of the Recollets in their retreat — William Paulin — tied him to a stake, and were about to burn him alive, when they were persuaded to make an exchange of prisoners. The Hurons, disgusted with the French rule, proposed to detach themselves from their friendship, and unite with the Iroquois for their destruction. Caron and two other priests again averted the danger, and reconciled the discontented. Champlain returned to France to plead for aid to withstand the determined attacks of a common enemy. On his arrival he found that the vice royalty of France had

been purchased by Henry de Sevi, Duke de Ventadour, with the view of promoting the spiritual welfare of Canada, and the general conversion of the heathen Indians to the Christian faith. He had himself long retired from the strife and troubles of the world, and entered into holy orders. Being altogether under the influence of the Jesuits, he considered them as the means given by Heaven for the accomplishment of his views.

During the years 1625—'6, Father Lollemont, with many other Jesuits, reached Quebec, accompanied by tradesmen and artizans, which enabled the infant settlement soon to assume the appearance of a town. During this year the Huguenots were deprived of all their former privileges, stripped of power, and left naked among their enemies. These, driven as refugees, sought an asylum in New England, and, resolving to procure what of right belonged to them, in 1628 they commenced that series of hostilities, which, in 1629, resulted in the surrender of Canada to the British. When the English took possession they treated the inhabitants with such good faith and humanity, that none of the conquered left the country. History informs us that when the French received the news of the loss of Canada, opinion was much divided as to the wisdom of seeking to regain the captured settlement. Champlain, and the more eager of the Catholics, urged France not to give up the country where the light of religion was dawning upon the darkness of heathen ignorance. Their solicitations were successful, and France regained her possessions at the treaty of St. Germain du Loge. Up to this period no permanent effects had resulted from the proselytism of the Recollets.

Few of the natives had been converted, and the education of the youth had been neglected or interrupted by the continued scene of strife that raged in the colony. Still, the sentiment of religion became strengthened among the settlers, and in 1633 the idea was adopted of founding a college at Quebec, for the education of youth and the conversion of the Indians, and six thousand crowns of gold were contributed by Rene Robault, as a donation to forward the object. In 1635 the foundation of the building was laid by its noble patron, to the joy of the French colonists. It was at this time that Champlain, the founder of Quebec, and the Governor of the colony, died. By all he was and is considered as a brave, high-minded, and wise man. Gifted with high ability, upright, active, and chivalrous, he was at the same time eminent for his zeal for the church, and in conforming by life and action to the dictates of conscience, and the teachings of his spiritual advisers. To him belongs the glory of planting the Roman Catholic religion, and civilization, among the snows of those northern forests—during his life, indeed, a feeble germ ; but, sheltered by his vigorous arm, nursed by his tender care, the root struck deep. Little more than two centuries have passed since the faithful servant went to rest upon the field of his noble toils, and now a million and a half of people, professing his religion, dwell in peace upon that munificent territory, which his zeal and wisdom first redeemed from the desolation of the wilderness. Since that time it has again changed hands, and the British flag is now unfurled from the heights of Quebec.

A writer, in speaking of this fact, says : “ The closing scene of French dominion in Canada was marked by

circumstances of deep and peculiar interest. Within a period comparatively brief we see the birth, the growth, and the catastrophe of a nation. The flag of France is erected at Quebec by a handful of hardy adventurers ; a century and a half passed, and that flag is lowered to a foreign foe before the sorrowing eyes of a Canadian people ; for from the earliest time the ostensible object of settlement, at least that holding the most prominent place in all acts and charters, was to extend the Catholic religion, and to minister to the supposed glory of God.

At first, the church and the civil government leaned upon each other for mutual support and assistance ; but, after a time, when neither of the powers found themselves troubled with popular opposition, their union grew less intimate, their interests differed, jealousies ensued, and finally they became antagonistic orders in the community. The mass of the people, more devout than intelligent, sympathised with the priesthood. This sympathy did not, however, interfere with unqualified submission to the government.

“ The Canadians were trained to implicit obedience to their rulers, spiritual and temporal. These rulers ventured not to imperil their absolute authority by educating their vassals. It is true there were a few seminaries and schools under the zealous administration of the Jesuits ; but even that instruction was unattainable by the general population. Those who walked in the moonlight which such reflected rays afforded, were not likely to become troublesome as sectarians or politicians. Much credit for sincerity cannot be given to those who professed to promote the education of the people, when no printing

press was ever permitted in Canada, during the government of France.

“ It is true, that Canada was altogether free from dissent. Those differing with her in faith, were excluded, and there were none to persecute, save those who were detected by Jesuitical cunning, and these were banished. Hopelessly fettered in the chains of metropolitan power, she was also undisturbed by political agitation. But this calm, as has been remarked, was more the stillness of stagnation, than the tranquillity of content. Without a press—without a semblance of popular representation—there hardly remained other alternatives than tame submission or open mutiny. By hereditary habit and superstition, the Canadians were trained to the first, and by weakness and want of energy, they were incapacitated for the last. At length the scepter passed from the loosened grasp of the French, and the English lion’s vigorous tread shook the national slumber, and the nation awoke to a brighter destiny, and a happier existence. The altars of the Protestant faith were rebuilt, printing presses were established; educational interests were advanced by the fostering care of a government distinguished for its liberal patronage of science and the arts. The Canada of the French is forgotten, when we reflect upon the prosperous condition of the Canada of the English. There is but one monument of French dominion remaining: that is the large number of the Catholic faith, as bigoted and ignorant as those of yore. But this, thank God, is fast disappearing before the march of knowledge, and the progress of truth. The banner of Jesus has been unfurled; the light of truth is

dispersing the clouds of darkness, and hundreds and thousands of the deluded and priest-ridden Canadians are emerging from their retreats, and are shouting aloud the hosannahs of salvation."

Let us turn from Canada, and follow the Jesuits in their wanderings from Quebec across the continent, along the rivers, over the mountains, and through the valleys of this fairest and most privileged republic.

"The Jesuit missionaries," remarks a Catholic historian, "became the first discoverers of the greatest part of the interior of this continent. They were the first Europeans who formed a settlement on the coast of Maine, and among the first to reach it from the St. Lawrence. They first explored the Saguenay, discovered Lake St. John, and led the way overland from Quebec to Hudson's Bay. It is to them that we owe the discovery of the rich and inexhaustible springs of Onondaga. Within ten years of their second arrival, they had completed the examination of the country of Lake Superior to the Gulf, and founded several villages of Christian neophytes on the borders of the upper lakes. While the intercourse of the Dutch was yet confined to the Indians in the vicinity of Fort Orange, and five years before Elliott, of New England, had addressed a single word to the Indians within six miles of Boston harbor, the French missionaries planted the cross at Sault Ste. Marie, whence they looked down on the Sioux country and the valley of the Mississippi. The vast unknown West now opened its prairies before them. It is to the letters of these missionaries, that the world is now indebted for the record of their trials, deprivations and achievements." These accounts were published in Eu-

rope, year after year, in the same epistolary form in which they were written. O'Callagan has remarked that it was fortunate for the world that "the early missionaries were men of learning and observation. They felt deeply the importance of their position, and while acquitting themselves of the duties of their calling, carefully recorded the progress of events around them." For our present purpose they have been invaluable. Without these letters it would have been impossible to follow their steps, lost as they were from the sight of men. The student of history would seldom meet with their names, had it not been that they linked them to the memories of the age by the narratives of their exploits. Led by these, it is easy to follow them, at this remote period, through trackless forests, among tribes of savages long since extinct—their names even lost in the deep oblivion of the past—names which would now be irretrievably gone, had not these wandering men placed them upon the bark of history, which safely and surely rides the tempest-tossed ocean of time.

In 1649, a missionary reports that the hounds of war were again let loose, to desolate and destroy the cherished hopes of years. "The war proved fatal to the allies of the French. By 1650 all Upper Canada was a desert, and not a mission—not a single Indian—was to be found, where, but a few years before, the cross towered in each of the many villages, and hundreds of fervent Christians gathered around their fifteen missionaries. The earth still reeked with the blood of the pastor and his flock; six missionary fathers had fallen by the hands of the Iroquois; another had been fatally mutilated in their hands. But scarce was there a ray of peace, when

the survivors were again summoned to the west — a field opened on Lake Superior. Thence, hearing of the great river in the dim distance, one after another leaving Lake Superior, strove to reach its shores, as, borne along by the fugitive Hurons, fleeing before the enraged Iroquois, they plunged through wood and waste, over cliffs and mountains, seeking to escape destruction and find repose. Tidings told them of its beauty, depth and grandeur, as pouring forth toward the Gulf or Pacific, they knew not which, the artery of a world. In 1670-'71, Father Dablon speaks thus of the river: "To the South, flows the great river, which the Indians call the Mississippi, which can have its mouth only in the Florida sea. Some Indians assure us that this great river is so beautiful, that, more than three hundred leagues from its mouth, it is larger than that which flows by Quebec. They say, moreover, that all this vast extent of country is nothing but prairies, without trees or woods, which obliges the inhabitants of those forts to use turf and sun-dried dung for fuel, till you come about twenty leagues from the sea. There the forests begin to appear again. Some warriors of this country who have descended to its mouth, assure us that they saw men like the French, who were splitting trees with long knives, some of whom had their houses on the water; also, that along this great river are various towns of different nations, languages and customs, who all make war on each other. Some are situated on the river side, but most of them inland, continuing thus up to the nation of the Nadanessi, who are scattered over more than a hundred leagues of country."

Thus were the great features of the Mississippi, the

nature of the country, the habits of the distant tribes described, their languages learned, and their modes of life studied by the Jesuits long before any other white man thought of penetrating the pathless wild. With them discovery was a mania. They tried, at times, to train the untaught savage to recognize a God, but, like Cortez and Pizarro, they were unsuccessful. They seldom baptized any but the dying, or those infants with whom life was but a transient, pilgrim-staying hut for a night. They treated the Indians kindly — for the most part sought not to amass wealth by a traffic in their wares; they lived to learn and do good. Their clothing was poor and plain, their food oftentimes acorns, and their habits of life abstemious and frugal. The doctrine of penance and endurance taught by the church was practised in their lives. They have been the patrons of discovery, the fact-gatherers of the wilderness, the benefactors of the world.

It was a triumph of an age — the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi and its tributary streams. This was, however, accomplished in 1680, by French missionaries. Let us take a hasty glance at their route, remembering that these mighty rivers and inland seas were passed and cut, not by the keels of steamers which move like arrows on their way, but by bark canoes, rowed by their own and native hands, threatened by storms, hunger and the watery grave. Passing from Quebec, they crossed Lake Ontario; sailed up the river Niagara; carried their vessels upon their shoulders round the Falls; launched them upon the river; rowed against current and head winds; struck out into the blue Lake Erie; pressed up the Detroit river, through

Lake St. Clair and its river ; on still they went, up Lake Huron, on, through the straits and river St. Mary, into Lake Superior ; from thence, amid the wildest scenery, and urged forward by ardent hopes, still pushed on to the opposite shore, and from its farthest extremity, landing upon the cold, bleak shore, among unknown tribes, they launched the tiny skiff upon the St. Croix, pursued their way to the Mississippi, and on, on they journeyed, passing the Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, and Ohio, down to the Gulf of Mexico. Indeed, this was a gigantic undertaking. It was nobly achieved. We, who stand upon the decks of our steamers, or whirl on through states and continents with lightning speed — who complain of the dust of travel and the perplexities of delay, which hinder us from going from Chicago to New York perhaps an hour — can form no conception of the suffering endured and hardship and toil mastered by these veteran pioneers, who mapped out for our use a forest world. Oftentimes enslaved by conquering tribes, they, by performing remarkable cures, were taken for supernatural beings, and became the medicine men of the tribes through which they passed, and with as little difficulty as the Indian jugglers established their reputation ; and thus they saved their lives. With their persons thus guarded by superstitious awe, they rambled across to the Gulf of California, traversing the bison plains and the abode-towns of the half-civilized natives of New Mexico, perched on their rocky heights.

De Vaca traversed America from sea to sea. His travels and explorations remain in the distant twilight of history as those of the first European known to have stood

by the mighty Mississippi, and to have launched his boat upon his waters; but his shipwrecks shed no new light on that vast tract since explored. The voice of the European missionaries sounded the advent of a new era. The continent, which had for ages been shrouded in the darkness of its own creation, entered upon a new existence when first the white man smote the *tyrant Forest* with the sword of conquest — the woodman's axe. Thenceforward all was progress. We might now trace the labors of those who explored each tributary of the central river, and watch the progress of each rising town; we might show how and when forests were leveled, rivers bridged, mountains tunneled, cities built, and continents and empires netted with railways; but this belongs to the history of a nation, not of a few individuals, who lived, labored and died without successors — without having stamped the signet of their genius upon anything around them — without having endeared themselves to any save those intimately associated with them, and oftentimes they were by these abused. It seems strange that so little is known of these men. The history of their sufferings, touching as it is, has been comparatively neglected. The letters which these laborers wrote more than a century ago, when camping in the wilderness or sharing the wigwams of the rude savage, are valuable; for they portray their own views and feelings. They lead us, as no one else does, into the inner and private life of our aborigines.

This race is nearly extinct. Few are the traces that remain of that once numerous people. Their existence will soon be of the past. They have left no permanent impression on the constitution of the great nation which

now spreads over their country. No trace of their blood, language or manners may be found among their haughty successors. The mysterious decree of Providence, which has swept them away, may not be judged by human wisdom. As certainly as their magnificent forests fell before the advancing tide of civilization, they fell also. They withered alike under the Upas shade of European protection and before the deadly storm of European hostility. As the snow in spring, they melted away, stained, tainted, trampled down. To a great extent the Jesuits were accessory to this fatal death-blow, which, in the infancy of the white settlements, they received. The Hurons, by means of the Jesuits, became the allies of the French; the Iroquois of the English at times, but generally they remained a powerful tribe by themselves. The Hurons were stimulated to fight for defense and for conquests. Powder and bullets were soon introduced into general use. The strife raged with fiercer earnestness. Rival tribes joined in the affray. The whites led them on; the missionaries bore to distant tribes the fire-brand, and kindled the flame of war where had been peace. The flames raged more furiously, until, like the dried leaves of autumn, or the parched-up grass on the boundless prairiës, they have been consumed, and are now no more. With the race went their genius and many of the brightest trophies of Catholicism. The history of Jesuit missions, interesting in itself, teaches a sad but important lesson. Our brightest earthly hopes are oftentimes the earliest to fade. Look over the world and read the history of Jesuit missions. After one or two generations they have always come to

naught. There is not a recorded instance of their permanency, or their spreading, each generation, wider and deeper, like our own missions in India, in the Sandwich Islands, and among the Cherokees. Thus it has been in China, Japan, South America and our own land. For centuries the Jesuit foreign missionaries have been like those beating the air; and yet greater devotion to the cause than theirs has never been seen since the apostles' days. Why, then, was this result? If the "blood of the martyrs be the seed of the church," why is this the only instance in which it has proved not so? Must there not have been something wrong in the whole system—some grievous errors mingled with their teaching, which thus denied them a measure of success proportioned to their efforts?

The Jesuits of the wilderness sleep in a common grave with the different tribes they came to redeem from the darkness of Paganism. The black waters of oblivion, restless at first, have now become calm, and a waveless sea gives them a sepulcher with the dimly known and the long lost. The wilderness has given way before the march of industry and skill; the darkness of Paganism has been displaced by the light of Gospel truth, the wigwam by the city, the canoe by the steamer, the Indian path by the railway, the Indian by the white man, and the Jesuit by the minister of righteousness and truth. This is true of our Union; in Canada, relics of superstition still remain. The Canadian college, under the supervision of the Jesuits, has been for centuries a barrier to freedom of thought and action. The boy was trained to sing the evening and morning chant; to chant the *Te Deum* and go through

with the routine of Church duties, while the broad domain of thought was fenced in. He could only see the mountains of error which hemmed it round, but was never permitted to stand upon their cloud-capped summits and survey the illimitable expanse of truth. The Jesuits' college was a place to forge fetters for the mind and heart—not the school to unlock them; to befog the mind—not the spot where false impressions and notions and ideas were to be disabused and swept away by the magic wand of heavenly light. The boy came out into the world prepared for every thing but the world. He knew not its language, and was ignorant of its customs. For a time he tried to become familiar with the realities of life; but every thing appearing to his untutored eye in a false light, he soon became disgusted with appearances, and sought the cloister for relief. He came forth like a man long withdrawn from the light of the sun, to find himself amid new and wonderful objects, which he can not grasp, because he is too busy with their contemplation. He remained stationary, like a stone that sinks to the bottom of a flowing river, and drags on his life like an oyster, knowing little of others and quite unknown to himself. But, if not carried beneath the surface at his debut, the wave may float him slowly onward, and after a while, like a drowning man, he will strike out for himself to reach a landing-place somewhere.

In 1837 and 1838, the young men of Canada rebelled, in the face of their clergy's denunciations, and threats of eternal punishment, if they bore arms against their sovereign. Nevertheless, they fought for a time, boldly and fearlessly. At length they were defeated by superior

forces : the mob was beaten by the soldiery ; the student, raving with madness, long smarting under colonial and priestly tyranny, was beaten into subjection by a handful of veterans. Moving spirits and followers, all had been brought up, in the schools of their childhood, to cringe and submit, like serfs, before the prestige of authority. The revolution broke their fetters, untied their pinions, and gave their spirits at least freedom. The victory they gained was by no means inconsiderable. Results which are diffusing a healthful influence over the institutions and liberties of Canada, have followed rapidly in the wake of the political disturbances of 1837—'8, and are manifesting themselves even where the clergy hold their sway. The innovating tendencies of the times are destroying the fortified prejudices of the long-ago ; and the clergy themselves are becoming impregnated with the spirit of an age upon which go ahead is everywhere written. Their educational system is being modified, so as to make a young man more a citizen, than a quasi Jesuit. Their establishments, convents as well as colleges, are conducted with a more liberal discipline than formerly ; and the rising generation is growing up with lofty inspirations, in place of cringing instincts. The college at Quebec has lately been chartered into a university, where the highest and most thorough instruction will be given, instead of the one-sided drilling that had for years marked the collegiate course in Canada. The prison-like buildings of old have been abandoned for more prepossessing edifices, over which the gloom of the dungeon does not brood as formerly, when students were like galley-slaves, and teachers became taskmasters. The people are becoming alive to their own interests ; religious,

commercial, and political intelligence is being disseminated among the masses. The priests are no longer objects of dread or worship, but they are looked upon as men, full of imperfections, at the same time honest, and laborious. The Jesuit has doffed his robe and cowl in many places, and partakes more of the simplicity of the citizen. Yet the work is not all done. Mighty struggles and wrestlings have yet to be gone through, before the whole truth shall be acquired. The people are on the way. May God speed them. The school-house and the church are becoming alike dear. They are seeking after truth, and becoming delvers in science. The partition walls that separated the priest and laity, are being broken down. A man is measured by actual knowledge obtained. Pretension and delusion go together.

In Canada, men are lighting their torch by the flame which burns brightly upon the altar of truth. This, blazing brightly, is lighting up their path, as they speed onward toward the given goal. Dissenters and laymen are wielding the pen in the world, and in the parliament. Shoulder to shoulder they march forward, as foes to ignorance, to usage, and tradition. God's revealed word is becoming their counsel and guide. Normal schools for the multitude, and the universities for the aspiring, are being crowded by those who wish to prepare themselves for the responsibilities of life. The demand for educated men is increasing. The breach, wide at first, is being filled by those, around whom cluster the fondest of their country's hopes.

Jesuitism — which has mapped out this continent — which has built our towering cathedrals, and planted upon the banks of every stream, by the shore of every

lake, upon the mountain summit and in the valley gorge, the cross — which found America a wilderness — which followed to the tomb a mighty race — which has hoped and is still hoping to build up here a power that shall eclipse that reared beneath the sunniest sky of Europe — that power which acquires strength from ignorance, and gathers hope from the nameless woes of millions — is doomed to meet with the bitterest disappointment ever to be recorded in history. Popery is strong in Europe, because her power was nourished by the barbarians of an age distinguished by its warlike feuds and unlettered men. Tinselry and show were the characteristics of her worship. Her devotees, noted for the power of their arm and the weakness of their head, were ready to fight, but were incapable of thought — were always willing to be led, but never dreamed of working out paths for themselves. They listened, for they could not read; they worshiped they knew not what. Still the nations of Europe, for more than half a century, warred by sword and gallows-tree against the Jesuits. Portugal, under Pambal — Spain, under Avonda — France, under Louis XV — Austria, despite Maria Theresa — Naples, under Tamici, and even Russia, under Catherine Second, strove to extinguish, in the heart of every European society, this secret, this fearful, this all-controlling, yet almost intangible depotism. They had at one time amassed the power and the wealth of the world. Their tracks still may be seen in Thibet, in inmost China, and in farthest Japan. They have drawn from either Indies inestimable wealth. They were always willing to become spies of aggressive governments in foreign and barbarous lands. The weak

French empire in India drew all its knowledge and power from the Jesuit missions. In America, while there was a French government, it found its chief support in the strength of the Jesuit outposts. Napoleon coveted their return to France, that he might enrich himself from their espionage. They once owned all South America, its herds, its temples, its mines, its treasures, its lands and its people.

To Columbia free and intelligent men preceded them. They labor under every disadvantage. Schemes they call wise receive frowns and defeat. The masses, becoming educated, forsake them by multitudes, and protest against their delusions; while the press heralds to the world their discomfitures, discloses their nakedness, and publishes their secrets. Our railroads place Montreal at the doors almost of Boston or New York. Yankee enterprise is invading the province with its dollars and cents, its labor-saving machines and steam engines. It finds less and less stubborn prejudices to contend against, but is everywhere received with open arms, like a friend and a deliverer. The darkness of the night is passing away. Catholicism is sinking into the grave. Religion, a free intelligence and pure faith, are destined to be planted upon the mound whose roots, gathering strength from the pregnant past, shall throw up a shoot fit to embellish the age — which shall form a monument to enterprise — a waymark to freedom — a stepping-stone to happiness.

CHAPTER V.

THE COLONIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Early settlement of Florida—Fernando de Soto—Discovery of the Mississippi—French Huguenots—Their persecution by the Spaniards—Gaspard de Coligny—His character—The slaughter of Protestants by Catholics in Florida—Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

SCARCELY had Fernando de Soto called off his blood-thirsty Catholic troops from massacring the ill-fated and unhappy Peruvian, when the tramp of his mailed courser broke the solitude of the forests of Florida. The roar of cannon, and the clash of arms, the shriek of the wounded, and the wail of the despairing brave had not died away in distant echo upon the plain of Quito, and along the valleys of Mexico, ere the hoarse note of the war-bugle was drowning the din of battle which piled the dead warrior upon the hearths and altars of his native land. In 1539 the strife commenced in the south of this republic, which ceased not till a free and happy race were banished from their homes, and driven from their father's graves. Just thirty-nine years after the first French vessel had cut the blue waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and five years after Jacques Cartier had stood upon the proud battlements of Quebec, Soto set out for the conquest of Florida, which resulted in the discovery of the Mississippi, in the destruction of thousands of peaceful natives, in winning for himself an

execrable name, and procuring not gold, but a grave—not the love of a hospitable race, which gave them a welcome, but their united curse. Of this expedition, Bancroft—who, by the way, has been called by Archbishop Hughes an impartial historian—says: “ Everything was provided that experience in former invasions, and the cruelty of avarice could suggest; chains for captives, and the instruments of a forge; arms of all kind then in use, and bloodhounds as auxiliaries against the feeble natives. It was a roving expedition of gallant freebooters in quest of fortune. It was a romantic stroll of men, whom avarice rendered ferocious, through unexplored regions, over unknown paths; wherever rumor might point to the residence of some chieftain with more than Peruvian wealth, or the ill-interpreted signs of the ignorant natives might seem to promise a harvest of gold. The passion for cards now first raged among the groves of the South; and often at the resting places, groups of listless adventurers clustered together to enjoy the excitement of desperate gaming. Religious zeal was also united with avarice. There were not only cavalry and foot soldiers, with all that belongs to warlike array, but twelve priests, beside other ecclesiastics, accompanied the expedition. Florida was to become Catholic during scenes of robbery and carnage. Ornaments, such as are used at the service of mass were carefully provided; every festival was to be kept; every religious practice to be observed. As the troops marched through the wilderness, the solemn processions which the usages of the church enjoined, were scrupulously instituted. Three years are passed amid sufferings and hardships which bent the iron spirit of the intrepid leader. Hundreds of poor natives are worn out

by toil, by scourging and by famine; brave men, and dashing knights, with their mettled steeds, lie along their beaten track; the faithful missionary has performed the rites of sepulture over a large portion of the once proud band who pushed forward in search of gold. Fernando de Soto, no longer able to abate the confidence, or punish the temerity of the natives, falls a victim to a wasting melancholy, and with the remnant of his faithful followers still about him, he yields to their solicitations, appoints a successor, and dies. The survivors wander about in the deep, dense forests that skirt the Red river, until, desperate from defeat, they resolve to construct rude boats, and thus make their way to the Gulf of Mexico, leaving behind them the grave of hope, the monument of which shall be the saddened memories of the wasting forms whitening beneath a tropic sun. Many of the Christians were dying: a frightful epidemic had seized the strangers; chains were unforged, and the oppressed were permitted to go free, in order that nails might be wrought from their chains to construct the brigantines. Thus, with horse-meat and corn for food—with a beggared, *robbed* population around them—they embark, set sail, and finally pass into the Gulf of Mexico. Such was the history of those who came here in the early dawn of colonization. They failed. Religious zeal was more persevering. Louis Concello, a friar of the Dominican order, gained, through Philip II., then heir apparent in Spain, permission to visit Florida, and attempt the peaceful conversion of the natives. But missionaries had been there before. The cross had been planted. The Indians had heard the solemn chant, and had witnessed, and perhaps felt, the wrongs which priests had permitted

in former days. They saw in every Spaniard, whether priest or soldier, an enemy; and, following out their natural inclinations, when the missionaries reached Florida, they found enemies and a tomb. Florida was abandoned. Castilians had wet the soil with their blood, but they failed in securing themselves a home. The first permanent establishment of the Spaniards in Florida was the result of bigotry.

Coligny, who had failed in founding a colony in Canada, still desired to establish a refuge for the Huguenots and a Protestant empire in America. The expedition which he now planned was entrusted to the command of John Ribault, of Dieppe, a brave man, of maritime experience, and a firm Protestant. He was attended by some of the best of the young French nobility, while brave veterans shared his fortunes. The feeble Charles IX. conceded an ample commission, and the squadron set sail for the shores of North America. They reached the coast of Florida, left a colony at Port Royal, who in turn became disaffected, and returned to France. In the following year Coligny renewed his solicitations for the colonization of Florida. A larger fleet than before was soon under way. They arrive at Port Royal, push on to the banks of the river May, and plant there the infant settlement. I need not relate the circumstances that surrounded this infant colony, nor need I tell how cordially they were welcomed by the natives — how this kindness was abused — how the granary of the provident savage was robbed of its scanty store — how famine stared them in the face. History has chronicled the mutinies which sprung up among the poorer emigrants, and of the mad passion for wealth

which took possession of the majority, and drove them on to deeds of prodigality, shame and plunder. For, "though patriotism and religious enthusiasm had prompted the expedition, the inferior class of the colonists were dissolute men. These, obtaining the sanction of their leader, procured two vessels and began a career of piracy against the Spaniards that has left an ineffaceable stain upon the character of the Protestant colony of Florida."

A year passed away. Their scarcity became extreme, and the friendship of the natives was forfeited by unprofitable severity. March, April and May passed, and no succor came. The fire of hope burned dimly. The colony despaired of aid, and resolved to return to France. Just then, Sir John Hawkins, the slave merchant, arrived, and soon displayed the most generous sympathy. Provisions were furnished freely. A vessel was relinquished for their use. Preparations were continued, and the colony were on the eve of embarkation, when sails were descried bearing towards them. Ribault had arrived to assume the command, bringing with him supplies of every kind; emigrants with their families, garden seeds, implements of husbandry and the various kinds of domestic animals. The French, now wild with joy, seemed about to acquire a home, and Calvinism to have become fixed in the inviting regions of Florida. Hope began to shed her light upon their pathway; the dream of years was about to be realized. They be-thought themselves of friends and kindred suffering persecution and distress in France, while they were enjoying for the first time liberty of conscience and freedom from restraint. But, alas! at this time a dark

cloud began to gather in their sunny sky, and this happy people were doomed to suffer from Popish intolerance; for news of their arrival and prosperity had reached the Spanish court. Spain had never relinquished that territory, where, if she had not planted colonies, she had buried many hundreds of her bravest sons.

We now approach one of the bloodiest chapters in the Catholic history of America. Indians had been butchered by thousands; temples had been plundered, and kings dethroned. Riot and bloodshed had marked the Spaniards' march from Vera Cruz to Mexico—from the Isthmus of Darien to the palaces of the Inca; but hitherto the white man's blood had never been shed beneath the shadows of a forest world.

Archbishop Hughes claims that "If civil, but especially religious liberty be a dear and justly cherished privilege of the American people, the palm of having been the first to preach and practise it is due, beyond all controversy, to the Catholic colony of Maryland." He says: "The picture is not over-brilliant, but it is very fair. I will present it to you as drawn by the impartial pen of a Protestant historian, a native of New England, by the bye, of whose reputation she and the whole country may well be proud: I mean the Hon. George Bancroft." Dr. Hughes is deserving the thanks of the Protestant world for thus establishing the authority and reputation of Mr. Bancroft as an impartial historian; for in replying to the arguments and assertions of Catholics, there is no difficulty so great to be encountered as to find a history that they will acknowledge as authority with them. Prove what you will

from the Bible, they deny the authenticity of the work. Take down from your shelf any standard ecclesiastical history, and they will pronounce the author one-sided, partial, dishonest, &c. But here is the proof that Bancroft may be relied upon. He, then, shall be our authority in this chapter, and from him we shall prove that Catholics were the first to kindle on American soil the flame of persecution; they were the first to murder in cold blood a happy, peaceable and inoffensive colony—not because they were Frenchmen, who had sought a home in the wilderness, but because they were Protestants. They were Huguenots, who, fleeing from persecution at home, sought an asylum in the New World.

Pedro Melendez, whose bigotry had been nourished in the wars against the Protestants of Holland, was the instrument made use of by Philip II., of Spain, for extinguishing the heresy of Calvinism in Florida. “It was on the day which the customs of Rome have consecrated to the memory of one of the most eloquent sons of Africa, and one of the most venerated of the fathers of the church, that Melendez came in sight of Florida. For four days he sailed along the coast, uncertain where the French were established. On the fifth day he landed and gathered from the Indians accounts of the Huguenots.” Discovering a fine bay and beautiful river, he gave it the name of St. Augustine, in honor of the saint on whose day he came upon the coast. It was on the 4th of September, 1565, that he discovered the French fleet lying at anchor near the homes of their brethren. “The French demanded his name as he rode up to them with menacing mein and threatening appearance. ‘I am Melendez, of Spain,’ replied he;

‘sent with strict orders from my King to gibbet and behead all the Protestants in these regions.’

“The French, unprepared for action, cut their cables; but the fleet had hardly left the harbor for the open sea, when a fearful storm arose, which lasted till October, and wrecked every ship of the French fleet upon the Florida coast. The vessels were dashed upon the rocks about fifty miles from Fort Carolina; most of the men escaped with their lives. The Spanish ships suffered, but not so severely, and the troops of St. Augustine were entirely safe. They knew that the French settlement was left in a defenseless state. With a fanatical indifference to toil, Melendez led his men through the lakes, marshes and forests that divided the St. Augustine from the St. John’s, and, with a furious onset, surprised the weak garrison, who had looked only toward the sea for the approach of danger. After a short contest, the Spaniards were masters of the fort. A scene of carnage ensued; soldiers, women, children, the aged, the sick, were alike massacred. * * Nearly two hundred persons were killed. A few escaped into the woods, among them Loudonniere, Challus and Le Maque, who have related the horrors of the scene. But whither should they fly? Death met them in the woods; and the heavens, the earth, the sea, and men all seemed conspired against them. Should they surrender, appealing to the sympathy of their conquerors? ‘Let us,’ said Challus, ‘trust in the mercy of God, rather than of these men.’ A few gave themselves up, and were immediately murdered. The others, after severest sufferings, found their way to the sea-side, and were received on board two small French vessels, which

had remained in the harbor. The Spaniards, angry that any should have escaped, insulted the corpses of the dead with wanton barbarity. * * After the carnage was completed, mass was said, a cross was raised, and the site for a church selected on ground still smoking with the blood of a peaceful colony. The shipwrecked men were, in their turn, soon discovered. They were in a state of helpless weakness, wasted by their fatigues at sea, half-famished, destitute of water and food. Should they surrender to the Spaniards? Melendez invited them to rely on his compassion. The French capitulated, and were received among the Spaniards in such successive divisions as a boat could at once ferry across the intervening river. As the captives stepped upon the bank which their enemies occupied, their hands were tied behind them, and in this way they were marched toward St. Augustine, like a flock of sheep driven to the slaughter-house. As they approached the fort a signal was given, and amid the sound of trumpets and drums, the Spaniards fell upon the unhappy men who had confided in their humanity, and who could offer no resistance. A few Catholics were spared; some mechanics were reserved as slaves; the rest were massacred, not as Frenchmen, but as Calvinists." The whole number of the victims of bigotry here and at the fort is said by the French to have been about nine hundred. The Spanish accounts diminish the number of the slain, but not the atrocity of the deed.

"Angry," says Bancroft, "that any should have escaped, the Spaniards insulted the corpses of the dead with wanton cruelty. And to strengthen the force of his

machinery, Melendez deemed it needful to fire his men with fanaticism. So, amid thick fogs, which arose from the ground where the hot blood still lay unabsorbed, the ensign of Popery was set up with the desecrated cross, and the scene of execution made the foundation for a new church edifice."

In God's providence, some few Protestants were spared, who addressed a letter to the French King, asking protection. To it he turned a deaf ear. But a Roman Catholic and a citizen, by the name of Dominic de Gourges, inspired by the fiery vices of Spanish bigotry, "arose from privacy and retirement, which he had sought after a long and illustrious public service, and doffing the citizen's coat," took the sabre, and at his private cost equipped three ships, and with a hundred and fifty men, under pretense of sailing for the coast of Guinea, secretly embarked for Florida. He surprised Fort Carolina, now occupied by Spaniards, took it, and with a speedy stroke avenged the wrongs of the murdered dead, leaving over them the inscription, "*Not as to Spaniards and warriors, but as to robbers, traitors, and murderers.*"

Gaspard de Coligny, of whom mention has often been made, was born, February 16th, 1516, at Chatillon sur Loing. He was the head of an ancient and honored house, and was one of the most remarkable men of his time. He was early inured to military life. At the death of Henry II., he espoused the cause of the Calvinists against the Guises, and in the battles which desolated France during that melancholy period of civil war, he greatly distinguished himself as a soldier; while his untiring exertions, put forth to shield the oppressed Huguenots from persecution at home, and in furnishing

them with an asylum in America, made his name dear to all classes seeking religious freedom and engagement. By his austere manner, and the purity of his life, he illustrated the doctrines of the gospel, and became a shining mark for the arrows of papal hate. "The decent order of his household, and their scrupulous attention to the services of religion, formed a striking contrast to the licentious conduct of too many of the Catholics, who, however, were as prompt as Coligny to do battle in defense of their faith. In early life he was the gay companion of the Duke of Guise. But as the Calvinists, or Huguenots, were driven by persecution to an independent, and even a hostile position, the two friends, widely separated by opinion, and by interest, were changed into mortal foes. That hour had not yet come. But the heresy that was soon to shake France to its center, was silently working under ground.*

Peace at last put an end to civil broils, and Coligny appeared at Court, and was loaded with the caresses and presents of Charles IX., who soon after perfidiously planned and executed his murder. On the night of the 24th of August, 1572, less than eight years after his brethren had been murdered, in cold blood, on the plains of Florida, Coligny, their illustrious defender and friend, fell a victim to the covert attacks of the same perfidious foe, whose bloody work has made the name of St. Bartholomew memorable in the annals of time. As attempts are made, even now, by Catholics, to justify this barbarous deed, a plain historic statement will place before the reader, facts which evidence the utter worthlessness of

* Prescott's Philip II., vol. i., page 220. Russell's Modern Europe, vol. i., page 469.

treaties or oaths, made with that power, whose only guide is interest. For years a war had been waged against Protestants in the Netherlands, who were led by the noble William, Prince of Orange, who lost his life, in the prime of manhood, by an assassin's dagger, used by a votary of the church of Rome. As we have seen, Coligny and the Prince of Condé sided with the oppressed. Elizabeth, the Queen of England, threw her strong arm around the weak, and made the Protestant cause triumphant. At length a defensive alliance was concluded between France and England. "Charles IX. considered this treaty not only as the best artifice for blinding the Protestants, the conspiracy against whom was now almost ripe for execution, but also a good precaution against the dangerous consequences to which that atrocious measure might expose him."

Elizabeth, notwithstanding her penetration and experience, and the Huguenots, though so often deluded, were deceived by the French King. In compliance with the invitation of Charles IX., the Admiral de Coligny, the Prince of Condé, and all the most considerable men of the Protestant party went cheerfully to Paris, to assist in the ceremonies of the marriage of Margaret, the sister of the King, to the young King of Navarre. Joy swelled every heart, for now it was supposed the union of their Protestant king with the sister of their persecutor, would allay all animosities.

A few days after the marriage, Coligny was wounded by a shot from a window. This was regarded as an accident, and "the Court found means to quiet the suspicions of the Huguenots, till the eve of St. Bartholomew, when a massacre commenced, to which there is nothing

parallel in the history of mankind, either for the dissimulation that led to it, or the deliberate cruelty and barbarity with which it was perpetrated. The Protestants, as a body, were devoted to destruction—the young King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, only, being exempted from the general doom, on condition they should change their religion. Charles, accompanied by his mother, beheld from a window of his palace, this horrid massacre, which was chiefly conducted by the Duke of Guise. The royal guards were ordered to be under arms at the close of day; the ringing of a bell was the signal, and the Catholic citizens who had been secretly prepared by their leaders for such a scene, zealously seconded the execution of the soldiery, imbruing their hands without remorse, *in the blood of their neighbors*, of their companions, and even of their relatives; the King, himself, inciting their fury, by firing upon the fugitives, frequently crying, ‘*kill, kill.*’ Persons of every condition, age, and sex, suspected of adhering to the reformed opinions, were involved in one undistinguishable ruin. About five hundred gentlemen, and men of rank, among whom was Coligny, with many other heads of the Protestant party, were murdered in Paris alone, and near ten thousand persons of inferior condition. The same barbarous orders were sent to all the provinces of the kingdom, and a like carnage ensued at Rouen, Lyons, Orleans, and several other cities. Sixty thousand persons are supposed to have been massacred in different parts of France.” Medals were struck, bearing on one side, “Piety roused Justice,” and on the other, “Courage in punishing Rebels,” commemorating the day. In Rome, and in Spain, this massacre was the subject of

rejoicing, and solemn thanks were returned to God for its success, under the name of the "*Triumph of the Church Militant*."

Such was the course pursued by Catholics in Paris, after a most solemn compact had been entered into, to protect the oppressed Huguenots from a relentless persecution, which had been waged against them for thirty years. Coligny, the valiant defender of France against Philip II., of Spain, was rewarded by a treacherous king, beside whom Judas Iscariot was a nobleman, with assassination and death. France lost her best citizens, and received on her escutcheon a stain as imperishable as the records of time. This carried out the article of the creed, which reads, "*that no faith shall be kept with heretics.*"

"Such are thy tender mercies, tyrant Rome!

The rack, the faggot, or the hated creed;

Fearless amid thy folds fierce wolves may roam,

While stainless sheep upon thy altars bleed!"

In 1580, Augustin Ruyz, a Franciscan friar, inflamed by that missionary spirit which animated the Spanish ecclesiastics, undertook an exploration of the interior regions North of Mexico. Ruyz was followed, in 1581, by Antonio de Espejo, with a body of soldiers and Indians. He completed the exploration, and gave to this country the name of New Mexico. Santa Fe was presently built, next to St. Augustine the oldest town in the United States. Thus we find Spanish rule established in the heart of the continent, contemporaneously with the settlement of Virginia under Walter Raleigh.

The influence of the St. Bartholomew massacre, and the cruelties of Spanish rule, are traceable throughout

the histories of the earlier colonies. Englishmen dreaded those in whose words and treaties, and solemn compacts, no reliance could be placed. Protestants, throughout the world, learned that safety was coupled with strength. This led them to pursue a course for which New Englanders have been blamed, but to which they were driven in order that they might preserve that freedom which they sought in the wilderness, and for which they were prepared to die.

These facts furnish us with a key which unlocks the mysteries of the subsequent history of Catholics. They were afterward desirous of getting a foothold in Maryland. On every side they were surrounded by zealous, earnest Protestants. We shall see how they succeeded in securing safety for themselves, under the guise of freedom for all. We shall notice the character of this equality, and shall find that it was narrow in conception, selfish in character, and impotent in execution.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE TEMPORAL POWER
OF POPERY.

The triumphs of Xavier in Japan and China—Luther's attack—
The overthrow of French influence in India—The success of
Frederic of Prussia—Of De Wolfe on the heights of Quebec—
Plants the standard of Protestantism in the heart of Europe and
America.

THE arch of history, which it has been our privilege to build, stretches far back to the time when America was in dreams and visions disturbing the repose of European speculators. Luther was a name unknown to history. Loyola's legs were yet unshattered by the range of cannon that swept the base of Pampeluna's walls, and *the eye of the Pope*, THE JESUITS, had not yet followed with their serpent gaze the actions of men, nor coiled about them their folds, which cramped, weakened and almost destroyed a noble race. India had just sprung from the lap of oriental luxury, to resist the invaders that sought her wealth and plundered her temples. Europe was lying like a mighty giant asleep, although sustaining mountains of superstition. Genius, spirit, thought, action, were fettered by circumstances and chained by delusion.

The press had just begun to scatter truth among the millions, and was fast disentombing the buried memories and wisdom of the dark ages. The compass pointed

men across the ocean. Genius arose from her iron couch — threw off the shackles, and burst into the light of a dawning day. The star of freedom began to shed its benignant blaze across the path of a sorrowing humanity, when Luther pulled from the shelf of his monkish cell his dust-entombed Bible, and brought from the store-house of God's Word things both new and old, and spread them before the people. Columbus arose from the study of his maps and charts, and pointed by the finger of Providence across the seas, began his search for the lost Atlantis.

This arch, taking its support in the discovery of America, in its onward course finds a Luther disturbing the world by the power of his reasoning and the boldness of his position. It beholds a Loyola springing to the breach, and placing in the hands of the Pope a band of men, who were pledged to stay the falling fortunes of the See of Rome, and were prepared to encounter any difficulty, capable of meeting any exigency and prepared for any emergency. The superstition and ignorance of the Indies became, in their hands, means of widening the area of their empire and of extending the dominions of the Pope. Xavier baptized on the Malabar coast, in a single month, ten thousand. "A man of higher talent than Loyola, a ripe scholar, and of that commanding courage which nothing could daunt, there were also in him a fervent piety and boundless self-sacrificing benevolence that all the errors of his faith could not obscure." In Japan he began and saw in complete and successful operation a work that resulted in the conversion of two hundred thousand to the Catholic faith. Having seen the principles of his religion spreading rapidly in this

empire, he longed next to enter China. With the assurance that it was at the risk of his life, he bargained but to be put on shore on its inhospitable coast. They who were to have done this failed him; and in sight of the empire which he was not allowed to enter, on the small rocky island of Soucion, he breathed his last. Yet the Jesuits were successful. They penetrated far into the interior of that mighty empire, and here, by their influence, did much to disturb the foundations of its government and create the revolution which is now shaking to its very base the crumbling superstructure of her institutions.

Limited at first to sixty members, but soon left without such restriction, the order increased, in sixty years, from ten to ten thousand, and in 1710 the Jesuits numbered about twenty thousand, scattered in their widespread associations all over the world. These, penetrating every clime and becoming conversant with the habits and language of almost every race and country, and being men of the finest talents and most finished education, wearing every garb and skilled in every art, "formed a body that could out-watch Argus with his hundred eyes, and out-work Briareus with his hundred hands." It was near this time that Popery reached its culminating point. Her forces were all drawn out — well-officered battalions were stationed in every clime. Her outposts, with their contiguous chain, encircled the globe. China in her gloom, Hindostan in her idolatry, America with her forests, and Europe with her well-filled temples — all were encircled by the influence which Roman Catholicism throws around society. Far back of this memorable era in history, in one of the obscure

streets in Eisenach, a petty town in Germany, stood a small boy before a burgher's dwelling, singing a favorite air as a recompense for his daily bread. That boy was Martin Luther. That Luther contained in his single head ideas which were to revolutionize the world. Tetzel had been selling indulgences. Luther said to the Pope: "This thing of yours that you call a pardon of sins — it is a bit of rag paper with ink. God alone can pardon sins. Popeship, spiritual fatherhood of God's church — is that a vain semblance of cloth and parchment? It is an awful fact. God's church is not a semblance; heaven and hell are not semblances. I stand on this, since you drive me to it. Standing on this, I, a poor German monk, am stronger than you all. I stand solitary, friendless — one man on God's truth; you, with your tiaras, triple-hats, with your treasures and armories, thunders spiritual and temporal, stand on the devil's lie, and are not so strong!" One of England's best writers has made the remark that "the Diet of Worms and Luther's appearance there on the 17th of April, 1521, may be considered as the greatest scene in modern European history; the point, indeed, from which the whole subsequent civilization takes its rise. After multiplied negotiations, disputations, it had come to this. The young Charles Fifth, with all the princes of Germany, papal nuncios, dignitaries spiritual and temporal, are assembled there: Luther is to appear and answer for himself, whether he will recant or not. The world's power and pomp sits there on this hand; on that stands up for God's truth, one man, Hans Luther, the poor miner's son. Friends had reminded him of Huss, advised him not to go; he would not be advised.

As he went to the hall on the morrow, the people crowded the house-tops, calling out to him, in solemn words, not to recant: 'Whosoever denieth me before men!' they cried to him, as in a kind of solemn petition and adjuration. Was it not in reality our petition, too, the petition of the whole world, lying in dark bondage of soul, paralyzed under a black, spectral nightmare and triple-hatted chimera, calling itself Father in God and what not? 'Free us, Luther, it rests with thee; desert us not.' Luther did not desert us. 'Confute me,' he said, at the conclusion of his two hours' speech; 'confute me by proofs from Scripture, or else by plain, just arguments; I cannot recant otherwise.' How could he? 'For it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. There stand I; I can do no other; God assist me!' It is, as we say, the greatest moment in the modern history of men. English Puritanism, England and its Parliaments, America's vast work these two centuries; French Revolution, Europe and its work everywhere at present: the germ of it all lay there: had Luther in that moment done other, it had been otherwise."

There is, then, the central hinge of history. Around it revolve the most important events of ages. Popery was proven to be untrue. The world grew tired of it and threw it off. From that platform, upon which the heads of Popery and Protestantism sat side by side, went forth two mighty armies, whose business it has been to fight, and, for all we see, the lines are yet open; the battle is yet undecided in appearance, though we shall try and prove that the year 1763 closed a memorable period in the history of Romanism, and offers an

abutment worthy to support this arch of history, worthy to conclude this record of plain, unvarnished facts. Less than two and a half centuries have passed since Luther struck his first blow for the redemption of his race, and, still, when we survey the facts that throng the floor of history during this period, we are astonished at the triumphs which Truth gained single-handed, over Error defended by the cannon and treasure of Christendom. During this period Jesuit priests had led French soldiers to the banks of the Ganges, had given them possession of the land. England, a portion of Germany, all of Prussia, a few feeble colonies skirting the western shore of a wide ocean, were Protestants. The rest of the globe was divided between Paganism and Popery. It was England and Prussia against the world. It was Protestantism battling with Popery for equality—truth contending for an usurped throne.

France had established her empire over thirty millions of people in Southern India, while yet England had only a few trading agents at Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, and these despised and insulted both by French and natives. The idea of an Indo-British empire had occurred to no human mind. A French army, led by the gallant and cunning Duplex, was there, and the peninsula of India, containing about one-sixth of the human race, seemed about to pass from the dominion of the Great Mogul to that of "His Most Christian Majesty of France, the eldest son of the Church." The throne of Delhi trembled before the tread of the invader. It was an awful moment in the world's history—one which embraced within itself the destinies of swarming millions, occupying a territory extending

from the peerless heights of Himalaya to Cape Comorn, surpassing in extent the twenty-five American States east of the Mississippi, with revenues more ample, and subjects more numerous than belonged to any European state. India, the goal of the merchant and the conqueror for thousands of years, was about to pass from the dominion of the Great Mogul into the hands of the French, while her Golconda jewels and the gold of Delhi was about to be placed by this worthy son at his mother's feet, to enhance the magnificence and the power of the Holy Catholic Church. It was a hope whose fitful gleam made France and Rome exult. It gave the assurance that the one should forever see her power exalted above her Saxon rival. For, whatever nation controlled the wealth of India ruled the world. Well might Rome rejoice in the anticipation of installing her priests and saints in every Hindoo temple, of transferring the funeral pile from the widow to the heretic, and of compelling a hundred millions of people to be baptized and saved at once. India is the heart and cream of Asia, and they who rule in India rule sooner or later from Egypt to the Yellow Sea.

Another has well said: "A hundred years ago, the Queen of the Seven Hills was saying in her heart, 'My dominion shall encircle the globe. Asia, that world of the hoary Past—America, that world of the brilliant Future, shall meet at my footstool, *Europe*, and worship me as God. My throne shall overtop the Rocky Mountains and the Himalaya. The Missouri and Ganges shall float my revenues. The waves of every ocean shall waft the gold and homage of the gorgeous East and the mighty West to this Eternal City. Beyond where

Alexander trod, beyond where floated Cæsar's ensigns shall stand the pillars of my dominion—a dominion to which all heathen and heretics shall submit or perish—a dominion over all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.' A hundred years ago Rome might think she almost saw her crucifixes erected by the valor of loyal Frenchmen upon all the mosques and pagodas of Asiatic Infidelity, from Mecca to the Chinese Wall."

Such was the hope of Rome; but such a hope was never to be realized. Far different was the decree of Providence. Although there was peace between the English and French crowns, there arose between the English and French companies a war most eventful and important—a war in which the prize was nothing less than the magnificent inheritance of the house of Tamerlane. The French, guided by the commanding genius of Duplex, were everywhere successful. He had gained over to his cause, by battle, or stratagem, or intrigue, royal lips through which to speak to the millions, who, governed nominally by native rulers, and supported by native armies under European discipline and command, placed in the hands of the French aspirant the scepter which called after it the treasure and devotion of the Indian world. At this moment, the valor and genius of an obscure English youth suddenly turned the tide of fortune. Robert Clive, a young man of but twenty-five years of age, was called from the writing-desk, where he left the pen to take the sword. His past history had been dark and gloomy. Twice, in the hour of his extremity and distress, when poor in purse and sick at heart, desperation showed itself in his sullen face, and terrible resolves. Twice, while in the writer's building, he thinks

to end his misery with his life. He aims a well-loaded pistol at his head—twice it snaps, and he stops. The circumstance affects him as a similar one did Wallenstein. After satisfying himself that the pistol was well loaded, he burst forth into an exclamation, that he was reserved for something great—and he was. Commissary to the troops, he was, for valor and coolness in the hour of danger, at Madras, made captain over two hundred Englishmen. “A man,” in the language of his commander, General Lawrence, “of undaunted resolution, of a cool temper, and a presence of mind which never left him in the hour of danger, he was eminently fitted to redeem the doubtful honor and reputation of English valor. His first blow was struck by attacking Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic. Thither he led two hundred English, and three hundred Sepoys, disciplined after the European mode of warfare. The weather was stormy, but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning and rain, to the gates of the city. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.” The troops rallied; the French sent soldiers. Soon the young hero saw himself surrounded by a formidable host. Succor reached him. His courage, coolness, and determination, made the faltering brave, and the doubting hopeful. During fifty days the siege went on. Hunger, and famine stared them in the face. Casualties had diminished their English force to one hundred and forty men. It has been well said, that “The devotion of the little band to its chief, surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The Sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the

grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. ‘*The thin gruel,*’ they said, ‘*would suffice for themselves.*’ History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.” Dangers began to thicken about the besiegers faster than about the besieged. Rajah Sohib first tried negotiation, then bribes. The one was refused; the other with scorn rejected. Afterward came the *vow* that, if the proposals were rejected, he would instantly storm the fort. The answer reminds me of our Harrison, at Fort Meigs, or of the brave Taylor at Buena Vista. “My father,” said Clive, “was a usurer; my army is a rabble, and you would do well to think twice before you send such poltroons into a breach defended by Englishmen.” The battle began. Clive seemed to be at every point of danger—now pointing cannon that swept a raft, now pointing his braves toward the heart of his enemy, and now fighting with the stoutest of the foe. The bullets turned back the elephants, and made them in their furious retreat, do work for Englishmen. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks constantly supplied with loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. The flame of war wildly raged, but victory crowned the incredible skill and valor of the youth, and enabled him, in 1751, to strike the death-blow to French and papal power in that quarter of the world; for the Indo-European empire which Dupleix had projected for papal France, was turned over to her great Protestant rival.

By such bravery Clive won the proud tribute from Lord Chatham, of the “heaven-born General.” He

was the founder of a mighty empire. That empire was in danger. Surajah Dowlah, a man weak in intellect, of vicious habits and destitute of principle or honor, had from childhood hated the English, and, in 1756, was raised to the throne. Clive, in the meantime, had gone to England, regained his health, spent and given away his fortune, and, having been raised to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and the governorship of Fort St. David, in 1755 he sailed for India. The affairs of the empire were in a bad condition. I need not relate how Surajah Dowlah had conquered the English at Madras — rather, how he had frightened them to desertion — how, in the mad frenzy of intoxication, he had ordered one hundred and forty-six prisoners to be confined in the Black Hole, a dungeon which, for want of air and comfort, would not preserve the life of a single man in that clime, it being but twenty feet square, and the air-holes being small and obstructed — how, in jest and sport, a few of the first marched in, supposing it to be a joke, as the Nabob had promised them their lives — how the remainder were driven in at the point of the sword — how the prisoners cried for mercy, strove to burst open the door, and then grew mad with despair — how Thalwell offered bribes — how they trampled each other down, and fought for the places at the doors and windows to get breath — how they raved, prayed, blasphemed, and implored the guards to fire among them. Of this event, Macaulay says: “Nothing in history or fiction can be compared to it — not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of the murderer,

approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night."

The maddened host grew still ; the tumult died away in low gasps and moanings. The day broke : the Nabob had slept off his debauch, and the door was thrown open. Twenty-three ghastly figures alone had survived the terrors of the night, and staggered, between lines of putrid carcasses, out of this charnel-house. This was a specimen of Surajah Dowlah, and he was the enemy of Clive. Around the one rallied sixty thousand men ; by the other stood three thousand. It was a desperate game. Gloriously Clive won the stakes. The day broke — the day which was to decide the fate of India. Once he had yielded to the counsels of fear, and consented not to fight. An hour passed under the shade of trees, in the deep quiet of the night, determined him to put everything to the hazard, and made him Robert Clive again, the desperate. One hour of battle scattered the forces of the Nabob over the plain, never more to re-assemble. One hour of battle, and the victory of Plassey revealed God's decree, that British dominion in India and Asia should endure. "Thus did Jehovah smite the scarlet hand stretched out to grasp the Eastern Hemisphere, less than a hundred years ago." The power of France was broken — the citadel of her strength was in the dust. Rome could not burn heretics in India, for England held the reins of government, and where the tread of the English Lion is felt, there is freedom to worship God. Robert Clive, though not himself a Christian — though a fierce temper made him unable to bear restraint — was made, in 1755, the

instrument of opening the East to the messengers of truth.

Turn to the continent of Europe. Come back fifteen thousand miles, and enter the Prussian territory. It was in the month of August, 1756, that the Seven Years' War commenced. The English were fighting the French in India, fifteen thousand miles distant, in one direction, and the French in America, three thousand, in another. The world was like a ship madly tossed upon the billows of war. Everywhere its flakes of flame lit up with their glare the darkened horizon of earth. Society was divided into classes. These were opposing legions. Like hostile, deadly armies, they fought — steel met steel — hilt touched hilt. Frederic of Prussia, ever a friend and an ally of France — a man who had governed his own people well — who established equal rights in regard to religion and schools — who managed and superintended every department of state himself — who held in his own hands all the power, and in his head all the wisdom of the state — learned, by means of spies, one night, that he was soon to be assailed at once by France, Austria, Russia, Saxony, Sweden, and the Germanic body — learned, in short, that a conspiracy had been formed against him, that the house of Brandenburg was to be overthrown, and that his dominions were to be portioned out among his enemies. He was a man never to be taken off his guard. His well-disciplined army was ever ready for action. Their reputation for valor ranked first upon the continent. One bright spot appeared on the horizon. France and England were at war. England's fleet and Pitt's wisdom, resources and zeal gave strength to his

arm and courage to his heart. He had treasure at his command, and he saw gleams of hope shoot athwart his sky, when it became certain that genius, judgment, resolution and good luck united, might protract the struggle during a campaign or two, while to gain even a month or two was of importance. Frederic struck the first blow. He demanded of the Empress-Queen a distinct explanation of her intentions, and plainly told her that he should consider a refusal as a declaration of war. "I want," said he, "no answer in the style of an oracle." He received an answer at once haughty and evasive. In an instant the rich electorate of Saxony was overflowed by sixty thousand troops. Pirna was blockaded, and Dresden was taken.

No sooner had victory perched on the standard of Prussia, than an officer of Frederic entered the royal apartments, demanded the Saxon state papers, which were known to contain ample proofs of a conspiracy, and would, therefore, justify this course. The Queen of Poland, as well acquainted as Frederic with the importance of these papers, had packed them in a trunk, and was about sending them to Warsaw, when the Prussian officer made his appearance. "In the hope that no soldier would venture to outrage a lady, a queen, a daughter of an emperor, the mother-in-law of a dauphin, she placed herself before the trunk, and at length sat down on it." The soldiers of Frederic knew how to obey; but men who, from general to footman, eat from pewter plates, and were denied silver spoons, were not likely to be scared by a woman resolutely taking a seat upon a box. The box the soldier took to Frederic, and went back to his quarters. Frederic found that the result abundantly

justified his suspicions. At the beginning of November, 1757, the net seemed to have closed completely about him. The Russians were in the field spreading devastation through his eastern provinces. Silesia was overrun by the Austrians, and France attacked his dominions from Guelders to Minden. Yet Frederic, by the energy of his spirit, the intrepidity of his nature, and his indomitable courage, rose superior to his misfortunes. On the 5th of November he avenged his recent loss with the Russians, by the terrible defeat of the Austrians and French, at Rosbach, and an equally splendid victory over the Austrians at Leuthen, near Breslau, in the following month. "That battle," said Napoleon "was a masterpiece. Of itself it is sufficient to entitle Frederic to a place in the first rank among generals." On the 5th of December, exactly one month after the battle of Rosbach, Frederic, with forty thousand men, and Prince Charles, at the head of not less than sixty thousand, met at Leuthen, hard by Breslau. The King, who was in general too much inclined to consider the common soldier as a mere machine, resorted, on this day, to means resembling those which throned Bonaparte in the hearts of his soldiers, and made the "*Vive l'Empereur*," sounded by the Old Guard, as they spurred their greys to a trot for a charge, but a prelude to victory. He called about him his principal followers: he spoke to them with great force and pathos, and bade them repeat his words to the men. A new spirit animated his legions. When pointed toward the enemy, they ran to the assault as did the Ironsides of Cromwell, in a state of fierce excitement, tempered with the coolness of a grave, silent people. The Prussian columns advanced to the attack, chanting, to

the sound of pipes and drums, the rude hymns of the old Saxon Herholds. They never fought so well before, nor had the genius of their chief ever been so conspicuous. Twenty-seven thousand Austrians were killed, wounded, or taken; fifty stand of colors, a hundred guns, and four thousand wagons fell into the hands of the Prussians. From that period in history dates the political ascendancy of the Protestant element. It then became a fixed fact, that Popery or Popish powers could not dictate. The ark of the national and world-wide covenant was, for the first time, entrusted to the hands of unshackled freemen. The literature of Germany finds here her cradle, poetry her inspiration, genius her model, and truth her deliverer. "The fame of Frederic filled all the world." The German spirit was roused to action. French troops had been beaten by Prussian soldiers, and Germany rose to prove herself to France in the study, what Prussia had been in the tented field. Protestants were permitted to preach, to publish truth with an unmuzzled press, and scatter it freely among the masses. Year succeeded year. Greater extremities called forth greater powers of mind in Frederic, and made still greater drains on his revenue and his people. At length he conquered, but his kingdom was in ruins. Cities had been plundered, sacked, burned. Temples were defiled; palaces were leveled with the ground. Yet Frederic was successful, and in 1763 the allied powers formed a treaty satisfactory to all. Protestantism had been victorious in India and in Europe. The disciple of Jesus was permitted to sing his favorite air on the waters of the Mediterranean, on the Rhine, and on the Ganges. From the Alps to the Himalayas—from shore to shore—from

ocean to ocean—Popery had felt the power of truth, when preached by a line of cannon encircling half the globe.

But there was another hemisphere beyond the Atlantic, and there the purple-clad lady of the Tiber dreamed that she should have an empire wider than all the world that Cæsar knew—greater than the Indies—and, judging from the wealth and treasure of Mexico and Peru, quite as full of the yellow dust. Here was henceforth to be her El Dorado. It was hers by right Divine; for she had found it; her sons had mapped it out; her disciples had threaded the forests from Montreal to St. Anthony, and thence to the great Gulf; they had scaled the mountains, and laved their feet on the distant shore of that sea, whose waters on its farther border sung the requiem to some of her dearest hopes. In their pathway names canonical were scattered, as eternal monuments of their right to possess the land. French soldiers commanded the empire—the St. Lawrence, the Lakes, and the Mississippi. Jesuits had overrun the forests, and sworn the sons of the wild-wood to furnish food and men to France, as a recompense for a clear pass-ticket from hell to heaven, given to their dead and living friends. Soldiers, who invoked the Virgin and adored the wafer, gave battle to the power of Britain on the waters of Champlain, and far away on the banks of the Ohio. French outposts belted the homes of Englishmen, while they extended along the table-lands of Mexico, overlooked the mines of Peru, reached the broad plains of the Amazon and La Plata—northward, southward, from pole to pole, from ocean to ocean—these missionaries extended the dominion of

the Pope, until in the New World none disowned his scepter, save a few red brethren in the woods, and a few white heretics along the shore. And thus she built the citadel of her hope, that when, in coming ages, the New World should stand in fearless majesty above the Old, her ensigns should wave in glory along the Western sky.

The language of the prophet seems peculiarly applicable in indicating the future of that power on whose dominions, at this time, the sun never went down in night: "Behold, I have made thee small among the heathen; thou art greatly despised. The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart, who shall bring me down to the ground? Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord." The forces of Rome had been beaten in India and on the continent. Her pride had been humbled. The wave of war, that began in distant India, swelling as it journeyed westward—gathering as it did within itself the animosities and deep-rooted prejudices of ages—attained a fearful magnitude in Europe. Its proud crest, that had threatened the institutions, the altars, the religion of our fathers, was raised on high. It seemed about to crush all, and bury all. The retirement of Pitt threatened utter ruin to the house of Brandenburg. His will had been England's will—his pledge England's pledge; and when he wished a subsidy to aid the struggling Frederic in the desperate contest against overwhelming odds, that wish became a law. Treasure, armies and fleets went

wherever he pointed his finger, or turned his eye. He was the strong pillar of the house and hope of Brandenburg. He had fallen, and the power that he had exercised passed into hostile hands. To make peace with France—to shake off, with all, or more than all, the speed compatible with decency, every continental connection—these were among the chief objects of the new minister. This policy alienated the friendship of Frederic, and inspired him with a deep and bitter hatred to the English name, and produced effects which are still felt throughout the civilized world. A darker hour never shrouded in her natal gloom the hopes of a man, than that which threw about Frederic the folds of blackness. His sky was tempest-driven. Yells of victory resounded in every quarter of the globe, and ran along the contending lines. The wave of war mounted still higher, as if to engulf in a common ruin the wisdom of centuries, the toil of a life-time, and the genius of an age. But, as the fisherman's bark, freighted with the hopes of all time and eternity, tempest-tossed on the billowy main of Galilee, was preserved from a watery grave by the interposition of the Ruler of the waters and their powers, so was the cause of Protestantism saved from utter wreck by a help as unforeseen, yet as providential and mighty, as that which made the winds cease, and the waters sleep in quiet. Elizabeth of Russia died. The Grand Duke Peter, her nephew, that ascended her throne, was not only the admirer, but the bosom friend of Frederic. "The days of the new Czar's government were few and evil, but sufficient to produce a change in the whole state of Christendom. He set the Prussian prisoners

free, fitted them out decently, and sent them back to their master; he withdrew his troops from the provinces which Elizabeth had decided on incorporating with her dominions, and absolved all those Prussian subjects who had been compelled to swear fealty to Russia, from their engagements." This event gave a death-blow to the cause of the allied powers. It was the withering of the loins, as by the touch of an angel. Thenceforth it was a limping war they waged with Frederic. The black eagle of Prussia was everywhere victorious. England and France paired off together at this time. They concluded a treaty, by which they bound themselves to observe neutrality with respect to the German war. Thus, the coalitions on both sides were dissolved. Austria, single-handed, faced Prussia on the field, and Austria fell. In 1763, the proud and revengeful spirit of the Empress-Queen gave way. The peace of Herbertsburg put an end to the conflict, which had, during seven years, devastated Germany. The King ceded nothing. The whole continent in arms had proved unable to tear Silesia from that iron grasp. The war was over. Frederic was safe. His glory was beyond the reach of envy. He had given an example, unparalleled in history, of what capacity and resolution can effect against the greatest superiority of power—the utmost spite of fortune.

Every voice has its echo, every sea its shore, and every war its rise, its progress, its decay, its close. "The successes of the Seven Years' War," says Bancroft, "were the triumphs of Protestantism." The Catholic powers, attracted by a secret consciousness of the decay of old institutions, banded themselves together

to arrest the progress of change. "In vain did the descendants of the feudal aristocracies lead to the field superior numbers; in vain did the Pope bless their banners, as though uplifted against unbelievers; no God of battles breathed life into their hosts, and the resistless heroism of the earlier chivalry was no more." When the Pope blessed a sword, and sent it, together with the other trappings of war, as a confident harbinger of victory, Frederic and Europe laughed. The King wrote verses; Voltaire smiled. The priests were believed to be insincere. The people had lost confidence in the ability and word of the Pope. "In the long, tumultuous strife, Protestantism had fulfilled its political ends, and was never again to convulse the world." The Catholic monarchies, in their struggle against innovations, had encountered overwhelming defeat, and the cultivated portion of humanity stood ready to welcome a new era. Man stood out an individual. For himself he thought, believed, and acted. Philosophers caught the life-giving principle of this personal liberty, and wide spread it over the land. "Individuality was the ground-work of new theories in politics, ethics, and industry." All freedom of mind in Germany hailed the peace of Hubertsburg as its own victory. Frederic challenged justice, under the law, for the humblest against the highest. "He, among Protestants, set the bright pattern of the equality of Catholics in worship and in civil condition."

Philosophy, encouraged by brighter auspices, enwreathed Europe with her smile. Literature, enjoying a wider freedom, took the friendless poor and thoughtful by the hand, and raised them from obscurity to rank.

Above thrones, religion, Christianity, the heaven-born liberty of being came forth with its all-pervading energy, as the common possession of civilized man—the harbinger of new changes, the help-meet of all.

Thus, by a strange coincidence, the year 1763 was distinguished for its knell of death, which rang out in distant India, and on the continent in Prussia, as a requiem hymned over the grave of feudalism, proscription and despotism. It, too, was equally distinguished in America, as being the era of the birth of principles—the starting point in civilization—the terminus of a protracted struggle. For years *before* even Clive struck a blow in India, or Frederic disturbed the ancient dynasties of Europe, a war had been waging in the forests of the New World. Truth, freedom and equality, in their struggle for supremacy, found champions in the sons of New England, in the breast and arm of a Washington, and in the wise head and bold pen of a Franklin. This contest was not the ripple of a moment, that breaks upon the shore and is lost forever, but the long swell of the Atlantic, wafted from distant realms, and heaved on the bosom of a remote antiquity. The passions that had been called into being in this new theater of a world's checkered history, were not the momentary excitations of national rivalry, or family prejudices, or the casual burst of hostile feeling, but the mutual deep-rooted hatred which had been gathering strength for eighteen hundred years. The question to be decided first, was—Shall North America be Protestant or Catholic? All knew that freedom found a hope in Protestantism—a grave wherever Catholicism ruled supreme. France declared America should be

Catholic. So said the Pope ; thus spoke Montcalm ; for this the Jesuits labored everywhere, in the thronged city, and in the solitudes of forests ; amid the haunts of civilization, and by the cabin and tent-fires of the red man. For this strove all Canada, until she eat up her heart and died for want of food. Her fields, yellow with the golden grain, were unharvested, only as women bared their arms to toil ; for the husbandmen were far away, fighting for their faith. Year after year they fought. The genius, the bravery and wisdom of Montcalm everywhere crowned their efforts with success. Their treasury was empty ; so were their granaries ; and Montcalm declared, that though he had been everywhere successful in arms, yet destiny fought against fortune ; famine was more to be dreaded than Englishmen, and the cries of a starving populace paralyzed his arm, and weakened his faith. The armies of New England were well trained, but they knew not the tactics of the woods ; besides, the heroes of memorable battles in Europe despised the wisdom and intuition of a Washington, and the common sense of the undisciplined but brave backwoodsmen. Their marches were slow, cumbersome and faulty. They built roads while the enemy were in ambush ; they slept while they should have marched, and worked at a bridge while the enemy were exposed. All this was the schooling, which, in after times, produced tremendous results. It was the education the people needed. Montcalm, now lying in ambush, belted by ten thousand naked warriors, and anon plunging on through brake and briar, wood and river, to perform some daring feat, and carry forward an enterprise considered by all as bold and hazardous, was

the illustrious pioneer in the world's disenthralment. "The Puritans of New England changed their hemisphere to escape from bishops, and hated prelacy with the rancor of faction."

Voltaire waged the same warfare with widely different weapons, and, writing history as a partisan, made the annals of his race a continuous sarcasm against the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic church. It gives us confidence in humanity's progress, in the wisdom and almightiness of Providence, when we see all, both friend and foe, brought into a common field, and made, by an unseen Hand, laborers and co-laborers together for a common object. What Voltaire was in the domain of literature and with the pen, Montcalm was with the sword. His example made itself felt over a continent. It went beyond the ocean, and threw its charm over Pitt. A spark, knocked from the shield of his tactics, fell upon the path of a young hero in England, and lit up his future. It parted the clouds that hung over Protestantism in America, and stimulated every breast with the electric magic of hope. Thus were men being schooled in America, who were soon to be placed on the summit of the promontory of progress, who were to welcome everything calculated to soften barbarism, refine society, and stay the cruelties of superstition. They saw in the future the hopeful coming of popular power, and heard the footsteps of Providence along the line of centuries, journeying to a world-wide emancipation of thought and limb.

James Wolfe, born in 1726, the son of a hero, was made by Providence to perform an illustrious part in the early history of America. A man possessed of a

splendid genius, a generous heart, and great courage — distinguished alike by his virtues and his valor, as by his coolness and judgment — he was eminently fitted to attract the attention and secure the confidence of Pitt, who called forth his genius in the execution of his gigantic plans. Wolfe had rendered himself conspicuous, when a boy, at the battle of Le Teldt, and ever after during the war, in every battle, gathered fresh laurels by his chivalrous deeds. The order and discipline of his corps at Minden, and the gallant conduct of his soldiers, is to this day proverbial. The fall of Louisburgh displayed to the admiration of the nation the abilities of their favorite general, who was immediately after selected, in 1759, for the command of the expedition against Quebec. The story of their ascent up precipitous cliffs, by means of hanging boughs and projecting crags, until they stood upon the heights of Abraham, upon the very summit of the supposed impregnable fortress of Quebec, is familiar to all. How he led on his troops — how, by perseverance and military stratagem, he overcame the difficulties of the enterprise — how he disregarded the wound in his wrist, and still, sword in hand, led on his troops against overwhelming odds, from victory to victory — how, pierced by a second ball, he fell into the arms of an officer and said: “Don’t let my brave companions see me fall;” — all this has been committed to immortal record. “Night, silence, the rushing tide, veteran discipline, the sure inspiration of genius, had been his allies; his battle-field, high over the ocean river, was the grandest theater on earth for illustrious deeds; his victory, one of the most momentous in the history of mankind, gave to the

English tongue and the institutions of the Germanic race, the unexplored and seemingly infinite West and North. He crowded into a few hours, actions that would have given luster to length of life ; and filling his day with greatness, completed it before his noon." Amid the gathering gloom and incoming night of the tomb—amid the roar of cannon, the clash of arms, and the moans of the dying—a shout, borne on every breeze, reaches his ear. Louder and still louder grows the swell, as it runs along the victorious lines. "They fly ! they fly !" sounds clear above the roar and din of battle on the heights of Abraham. The expiring Wolfe starts from the repose of death's stupor to ask, "Who flies?" "The French fly." "Then I die contented," says the soldier, and expires.

Little did the dying hero understand the significance of that shout. It meant that Canada had passed from French rule forever—that the chain stretched from the Lakes to the Gulf, to bind the great valley to Rome, was broken. It meant that North America was lost forever to the Pope ; it meant that the scarlet rider of the ten-horned beast should never control the destiny of the Western Hemisphere ; it meant that Roman domination on earth was sinking to rise no more. Thus did Rome project, a hundred years ago, and thus, by the sword of the Saxon, did her projects perish in the farthest East, on the European Continent, and in the wilderness of the West.

Surely, how true it is that all history displays the glorious Providence of God ! "How sublime and beneficent is the grand drift of human affairs, as controlled by that Providence ! How dark and deplorable is the

world's history, as the designs and characters of men are displayed ! how bright and blessed, as the plans and agency of God are concerned ! How adorable the wisdom that uses wicked or ambitious men, like Clive, or Frederic, or Wolfe, unconsciously, or against their will, to subserve the kingdom of Christ ! How surely will the roll of ages crush Anti-Christ, and every anti-Christ ! How delightful, that God's decrees will be fulfilled ! how sublime Jehovah's march along the ages ! How do the grandest schemes, the profoundest policy, the most potent combinations that are anti-Christian, perish before Him ! Courage, then, ye friends of God and friends of man. The Lord reigneth, and let the earth rejoice in the foreordained decree that the splendors of His power, wisdom and love shall be displayed by means of whatsoever comes to pass."

CHAPTER VII.

HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN THE
UNITED STATES.

The lecture of Archbishop Hughes on "The Catholic Chapter in the History of the United States," noticed—A comparison of the United States and South America—Religious Freedom—Its establishment claimed for the Catholics of Maryland—That claim disproved—Roger Williams, of Rhode Island, the standard-bearer of Soul-Liberty—James II.—His character—Roger Williams and Lord Calvert in contrast.

THE object of the lecture delivered by John Hughes, Archbishop of New York, in the Metropolitan Hall, on the evening of March 8th, 1853, was to show that "Catholics are by no means strangers and foreigners in this land; that there was no civil or religious immunity won by the success of the revolution, in which Catholics were not morally and politically entitled, in their own right, to share equally with their Protestant fellow-citizens."

It were not difficult to show that the lecturer, by his own words, had established the fact, that Catholics were permitted to live here by the gratuity of Protestant toleration. For, though the design of the lecture was to prove that Catholics were here from right, *de jure*, and not from toleration, still the fact, that each of the original thirteen States, with the exception of Delaware and Pennsylvania, were "compelled to improve their legislative records, by removing that clause disabling Catholics

from holding office," evidences, very clearly, that these States conferred upon Catholics privileges which they did not enjoy before, whether it is "received as a gratuity of Protestant toleration," or not.

He assumes another position which deserves attention. He denies the right to call this a Protestant country, and claims that by right of discovery it belongs to the church. He says, "Canada was ceded by the treaty of Paris, in 1763, to England, including all the dependencies of Canada, or New France, in North America. In all these Territories and States, the rights of property and religion have been guaranteed to the inhabitants; and now, at this late day, are the ancient, or even the new Catholic inhabitants, in despite of treaties (and the best treaty of all, the American Constitution), to be told that this is a Protestant country?"

We reply—England was a Protestant country at the time of the conquest. She has been so ever since. England conquered France, and whatever privileges were granted to Catholics in Canada, they were a "gratuity" from a Protestant power; and the Catholics of that province, beggared by a long and continued strife, received them as such. But the conquest of Canada has nothing to do, in any way, with making this a Protestant country.

Our revolution began with a protest. The principles upon which the superstructure of her institutions rest, grew out of the doctrines cherished and defended by Protestants, both in the Old and New World. The majority of her people are Protestant; her laws, government, and the free spirit that pervades every part of her system, are eminently Protestant. Everything connected

with our history—the self-reliance of our people; their refusal of all dictation; the republican form of elections; the democratic tendency to popularize every question; the withdrawal of power from the hands of the few, and placing it in the hands of the many; the fact that church and state are forever separated—all go to evidence the difference existing between this form of government and those of the Catholic powers of Europe. The difference can be better seen by contrasting the essentially Protestant United States with Canada, Mexico and the republics of South America.

In this immense arena the lists are opened between two religions; the Catholicism of the Council of Trent has received for the display of her strength South America. There the founders are not isolated individuals; on the contrary, according to Catholic principles, an association already formed, a powerful empire, with all its resources, comes to take possession of the soil. Spain established herself in America with her church, her authority, and her armies; and enhancing the value of her portion, on one side, the nation that takes its place on this scene is the right arm of Catholicism, and on the other the country that is assigned to it is the most visibly favored by the Creator. Rich valleys, and fertile plains seem to demand the living energy which would give birth to new empires. In order that the trial may be more decisive, Catholicism alone is allowed to approach those shores. The civilization of the natives, which might have embarrassed her actions, disappears. Nothing remains but mighty nature, who in her solitude invites man to crown her with vast ideas, projects, innovations, societies, kingdoms, gigantic as herself. But

man remains motionless, bound by invisible chains. "His mind neither rises nor expands, in this world newly opened to receive it. Three ages pass away ; all wither around him in the midst of primeval forests ; not one new thought buds out in the form of an institution, an enterprise, or even a book. The morning breeze of the Universe fans the brow, but can not give new life to decrepitude. What are these infant empires—Mexico, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Chili, that have in these first days of their existence, the wrinkles of Byzantium ? Chili alone seems yet to preserve the spirit of the ancient Araccanians in the poem of Ercilla."

Let these nations of the South do what they will, they end inevitably by realizing in their government the ideal which they have inscribed in their State religion—that is, absolute power. All they can do is, to change dictators ! and thus we see republics succeed in nothing but in tightening the bonds of their thralldom. "Progressive punishment ! South America lies, as it were, at the foot of a vast upas tree, ever distilling its torpor, while its trunk, rooted in another element, remains invisible."

Mexico, again, is the theater of revolution. Riot and bloodshed is the order of the day. No one can compare Texas, as it once was, while under the Mexican yoke, with Texas now ; nor California when the hacienda stood where San Francisco contests with the East the palm of commerce, without feeling that much more might be written in contrasting the two nations, as it respects their civil, commercial, and moral conditions.

The United States, in their respect for the Bible, for opinion, and religions, are essentially Protestant. In South America, the opposite result proceeds from as

opposite a course. Religion, with the inhabitants of Catholic countries, is a matter of habit more than a conviction. Their religion exerts no restraining influence upon them. Those confined in our city jails are said never to eat meat on Fridays, while they are guilty of every form of excess. Indeed, the history of Catholic countries shows, that rigid austerity in penance, and what not, always results in laxity of morals.

We can not continue this subject further. Two other claims put forth in the lecture now under consideration deserve notice. He asserts that the palm of having been the first to preach and practice civil and especially religious liberty to the American people is due, beyond controversy, to the Catholic colony of Maryland. Professor Schaff, in his late work, entitled "America — Political, Social and Religious," on page 223, says :

"It is certainly a very remarkable fact, that this Roman Catholic colony, one hundred and forty years before the war of Independence, about contemporaneously with the persecuted Roger Williams, but more fully than he, and nearly fifty years before the settlement of Pennsylvania, through the equally tolerant Quaker, William Penn, proclaimed the principle of the fullest religious liberty, and acted upon it, until the Protestants temporarily overthrew it."

It is almost impossible to form an apology for so gross a blunder as the one made by the distinguished author. We shall not only disprove the position assumed, but shall show that the liberty of which the author boasts, was unworthy of the name.

Freedom to worship God is inscribed upon the naked granite of Plymouth. It stands out in bold relief upon

the frontlet of the Constitution, which, like a mighty arch, spans this confederacy of States. It is seen in the stars and stripes that form our national banner, which floats so proudly over twenty-five millions of freemen; it is whispered by every breeze that propels our navies; and the eagle, in the wild, free note she sings when high in air, or resting on mountain crag, heralds it to mankind. But never did this principle find a mother in the church of Rome, or a cradle in the colony of Maryland. It was proclaimed by the Son of God, when he declared that truth shall make men free. It was repeated by those martyrs of truth who shed their blood in its defense in Rome, in England, and in America. Broadly as this banyan tree of soul-liberty has now expanded its branches and fixed its roots over our fair and goodly land, the first seed was planted when the hunted exile, Roger Williams, stepped from his canoe on the soil of Rhode Island, the soil henceforth to be consecrated to liberty; and, as he says, "in grateful remembrance of God's merciful providence to him in his distress," called it Providence. Such was the birth-place and cradle of religious freedom, but never in Catholic Maryland, as we shall show. The history of this principle has survived the wreck of empires and the overthrow of dynasties. It has found a niche in the temple of fame; its voice is heard sounding along the past; its home is found in the hearts of millions of every age and clime; its monuments are thickly standing along the paths our fathers trod, and its words of warning are sounding in the ears of all who will turn the eye toward the dark back-ground of a bloody, gloomy past.

We shall notice those arguments by which Dr. Hughes

claims for Catholics the honor of establishing, without precedent or example, religious freedom upon this continent. He says: "Far be it from me to diminish, by one iota, the merit that is claimed for Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and perhaps other States, on the score of having proclaimed religious freedom; but the Catholics of Maryland, by priority of time, had borne away the prize. The history of the whole human race had furnished them with no previous example from which they could copy, although Catholic Poland had extended a measure of toleration to certain Protestants of Germany, which had been denied them by their own brethren in their own country."

Before we glance at the history of the Catholic colony of Maryland, which sailed up the Potomac early in 1634, let us see if this claim can be made out. Was religious liberty first preached and practiced in the Catholic colony of Maryland? In arguing this question, it is not necessary to awaken the recollection of those facts which, thronging the past history of this church, prove that whatever might have been her course just at this time, and under these peculiar circumstances, Popery has been marked, in every age of its existence, by intolerance and persecution. The decrees of councils, the invectives of Popes, and the solemn oaths of prelates, no less than the dungeon of the inquisition, the fires of the auto-da-fe, or the recent cruel banishment of the exiles of Zellenthal or Madeira — all proclaim that persecution is an essential element of the system, and liberty of conscience, in their view, a detestable heresy. If Lord Calvert possessed the noble characteristics claimed for him by all — if he were a lover of religious

freedom, and desired to plant here upon this continent the tree of liberty.—then was he an exception to a general rule, and his education must have differed materially from that obtained in the school in which true and zealous churchmen are reared. But let us settle the question as to the priority of time. In Maryland, the boasted law was passed in 1649. Bancroft, in speaking of it, says: “The controversy between the king and the parliament advanced; the overthrow of the monarchy seemed about to confer unlimited power, in England, upon the embittered enemies of the Romish church; and, as if with a foresight of impending danger and an earnest desire to stay its approach, the Roman Catholics of Maryland, with the earnest concurrence of their governor and of the proprietary, determined to place upon their statute book an act for the guaranty of religious freedom, which had ever been sacred upon their soil:

“And whereas, the enforcing of the conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those commonwealths where it has been practiced, and for the more quiet and peaceable government of this province, and the better to preserve mutual love and amity among the inhabitants, no person within this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall be any ways troubled, molested, or discountenanced for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof.’”

This, then, is the law for the passage of which Dr. Hughes would give to Catholics the praise of furnishing for the framers of the Constitution a copy from which they borrowed that provision of the Federal Constitution securing universal freedom of religion. This

law, we have seen, was passed in 1649. Go over to Rhode Island. There, too, is a hardy company, driven by persecution to seek a new asylum, where religious belief can be tolerated. They find it by the open sea, in the deep and unbroken solitudes of the forests. Two years have passed since their code of laws was adopted, viz: in 1647—closing with the following noble avowal of entire religious liberty to all:

“Otherwise than this, what is herein forbidden, all men may walk as their consciences persuade them, every one in the name of his God. And let the lambs of the Most High walk in this colony without molestation, in the name of Jehovah their God forever and ever.”

And this glorious declaration of soul-liberty in Baptist Rhode Island, be it remembered, was enacted two years before the first law on the subject in Catholic Maryland.

As I have now shown that Rhode Island, instead of Maryland, by priority of time, has borne away the prize, and as it is but just to say—(See Bancroft, vol. II., p. 66, for another reference)—*ferat qui meruit palmam*, let us now glance at the remarks of Bancroft, and contrast those made in reference to Roger Williams and his law in Rhode Island with those made in relation to the law of 1649 in Maryland. He says:

“At a time when Germany was the battle-field for all Europe in the implacable wars of religion; when even Holland was bleeding with the anger of vengeful factions; when France was still to go through the fearful struggle with bigotry; when England was gasping under the despotism of intolerance; almost half a century before William Penn became an American

proprietary, and two years before Descartes founded modern philosophy on the method of free reflection—Roger Williams asserted the great doctrine of intellectual liberty. It became his glory to found a state upon that principle, and to stamp himself upon its rising institutions in characters so deep that the impress has remained to the present day, and can never be erased without the total destruction of the work. The principles which he first sustained amid the bickerings of a colonial parish, next asserted in the general court of Massachusetts, and then introduced into the wilds on Narragansett Bay, he soon found occasion to publish to the world, and to defend as the basis of the religious freedom of mankind; so that, borrowing the rhetoric employed by his antagonist in derision, we may compare him to the lark, the pleasant bird of the peaceful summer, that, ‘affecting to soar aloft, springs upward from the ground, takes his rise from pole to tree,’ and at last, surmounting the highest hills, utters his clear chorals through the skies of morning. He was the first person in modern Christendom to assert in its plenitude the doctrine of the liberty of conscience, the equality of opinions before the law; and in its defense he was the harbinger of Milton, the precursor and the superior of Jeremy Taylor. For Taylor limited his toleration to a few Christian sects; the philanthropy of Williams compassed the earth; Taylor favored partial reform, commended lenity, argued for forbearance, and entered a special plea in behalf of each tolerable sect; Williams would permit persecution of no opinion, of no religion—leaving heresy unharmed by law, and orthodoxy unprotected by the terrors of penal statutes.”

Without comments, let us immediately pass to the notice which Mr. Bancroft takes of the Maryland statutes: "The clause for liberty in Maryland," he says, (page 256, vol. 1,) "extended only to Christians, and was introduced by the proviso, that 'whatsoever person shall blaspheme God, or shall deny or reproach the Holy Trinity, or any of the three persons thereof, shall be punished with DEATH.' Nowhere in the United States is religious opinion now deemed a proper subject for penal enactments. The only fit punishment for error is refutation. The best medicine for intemperate grief is compassion; the keenest rebuke for ribaldry, contempt."

*A distinguished writer, in speaking of this law establishing religious freedom in Maryland, says: "Probably some exceedingly charitable Protestants, who, from having heard this tale of Maryland Catholic liberty so oft reiterated, have taken for granted that a story so often repeated must be true, will be surprised when they learn from the above that, under the provisions of this law, such ornaments of America as the eloquent and pure-minded Wm. Channing, the accomplished statesman and scholar, Edward Everett, or the erudite historians, Jared Sparks or George Bancroft himself, might be hanged on a gibbet, or burned at a stake, for exercising their inalienable civil right of private judgment in matters of religion."

By this law "persons using any reproachful word or speeches concerning the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of our Saviour, or the holy apostles or evangelists, or any

*See Christian Review, p. 33, Jan., 1853—Soul-Liberty, by Dr. Dowling.

of them, for the first offense were to forfeit five pounds sterling to the lord proprietary, or, in default of payment, to be publicly whipped and imprisoned, at the pleasure of his lordship, or his lieutenant-general; for the second offense, to forfeit ten pounds sterling, or, in default of payment, to be publicly and severely whipped and imprisoned, as before directed; and for the third offense, to forfeit lands and goods, and be forever banished out of the province." Such are two of the articles in this famous Catholic law in favor of religious liberty; the only redeeming feature of which is, that a subsequent section declares, that "any person presuming, contrary to this act, wilfully to disturb, wrong, trouble, or molest, any person whatsoever, within this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for, or in respect of his or her religion, or the free exercise thereof, otherwise than is provided for in this act, shall pay treble damages to the party so wronged and molested, and also forfeit twenty shillings sterling for every such offense—one-half to his lordship, the other half to the party molested; and in default of paying the damage or fine, be punished by public whipping and imprisonment, at the pleasure of the lord proprietary." The meaning of all which is, that Roman Catholics, and all other professed Trinitarian sects might enjoy their opinions without molestation—a step in advance, it is admitted, of Romanists everywhere else; but that every Infidel, every Deist, every Unitarian, should be punished, himself with death, and his family with starvation, by the confiscation of goods to the lord proprietary! And this is the beau ideal of religious liberty, for which the orator of the "Catholic Chapter" calls upon us to take the crown from the head of Roger

Williams, or of William Penn, and place it upon the brow of the Catholic founder of Maryland. See vol. ii., page 239, for another reference.

It has now been shown, not only that the Catholic colony of Maryland was not the first to proclaim religious freedom, but that she did not proclaim entire religious freedom at any time. It should be remembered, that at the time when Lord Baltimore sought this charter from the hands of a Protestant king, it would have been impossible to have obtained one that would have deprived the Protestants in America of those liberties for which they were and had been struggling in England. Lord Baltimore knew full well, that he could not procure a charter, granting him the right to persecute the reformed faith. The history of the world, for the last ten centuries, is made up of wars and persecutions of the Catholic church, carried on for the purpose of extirpating those of a different belief. The world had been awakened. A tempest of strife was tossing the sea of humanity. Mountains of wrath, black with storm-clouds, and redolent with the lurid glare of hate, hung over them, and at this time—viz: when Lord Baltimore asked for his charter—they were glad to obtain a charter for freedom, couched in any terms, and granting any conditions of rest and quiet. What else, beside persecution, could they expect, if they went to America without protection of some kind? The plains of the South were yet red with the blood of slaughtered Protestants; Canada was walled against freedom of every kind, save to Catholics; Jesuit priests were constantly stirring up wars among the natives; war, bloodshed, and strife, characterized them; at home they were hated, abroad they were shunned; and for this reason

they early sought a refuge from persecution—a shelter from the gathering storm—a protection against the punishment which Catholic acts of violence were provoking throughout the world. Besides, the historian of Maryland, McMahan, himself tells us, that the proprietary domain in Maryland had never known that hour, when it would have been possible for Catholics to have persecuted the Protestant faith. The Protestant religion was the established religion of the mother country, and the first blow aimed against this, in the colony, would have provoked the annihilation of their government. The great body of the colonists were themselves Protestants, and the safety of the Catholics depended upon a system of religious toleration. Away, then, with boasting! Dr. Hughes knew these facts, and shuns the force of them by saying: “I have seen it stated in writing—and it may occur to some in this assembly—that the Catholics had no merit in this, inasmuch as they were too weak, and too much afraid, to have acted otherwise. Such an observation,” he continues, “is more damaging to the character of the other two Protestant colonies than to that of Maryland; for if Protestantism be that liberal, generous, and tolerant system, which we hear so much of, why should the Catholics of Maryland have been afraid of their neighbors?”

Ah! Dr. Hughes, that question is easily answered. No one loves a murderer. A child can not bear—he will not welcome to his home and board the murderer of a father, or a brother, or a sister, or a mother beloved. Catholics had been busy doing that very thing all over Europe. There was hardly a settler in New England who was not in some way linked to some martyr, whose

life had been taken by the Catholic hell-hounds, who had tracked their kindred from their homes, or the altars of their God, into the recesses of forests, the fastnesses of mountains, or the wild and sequestered glen or recess of the rocky or hidden cave. Here, seizing them, they had hurled them down precipices, burned them at stakes, broken them on wheels, killed them in the chambers of the Inquisition, and in a thousand hated forms had murdered their brethren in blood and their brethren in faith. It was for this reason the Catholic was hated, shunned and despised. He was looked upon as a murderer. His hands had been imbrued with their kindred's blood, and they would not and did not cherish them as brothers, or welcome them as friends.

Maryland disposed of, let us now follow in the track of the distinguished orator, as he leads us to New York. He says: "But it was not in Maryland alone that the Catholics, in the early history of the colonies, gave proof of their devotedness to the principle of civil and religious liberty. The State archives of New York furnish testimonies in this respect, not less honorable than those of Maryland.

"In 1609, the North river kissed, for the first time, the prow of a European vessel. From this beginning resulted, at a later period of our history, Fort Manhattan, next New Amsterdam, and the province of New Netherlands; now, however, the city and State of New York. The colony of New Amsterdam and New Netherlands had been in existence, under the sway of a Protestant government, from that time till 1683; and as yet, strange as it may sound in the ears of my auditory, not

a single ray of liberty, *as we understand it*, — [mark that: as we understand it] — had dawned on the inhabitants of New Netherlands. This is queer if, as is sometimes assumed, all liberty must necessarily come from Protestantism. The English took possession of the province in 1664, and the territory extending from the banks of the Connecticut to those of the Delaware, was granted by Charles the Second to his brother James, Duke of York and Albany. In 1673, the authority of Holland was once more temporarily established: but at the close of the war in the following year, the province was finally restored to England. The Duke of York took out a new patent. He was a Catholic, and although the school-books say he was a tyrant, still it is a fact of history, that to him the New Netherlands, whether Dutch or English, were indebted for their first possession and exercise of civil liberty."

I know of no trial equal to that which one is forced to experience, when he is compelled to see truth crucified and torn limb from limb, in the shocking and barbarous manner that has characterized this defense of the Catholic faith. The Duke of York the establisher of religious liberty in New York!! Was there ever a falsehood sent forth to a credulous people, so gross and black as this? Dare Archbishop Hughes mangle history, distort the imagery of truth, and attempt to clothe the black, festering and polluted character of James II. with angel robes, in the face and eyes of a reading world, while the tongue of history is permitted to speak forth in thunder tones to the world, saying: "Dr. Hughes, you are guilty of falsehood — you are not to

be believed?" I must confess that I was utterly confounded when I read this passage, and was more than confounded when I came to refresh my memory by referring to the history of the times about which he professes to speak. That cause must, indeed, be a bad one, that is driven to depend on falsehoods direct, and history belied and wrongly quoted, to substantiate a claim of so little importance, as that the Duke of York did do anything for the possession and exercise of civil and religious liberty in the New Netherlands. Who was this Duke of York? He was James II., brother of Charles II., of England, who, after the decease of his brother, was raised to the throne of England. He was the bigoted Catholic, who imprisoned and enslaved thousands of faithful subjects, because they differed from him in belief. Singularly blind to universal principles—ever plodding with sluggish diligence—he was unable to conform his conduct to a general rule. "Freedom of conscience," says Bancroft, "always an ennobling conception, was, in that age, an idea yet standing on the threshold of the world, waiting to be ushered in; and none but exalted minds—Roger Williams, and Penn, Vane, Fox and Bunyan—went forth to welcome it; *no* glimpse of it reached James, whose selfish policy, unable to gain immediate dominion for his persecuted priests and his confessor, begged at least for toleration. Debauching a woman on promise of marriage, he next allowed her to be traduced, as having yielded to frequent prostitution, and then married her. He was conscientious, but his moral sense was as slow as his understanding. He was not blood-thirsty; but to a narrow mind fear seems the most powerful instrument of government, and he

propped his throne with the block and gallows. A libertine without love, a devotee without spirituality, an advocate of toleration without a sense of the natural right to freedom of conscience—in him the muscular force prevailed over the intellectual. He floated between the sensuality of indulgence and the sensuality of superstition, hazarding heaven for an ugly mistress, and, to the great delight of abbots and nuns, winning it back again by pricking his flesh with sharp points of iron, and eating no meat on Saturdays. Of the two brothers the Duke of Buckingham said well: ‘Charles would not and James could not see.’” Such is the character of the so-called founder of religious liberty in New York, as drawn by the pen of Mr. Bancroft.

The colonists demanded liberty. Andros, the Governor of the colony, wrote to James, requesting of him time and again that the people might convene assemblies, make their own laws, and protect their own rights. The reply of James, in which, Bancroft remarks, the Duke of York put his whole character, is as follows:

“I cannot but suspect assemblies would be of dangerous consequence; nothing being more known than the aptness of such bodies to assume to themselves privileges which prove destructive to, or very often disturb the peace of government, when they are allowed. Neither do I see any use for them. Things that need redress may be sure of finding it at the quarter sessions, or by the legal and ordinary ways, or, lastly, by appeals to myself.”

Such was the reply of the champion of civil and religious liberty. The people—the yeomanry—began

to yearn for freedom. "Prompted by an exalted instinct, they demanded power to govern themselves; and though their leaders, for seeking this right, were thrown into prison, the fixed purpose of the great body of the people remained unshaken. Everything breathed hope, except the cupidity of the Duke of York and his commissioners. The land yielded plentifully; flocks and herds were multiplying; wealth began to pour her treasures into the lap of the diligent and frugal, and everything about them and above them was pleasant and inviting, save the hated power of James. At last, after long effort," continues Bancroft, "on the 17th day of October, 1683, about seventeen years after Manhattan was first occupied, and about thirty years after the demand of the popular convention by the Dutch, the Representatives of the people met in assembly, and their self-established 'CHARTER OF LIBERTIES' gave New York a place by the side of Virginia and Massachusetts." Now this, be it remembered, is quoted by Dr. Hughes as though it were proving statements already made, viz: that "it is a fact of history that to him, James II., the inhabitants of New Netherlands, whether Dutch or English, were indebted for their first possession and exercise of civil and religious liberty"—while, in fact, the extract quoted by Dr. Hughes, in the connection which it sustains to the preceding and following portions of history, proves exactly the opposite, *i. e.*, it proves that the people themselves, on the 17th of October, 1683, met in open assembly, and their self-established charter of liberties—*i. e.*, the people's, not the self-established charter of liberties of James II.—gave New York a place by the side of Virginia and

Massachusetts. Therefore, I say, without fear of contradiction, that it is not a fact of history that James II. gave the people of New Netherlands liberty. They obtained it for themselves. This is the decision of history and of fact; he who denies or asserts to the contrary is guilty of falsehood, and should be held up to the execration of mankind.

“Supreme legislative power—such was the declaration of the people in their charter of liberty—shall forever be and reside in the governor, council and people, met in general assembly. Every freeholder and freeman shall vote for representation without restraint. No freeman shall suffer but by judgment of his peers; and all trials shall be by a jury of twelve men. No tax shall be assessed, on any pretence whatever, but by the consent of the assembly. No seaman or soldier shall be quartered on the inhabitants against their will. No martial law shall exist. No person professing faith in God by Jesus Christ, shall at any time be anyways disquieted or questioned for any difference of opinion.” Such were the principles upon which the colonists endeavored to found a representative form of government. But this hope was to be deferred. Four years have passed, and the Duke of York is King of England. “It shows the true character of James,” continues Bancroft—page 416, vol. II.—“that on gaining power by ascending the English throne, he immediately threw down the institutions which he had conceded.”

Thus did the so-called founder of freedom in New York sequester their liberties, impose taxes too severe to be borne, and carry on a hand of outrage and daring insolence, until death took from the world an arch-

hypocrite, a blood-thirsty bigot, and a narrow-minded, selfish man. When William, Prince of Orange, drove the old man, deserted by his kin and despised by his subjects, from the English throne, England and the world rejoiced; for, instead of his being a friend to liberty, he had been its bitterest foe in England, in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York. Instead of building up her altars, he prostrated them in the dust. He invaded the sanctuary of Rhode Island, and leveled with the ground the hopes of freedom and religion.

Let us now turn to another clause of the Bishop's lecture. He says: "Already in 1784, Rhode Island had removed the only blemish in her laws on this subject; a brief disqualifying clause against Roman Catholics."

Now, if Mr. Hughes had read his, Bancroft's History, volume 2d, page 66, he would have found these words: "The first assembly, that met in March, 1665, (instead of 1784) did little more than organize the government anew and repeal all laws inconsistent with the charter,"—a repeal which precludes the possibility of the disenfranchising of Roman Catholics. In May the regular session was held, and religious freedom was established in the very words of the charter. The broad terms embraced not Roman Catholics merely, but men of every creed. "No person shall at any time hereafter be any ways called in question for any difference of opinion in matters of religion." As if to preserve a record that should refute the calumny, in May, 1665, the Legislature asserted that "Liberty to all persons, as to the worship of God, had been a principle maintained in the

colony from the very beginning thereof, and it was much in their hearts to preserve the same liberty forever." To make it still more certain, the commissioners from England, who visited Rhode Island, reported of them: "They allow liberty of conscience to all who live civilly; they admit of all religions." And again, in 1680, the government of the colony could say, "We leave every man to walk as God has persuaded his heart; all our people enjoy freedom of conscience." Freedom of conscience, unlimited freedom of mind, was, from the first, the trophy of the Baptists, and to render this truth beyond the reach of confutation, we find Mr. Bancroft saying: "I have carefully examined the records, and find that the people of Rhode Island, on accepting their charter, affirmed the great principle of intellectual liberty in its widest scope."

Truly, it becomes us, when investigating Catholic claims, whether in Europe or America, to prove all things, and hold fast to that which is true. The lecture which has now passed in review, was written to deceive a candid public, and to impose upon the good faith of three millions of deluded followers, deprived of the right or privilege of investigation, who are obliged to believe a lying priesthood, and worship in an idolatrous church. It is sad to contemplate the future of these benighted millions, whose leaders are driven to resort to such measures to keep their errors in countenance before an enlightened public. Truth needs no such assistance, and error finds here a certain destruction—a sure overthrow—

Ferat qui meruit palmam.

This palm belongs to Roger Williams, and never can be claimed for Lord Calvert. Calvert limited his toleration

to a few Trinitarian sects—the philanthropy of Williams compassed the earth. Calvert entered a special plea for Romanists, under the specious garb of toleration for other sects. Williams would permit persecution of no opinion, or religion, leaving heresy unharmed by law, and orthodoxy unprotected by the terrors of penal statutes. If Copernicus is held in perpetual reverence, because, on his death-bed, he published to the world that the sun is the centre of our system—if the genius of Newton has been almost adored for dissecting a ray of light, and weighing heavenly bodies as in a balance—if Washington is permitted to wear the proud title of the Father of his Country—surely the name of Williams deserves a bright and conspicuous place in that roll of great names, that do honor to their race, and shed glory upon the world. For when the world was dark with the night of persecution, Williams, without precedent, unfurled the standard of soul-liberty, and kindled in the wilderness a light which has flashed beams of hope across the sky of a world's future.

CHAPTER VIII.

VIEWS OF THE PAPISTS WITH REGARD TO
THE UNITED STATES, ETC.

The purposes and plans of the Papal Hierarchy—How they regard the United States—The Secret Societies of Europe plotting the overthrow of the Republic—A contrast between Catholic and Protestant Missionaries.

WHEN Columbus, wearied with delay, after eighteen years of fruitless negotiation and trial at the Castilian Court, mounted his mule, and took leave of his friends, intending to secure the assistance in France which was denied him in Spain, the few friends who sympathized with him, and adopted his theory, seeing that the golden opportunity of discovery was being transferred to another Court, became alarmed, and clamorously demanded an audience of the Queen. Luis de St. Angel led the way. The exigence of the moment gave him courage and eloquence. He did not confine himself to remonstrance and entreaty, but almost mingled reproaches with supplications, expressing astonishment that a Queen, who had evinced the spirit to undertake so many great and perilous enterprises, should hesitate at one where the loss could be so trifling, while the gain might be incalculable.

He reminded her how much might be done for the glory of God, the exaltation of the church, and the extension of her own power and dominion. The appeal had its desired effect, and Columbus entered at once upon his

preparations for discovery. "One of his principal objects was, undoubtedly, the propagation of the Christian faith. He expected to arrive at the extremity of Asia, to open a direct communication with the magnificent realms of the Grand Khan. The conversion of that heathen potentate, had, in former times, been a favorite aim of various Roman pontiffs. The heart of the pious Catholic who believes God the author of his thought of discovery, kindles with a glow of lofty enthusiasm, as he peers into the future, across unknown seas, and calls up by the wand of imagination, the pictures, resplendent with glory, which were ever passing in review before his eye. We wonder not, that his audience, composed of priests and cardinals, kings and pontiffs, were elated at the prospect. They saw a new world peopled with the denizens of Courts and palaces, covered with gold and hung with shining tapestry. The church was to be enriched with untold wealth, the banners of her loyal sons were to be covered with glory, and thousands were to be joined to her communion.

Then, when in after years the dream gave way to reality, when reports disclosed an immense continent, peopled by natives who were easily induced to adopt the ceremonies of the church, missionaries from her altars took the place of the soldiery, and went forth bearing the breviary and the cross. We have seen how they began with the St. Lawrence, pushed their way up rivers and across lakes, through forests and over mountains, until they had taken possession of this wide domain, in the name of their sovereign and church.

Different orders of missionaries became rivals in discoveries. Reports tinged with romance, were returned

to Europe, arousing, as they went, the zeal of their brethren at home. Colleges were established at Montreal, and fair women shared the dangers of brave men in building up the interests of the cross. They sought to bring all the scattered tribes of Indians into the Christian fold. But these herculean efforts failed to accomplish very much, either for the church or the world. Their converts relapsed back into heathenism, so soon as the chapel bell ceased to call them together at mass; and in a few years not a trace was left behind, of the dangers encountered and braved by the faithful missionary.

The Indian faded away before the march of the white man. Cities rose as by magic, forests were leveled, and a new civilization spread the ægis of its protection over the land. The church, equal to the exigencies of the times, planned new conquests, not by means of the sword, nor by priestly influence, so much as by pouring into our midst, her trusty sons, who sought an asylum from persecution, and a place of rest. From the conquest of Canada to the close of the Revolution, very little was done by Catholic Europe in America. War and revolution were rampant in Europe, and the armies of the Kings of France and Austria, and the Pope, of William of Orange, and others, were recruited from the lower walks of life. An unyielding purpose was manifest in every State not to yield to Catholic aggression. Anti-Catholic riots were frequent in New York and Philadelphia, and in no place more than in Catholic Maryland. Romanism was at a low ebb. But when the fires of the Revolution were over, when peace became the boon shared by all, then the wave of emigration began to flow, which has

gone on sweeping westward, until millions of foreign-born Catholics share in the blessings secured by the founders of the republic. The immigration to this country was, from 1790 to 1810, 120,000; from 1810 to 1820, 114,000; from 1820 to 1830, 203,979; from 1830 to 1840, 778,500; and from 1840 to 1850, 542,850. During the last five years the tide has poured in upon us in an increased ratio. At the present time the hierarchy of the Romish church among us, is far more numerous than that of Roman Catholic Ireland, and is nearly equal to that of Ireland, England, and Scotland. "Seventy years ago," said Archbishop Hughes, in his lecture delivered at Baltimore, January 17, 1856, "there were twenty-two or twenty-three priests; now there are seventeen hundred and sixty-one priests. Then there was no bishop, now there are seven archbishops, and thirty-five bishops." In Ireland there are but twenty-eight bishops and archbishops; in England there are thirteen bishops, and in Scotland there are four bishops, making a total of *forty-five* in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and *forty* in the United States of America. Seventy years ago, there were but four churches, and now there are nineteen hundred and ten churches, beside other out-stations to the number of eight hundred and ninety-five. Then there was no Catholic seminary, now there are thirty-seven, twenty four colleges, and one hundred and thirty female academies.

About the year 1780, the Catholics of New York laid the corner-stone of their first house of worship. Now, Archbishop Hughes rules over a vast multitude, and controls some six millions of church property.

It appears from the history of Catholicism in Maryland,

and throughout the United States, that the church does not possess an aggressive power. Though Archbishop Hughes boasts of an immense accession by conversion from the Protestant faith, yet when we remember, that there are now in this country, some eleven millions of foreign-born, and the descendants of foreigners, and that of this immense number, the principal part of whom were Catholics, either by profession or baptism, there are not now three millions of communicants, we perceive a fact which has alarmed Romanists here and in Europe. To counteract the influence of our free institutions, the Leopold Society was formed in 1829.

"North America," said F. Schlegel, in an address delivered in Vienna, in 1828, "is the nursery of the destructive principles which undermine the faith of Catholics, and forms the revolutionary school for France and the rest of Europe." The Emperor of Austria, Prince Metternich and Leo XII. established the Leopold Society, for the avowed purpose of aiding the church of Rome in the subjugation of the American people to the Roman Catholic worship. At the time of its organization, the Pope issued a bull granting indulgence and remission of sins to all those who should contribute funds to aid the society. The tenth article reads, "that masses shall be said for the souls of all contributors, after their death."

The Leopold Society is a political institution, under the control of the Austrian Cabinet and the Pope of Rome. It was called into existence at the earnest solicitation of American bishops, who supplicated aid to enable them to stay the onward march of truth. It seizes upon the religious principle, as in all the enter-

prises of the church, to give life and energy to its movements, but aims at nothing less than the overthrow of civil and religious liberty. The plans of this society have been formed with the political sagacity that characterized the church in her palmiest days.

In the reports of 1837, proposed by Stephen de Dubuissou, a Jesuit, and missionary of the society in the United States, we find this language: "Without wishing to penetrate the future, it is certain that the plan is gigantic and of great importance, to bring the whole nation, which inhabits the immense country of the United States, into the bosom of the Catholic church. Whatever may be the future political condition of this people; whether they will retain their republican institutions, or choose a monarchy; whether they succeed in holding their negroes in slavery, or they revolt and become masters of a part of the soil; whatever may be their character and manners—if they be or be not like those of their European brethren—and though their civil institutions may oppose more or less hindrances to the spread and establishment of Religion; it is certain that this population, which moves forward with gigantic strides, presents a rich field for the spread of the holy Gospel."

Thus we see American bishops, in an Austrian council, coolly calculating the chances of the subservience of our liberties, and waiting with longing for the time to come when she may grasp the helm of power, whenever revolution, however instigated, shall work our ruin. The recent concordat between the Pope and Emperor of Austria is an alliance of despotism. We shall see that they propose to destroy our government by subjugation.

It is a significant fact that Romanists always ride with despotism—that the Pope leans upon those rulers who are trampling upon the liberties of Europe—that the Pope bargained for the appointment of a Catholic Postmaster-General, who controls a Department second in importance to none within the gift of the people—that the Democratic party is pro-slavery in its character, and that the Catholic church is foremost in its defense. The boast was made, in Rome, by a leading dignitary in the Church of Rome, that the republic would break into fragments upon the rock of slavery; that then Mexico would be joined to a Southern Confederacy, which would enable the Church of Rome to elect the candidate whose principles and course of conduct would best subserve her policy.

This is but a speck dotting the sky of a future full of gloom. Who dare say that this speck will not yet spread right over our free land, veiling forever the glorious sun of freedom, which has for half a century been causing the thrones of Europe to cast the shadow of their evening?

In the meantime the church is not idle. The reports of the society give the *modus operandi* of her laborious struggle. Nunneries occupy a conspicuous place. The church of Rome is composed, to a great extent, of servant girls and poor day-laborers, who are unable to read, and who commit their souls' keeping to the church. Many of the girls look forward with joyous anticipation to a place in a convent or nunnery. There they learn to care for the sick in hospitals—they administer to the passions of the priests, and the menial wants of the higher orders. The system of Romanism provides ser-

vants, who, like the frogs of Egypt, come into our very bread-troughs. They report secrets learned at the fire-side—music teachers gain access to our parlors and drawing-rooms—Jesuits peer into every nook and corner of society—each and all reporting all that will further the interests of the organization.

The formation of a *native* American priesthood is another object contemplated in their report. These, it was thought, would have an advantage over a foreign-born clergy in gaining access to our countrymen. This idea has, to a great extent, been abandoned, as they do not prove as pliant tools as is desirable for the purposes of the church.

Prior to the American Revolution, the clergy was composed of Jesuits, educated abroad, as they were denied a collegiate course here, so long as this country remained a colony of Great Britain. The American-born were educated in Europe, but the spiritual orders were supplied by immigration from foreign courts and monasteries. The Bishop of Vincennes gives to the Jesuits the credit "of laying the foundations of the church in Maryland. The fathers of the Dominican order have long labored, in Kentucky and Ohio, for the same end. The Lazarists, in Missouri, and the Redemptionists, in Michigan, have done essential service to the American church."

Since the Revolution, the Jesuits have opened colleges in different portions of the Union. The report continues, showing the progress in church-building, and the aid received from Europe, by which they have been enabled to adorn them with paintings, utensils and ornaments:

"From what has been said, it will be seen that from

the commencement, Catholicism in the United States owes its propagation chiefly to spiritual orders, (the Jesuits,) who oversee all the parishes, and perform all the parochial duties, while the expense of their education has been defrayed, not by dioceses or bishops, but by their own order; and we flatter ourselves that the benevolent society in Europe will devote a still larger part of their gifts to the training of a native American clergy."

We have given these extracts to show by Catholic authority that the dependence of the papal church is on the Jesuits for success. They are said to be the most effective laborers in the United States. Reference is made to the Dominicans, the *inquisition men* of Europe. This Leopold Society is in constant intercourse with the Jesuits of this country, and is laboring, both by pen and sword—by money and intrigue—to destroy our liberties and fetter our progress as a nation.

In 1840, Archbishop Hughes visited Vienna personally, to obtain money from this society, to advocate and support a priesthood in this country. In that report he said: "The zeal with which Catholics build churches arises from the longing wish for priests. When the church is built they wait anxiously for a priest to come among them. *This is their chief aim, their great object.*" The policy of the Bishop is evident. The emigrant is forced on his arrival here to contribute of his mite to build a church, with the promise that, when completed, the priest shall be forthcoming. The property is vested in the bishop. Their spiritual supply comes from them. Their contributions all go into real investments, and therefore the congregation have nothing to do with the

kind of a supply they receive. How different is the course pursued by the Protestant churches. The Baptist church sends forth her pioneers. They ford rivers, scale mountains, crowd their way through dense forests, that they may reach some remote settlement famishing for the bread of life. With heaven's blue for a covering, and a rude platform for a pulpit, they proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, and thousands are made heirs of an heavenly inheritance, who never enter a roofed cathedral. It is the same with the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. They disregard the loaves and fishes, and work for a hire which is laid away where moth and rust doth not corrupt.

With the church of Rome it is all policy. The priest labors to advance the temporal interests of the church rather than the spiritual interests of the congregation. There is no individuality in their gospel. The church is the center to the circumference of their thought. The Leopold society labors not for the salvation of Americans, but simply to build up a church establishment that shall be worthy of the past precedents of Roman dominion. To do this, thousands of dollars are sent over every year. Their money and their influence find their way to the pine-covered hills of Maine, and the cotton savannas of the South. The Jesuit may be seen on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts alike. They penetrate every nook and corner of our wide domain, and are ever busy weaving a net with which they hope to entangle and fetter the free spirit of our institutions. But this society is weak in contrast with THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

This Society was established in Lyons, in 1822. It

is now by far the largest missionary establishment in the world. In 1845, 167,000 copies of the "Annals" were printed, viz: 96,000 French, 18,500 German, 13,500 English, 1,000 Spanish, 4,800 Flemish, 29,000 Italian, 2,500 Portuguese, 1,000 Dutch and 500 Polish. This number, published six times a year, gives a total of one million two thousand copies, which are scattered throughout the world.

This Society forms a part of the original plan for the subjugation of the United States to the Hierarchy of Rome. Bulls of Indulgence have been issued for all those who would contribute to its funds, by Pius VII., Leo XI., Pius VIII., Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. Two kinds of indulgences have been published for the benefit of all the donors of this Society.

1. *A plenary indulgence to the souls in purgatory.* This indulgence is granted on the festival of the Holy Cross, the anniversary of the first establishment of the Society, in 1822, on the festival of St. Francis Xavier, patron of the Society, and also once a month on any day at the choice of the subscriber.

2. An indulgence of a hundred days for every donation, with the prescribed number of prayers.

To a Protestant, this scheme of raising money is simply ridiculous. But the conscientious Romanist is taught to believe that by his contributions to the Society, he can relieve the souls of his friends from the awful and intolerable sufferings of purgatory. At the same time he can obtain release for himself from all the punishment due to his sins for a hundred days, by every donation he makes. Thus, the most solemn and weighty motives are appealed to. With what success,

let the fact, that Ireland, in 1846, while famine was wasting her sons, drew from her exhausted bosom \$28,000 to aid in the propagation of the faith in America, show. The contributions of these foreign societies, made for the same object, furnish evidence of the interest felt by pampered Europe in the subjugation of this country to a foreign despotism.

Annually, the Bishop of America and societies employed for "the propagation of the faith" receive more than a half a million of dollars, which enables her sons to worship in towering cathedrals, filled with gorgeous imagery, hung with pictures, the product of the highest art. Famine, poverty and ignorance help forward the interests of the Hierarchy of Rome, for her sons drive a thrifty trade over the dying and the dead. By means of these immense sums we behold her bishops building and endowing colleges, nunneries and hospitals. They secure the best and most productive real estate in our large cities, they support missions in a country flooded with Gospel light, they penetrate the wilderness, and are enabled to compass sea and land, not to preach the Gospel of Christ, but to build up a colossal power which shall be felt in the political world, and which shall enable the Church of Rome to control and shape the destinies of the sons of the Pilgrims. It is worthy of notice that more money is expended upon the United States than in all Asia. The Society of Lyons, in four years, from 1839 to 1843, sent the enormous sum of \$612,656 to this country, all for the purposes above specified. We need not wonder that a power backed up by the wealth of Europe should become arrogant and vain. "The church," said O. A. Brownson, "may

be assailed, will be assailed, but we know it is founded on a rock, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. It is now firmly established in this country. A new day is dawning on this chosen land, a new chapter is about to open in our history, and the Church to assume her rightful position and influence. Our hills and our valleys shall yet echo to the convent bell. No matter who writes, who declaims, who intrigues, who is alarmed, or what leagues are formed, this is to be a Catholic country; from Maine to Georgia, from the broad Atlantic to the broader Pacific, the clean sacrifice is to be offered up daily for the quick and dead."

Of this country, the Society at Lyons speaks as follows: "At a late hour heresy made her appearance, and led to the coasts of North America the most violent of her disciples, the *restless Puritans*. Soon other sects cast their *seum* on the same shores, and Protestantism gained sovereignty in the thirteen States." Yet the Catholic Church could never abandon the *invaded territory*. Judge Haliburton uses this language:

"The Catholic Church bids fair to rise in importance. They gain constantly; they gain more by emigration, more by natural increase in proportion to their numbers, more by intermarriages, adoption and conversion than Protestants." It should be remembered that, though Protestants aid in founding orphan asylums, yet the child of Protestant parentage becomes a Catholic on his entrance, and every attempt is made to continue the subjection. He continues: "With their exclusive views of salvation and peculiar tenets, as soon as they have the majority, this becomes a Catholic country, with a Catholic government, with the Catholic religion

established by law. The cöoperation of other European nations, in promoting the objects of the Society, is most desirable, particularly of those possessing a redundant Roman Catholic population. The Western districts may be said to have a particular claim to the patronage of France, as it was under their former sovereignty that their vast resources were discovered." These extracts furnish us a key with which to unlock the mysteries of immigration.

The Duke of Richmond, Ex-Governor of Canada, said, in a speech at Montreal, "The government of the United States ought not to stand, and it will not stand; but it will be destroyed by *subversion*, and not by conquest. The plan is this—to send over the surplus population of Europe: they will go over with foreign views and feelings, and form a heterogeneous mass, and in time will be prepared to rise and subvert the government. I have conversed with many of the sovereigns of Europe, and they have unanimously expressed *their determination to subvert the government of the United States.*"

"Americans, take care!" said Gavazzi. "Carry my words home with you, and ponder on them in your privacy. Monks ask money; they can not live without it—they prefer the best of everything. You have already many in this country, and you will have more. They can not live without money. I know what I speak of; do not forget that I was a long time among them. When I was in Parma, I read original accounts that there was sent, every year, nearly a million of francs, for Roman Catholic purposes, and especially thirty-five thousand francs to support the College of Jesuits, near New York. Thus for the past, and in part for the present, the

papists of Italy, France, etc., maintain the Jesuits in your country, with their money; but wait a little! When they are once established, they will support themselves with your money."

"All monks are dangerous; but the most dangerous order is the Jesuits; a sad and awful theme! May God spare your America from the fatal ordeal, through which all the old continent passed, having for its directors these satanical Jesuits. And you have them now—you have them everywhere, openly and in disguise; you have them at work, and strong work against you. You have hundreds, you may have thousands of them among you. The world likes to be deceived; it likes men of simple, devout, and humble appearance: the Jesuits know the world, and they appear simple, devout, and humble. But they are all the same, and under this clothing of the lamb they all carry one heart—the heart of the wolf. Americans, look back to your history. Without monks, and especially without Jesuits, your fathers made their glorious independence, and your present powerful freedom. And you must preserve it; and as the monastical institutions, and especially the Jesuits, are substantially against republican liberties, so the life of America totally depends on the death of all monastic orders in the country of Washington. Remember what Ceno, the great Catholic Spanish divine, said about these Jesuits, '*They found the Spaniards eagles, and turned them into hens.*' No, no, no! the honest pride of the American eagle never shall be subjected to such abasement! Before it be deplumed by these spiritual orders, I hope to see it, by its strong claws, carry all of them out of the Union, crying then to Americans, '*Now you are really free.*'"

We have familiarized ourselves with the boast, that this is to be—not that it is, as Archbishop Hughes contends—but is to be a Catholic country. It is proper to inquire, as to what kind of rulers are to subjugate us. The Rambler, the organ of Cardinal Wiseman, declares that “*Catholicism is the most intolerant of creeds.*” Protestantism is to be extirpated, for the Bishop of St. Louis asserts, that Catholicity enumerates every kind of Protestantism in her catalogue of mortal sins. “She endures it when and where she must, but she hates it, and directs all her energies to effect its destruction. If the Catholics ever gain, which they surely will, an immense numerical majority, *religious freedom in this country is at end.*”

Thus far, Catholicism has made progress in this country by immigration. That source is drying up. A contrast of Catholic and Protestant missions, presents, in a condensed space, the power of the two systems. The Roman Catholic Church numbers 170,000,000; the Protestant population numbers 80,000,000. In 1850, the Catholic church collected, throughout the world, aided by her vast machinery, but a little more than three millions of francs. Among Protestants, it is not a single society that we meet with; the associations outnumber the nationalities. Leaving the Tract and Bible societies out, we find the Missionary Societies raised some fifteen million francs. Thus, against three millions francs, collected by Roman Catholics, for the Missionary cause, we have to place fifteen millions francs, collected for the same cause in Protestant countries—a sum five times greater, furnished by a population of less than one-half.

In comparing results of labor, we find a contrast still

more remarkable. The Catholic missions, established under auspices so flattering that all Europe rung with the praises of the devoted Missionaries of the Cross, have to a great extent, in Paraguay, throughout South America, among the Indians of North America, and in many of the islands of the sea, died out, and left not a trace behind. While those established by Protestants, in India, in the Sandwich Islands, among the Cherokees of the South, and other Western tribes, are now in a flourishing condition. Under their auspices, civilization, agriculture, literature, and the arts have flourished; men have been taken from the native ranks, and educated, until they have created for themselves a name, and for their race a literature that betokens a brilliant future for those lands once shrouded in the rayless night of Pagan idolatry and superstition.

The cause that lies back of this difference in results is easily traced. A Protestant missionary is generally accompanied by a school-master, a surgeon, and sometimes by an artisan capable of building a house or printing a book. "This last directs our attention immediately to one of the first objects of the missionary caravan: a press, or at least books. The school-master, the doctor, the artisan, we foresee, will each and all help to announce the Gospel in their special departments."

"Having reached the appointed station in the midst of a people, whose language is neither known beyond their own country, nor written within it, the first employment of the mission is to learn this, or commit it to writing. While they are reducing it to the rules of grammar, they are also printing a Gospel as well as a

dictionary, and thus bringing the nation or tribe within the pale of civilization. Now we must bear in mind that this method is not arbitrarily chosen; it is but the necessary development of the Protestant system, which is to teach the written word—the sacred Scriptures.” Wherever you follow the footsteps of the Protestant missionary, you are sure to find printing-presses established—schools and colleges are founded, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them.

Such, then, are the external modes of action of the Protestant missionary; and his baggage consists of a book, a printing-press, and a case of surgical instruments. Now let us inquire into that of the Romish missionary. The list furnished by himself runs thus: “A breviary for his own private use, a missal for the services of his church, plate for communion, chaplets, crucifixes, medals and images for his converts.”

This prepares us for the course of action in which we may expect to find the Romish missionary engaged, among the brethren by whom he is surrounded; his object is not to instruct, but to baptize, and to enroll a list of names. He has no need to make a study of a language, in order to teach a people to write that which they already speak; and all he requires is such fluency in the colloquial idiom, as may enable him to converse with the natives. It is a means of securing conquests to himself, not of conversions to Christ or the doctrines of the Gospel. He avails himself of it, not only to teach what he chooses to explain, but to conceal what he desires to hide. With his death all germs of knowledge die out, and the converts relapse into barbarism. The Protestant missionary, leaves a written language and

the means of introducing not only religious knowledge, but the arts and sciences. Ministers are ordained and churches are established, in accordance with the principles of the New Testament, and the Gospel is preached, which works like leaven among the masses, sending forth streams of influence into the hidden recesses of society, and making arid wastes to blossom as the rose.

Fifteen millions of francs given annually by Protestant churches—two thousand missionaries leaving their homes for distant lands—eight hundred thousand pagans converted, and whole countries brought under the reign of the Prince of Peace—this is working for God and man—not for self nor party. Such philanthropy begirts the globe, and this benevolence cheers while it illumines the path of sorrowing humanity.

CHAPTER IX.

FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Non-Intervention—An American doctrine proclaimed by Washington and Hamilton—By whom opposed—Naturalization laws—Foreign influence.

WHEN the founders of the Republic were battling against tremendous odds, in defense of the principles of self-government—when the American Revolution was drawing to a mournful close, because of the exhausted condition of the treasury, and the consequent reduction of the standing army—Lafayette came to our aid, bringing with him some of the bravest soldiers of France. It was a private undertaking, but to the unpracticed eye, this generous act looked like the espousal of our cause by the entire French nation. The acceptance of this aid forced the way for private adventurers, who came to this country for purposes of private interest, and sought to win laurels on the field without caring for the cause.

References are frequently made, by the enemies of American principles, to the services of foreigners in the war of the Revolution, as though we were indebted to them, rather than to our patriotic sires, for the blessings of freedom. General Lafayette possessed a noble nature, and his endeavors seem to have been prompted by motives of pure philanthropy. He was made the friend

and counselor of Washington. His deeds are treasured up in history, and form a fitting monument, where a true record of his magnanimous course is enshrined. With regard to others, we shall let Washington and history speak. "I do most devoutly wish," said Washington, in a letter to Gouverneur Morris, July 24th, 1778, "that we had not a single foreigner among us, except the Marquis de Lafayette, who acts upon different principles from those which govern the rest." "These men have no attachment to the country, further than interest binds them. It is by the zeal and activity of our own people that the cause must be supported, and not by a few *hungry adventurers*. Our officers think it extremely hard, after they have toiled in the service, and have sustained heavy losses, to have strangers put over them, whose merits, perhaps, are not equal to their own, but whose effrontery will take no denial."^o "The lavish manner in which rank has hitherto been bestowed on these gentlemen, will certainly be productive of one or the other of these two evils—either to make us despicable in the eyes of Europe, or become a means of pouring them in upon us like a torrent, and adding to our present burden.

"But it is neither the expense nor trouble of them I most dread; there is an evil more extensive in its nature and fatal in its consequences, to be apprehended, and that is, the driving all our own officers out of the service, and throwing not only our own army, but our military councils, entirely into the hands of foreigners.

"The officers, my dear sir, on whom you must depend

^o To R. H. Lee, May 17, 1777.

for the defense of this cause, distinguished by length of service and military merits, will not submit much longer to the *unnatural* promotion of men over them, who have nothing more than a little plausibility, unbounded pride and ambition, and a perseverance in the application to support their pretensions, not to be resisted but by uncommon firmness; men who, in the first instance, tell you they wish for nothing more than the honor of serving in so glorious a cause, as volunteers; the next day solicit rank without pay; the day after want money advanced to them, and in the course of a week want further promotion."

To trace the history of foreign aggressions upon the rights of native citizens, as from time to time they have been made—now appearing in the form of friendly alliances, seeking to advance the interests of the Republic, and even making claims upon a nation's gratitude and prosperity, in consideration of labor performed—now coming to our shores with banners and fleets, singing songs of freedom, and again presenting themselves at the national door as paupers asking alms;—to show what has been the effect upon our institutions—how this foreign element has aided forward our commercial growth on one hand and retarded our progress as a nation in morals, in science and a healthy development on the other, would require volumes. It is sufficient for our present purpose to glance at stages and eras, showing by incontrovertible facts, that the nation is indebted to the wisdom and foresight of Washington, Hamilton, Adams, Morris, Jay, Knox and others for the great principle of *non-intervention*, which has permitted the nation, despite the clamors of foreign emissaries or

political partisans, to move forward in a successful career of prosperity. Up to the year 1793, the development of American politics had gone on almost wholly from within. Native Americans were regarded by Washington as worthy of a trust and confidence which belonged not to foreigners. But, at this time, an important change took place, which carried the country back for many years to a sort of colonial dependence on Europe.

France had become the theater of revolution, Louis XVI. had lost his life, the power was held by a National Convention, and Europe was intoxicated with hope, based on the delusive phantom of French liberty.

"The progress of the French Revolution, from its first decisive start by the meeting of the States General almost contemporaneously with the organization of the new Federal Government, had been watched in America with the greatest interest." Strong and sturdy doubters of success there were from the first, and their numbers increased after the flight of Lafayette. Still, the proclamation of the French Republic, notwithstanding its bloody preface of Danton's September massacre, had aroused in America a great burst of popular feeling, which went on unchecked by the execution of the unfortunate Louis and the other violent acts of the Convention. This sentiment was kindled into new fervor by the arrival at Charleston of citizen Genet, as ambassador from France. He brought with him news of the French declaration of war with England, and came, expecting the Republic at once to side with France in opposition to Great Britain. Five days before Genet's arrival in Charleston, the news had reached New York.

Washington, then at Mt. Vernon, upon hearing the fact, hastened to Philadelphia and brought the question of neutrality before his cabinet. By the treaty of commerce, French privateers and prizes were entitled to shelter in the American ports, a shelter not to be extended to the enemies of France. "Were the United States bound to consider the treaties with France as applying to the present state of parties, or might they be renounced, or suspended? Should a proclamation issue to prevent interferences by citizens of the United States in the war? Should it contain a declaration of neutrality or what? Should a minister from the French Republic be received? If so, should the reception be absolute or qualified?" Upon an elaborate discussion of these questions it was unanimously agreed that a proclamation of neutrality should issue, and that the new French minister should be received.

Hamilton, with whom Knox concurred, thought that the reception of Genet should be with an express reserve of the question as to the binding force of the treaties, now that the form of government was changed. Jefferson and Randolph contended that the treaties were as binding in case of a Republic as in case of the King. Subsequent events evidenced the wisdom of Hamilton's suggestions. The French Republic abrogated the treaty of commerce and confiscated vessels and merchandize belonging to the United States.

"Whether the state of the public feeling would have admitted, on the part of the American government, any position less ambiguous than the one actually taken, may well admit of doubt. Not only did enthusiasm run very high on behalf of the French Republic, but

that feeling was seconded and inflamed by all the hatred of Great Britain, treasured up during the Revolutionary war. Genet, the new French ambassador, knew very well how to take advantage of both these sentiments. Placed, according to his own account, at the age of twelve years, in the bureau of Foreign Affairs, he had translated, under his father's direction, into the French language, the new American Constitution and many political essays, 'thus contributing to penetrate the French with the spirit of Seventy-Six.' After being seven years head of the bureau, at Versailles, under the direction of Vergennes, he had passed one year at London in a diplomatic capacity, two at Vienna, one at Berlin, and five in Russia, whence he had been recently expelled by the Empress Catharine. Having been lately employed in revolutionizing Geneva and annexing it to the French Republic, he had been selected by the Girondins, then in power, as a fit person to be sent to America; the object of his mission being, in fact, as appeared from his instructions, afterward published, to draw the United States, as far as possible into making common cause with France."

His reception at Charleston, on the part of Governor Moultrie, and the citizens, had been most enthusiastic. The people sided with him, and by popular demonstrations encouraged him in a course which enabled him to set the government at defiance. He fitted out privateers, and manned them with American citizens, which put to sea and soon made numerous captures of homeward bound British vessels. He also assumed, under a decree of the Convention, the extraordinary power of authorizing the French consuls throughout the United States,

to erect themselves into Courts of Admiralty, for trying and condemning such prizes as the French cruisers might bring into American ports. This at once brought our government into difficulties. The people sided with France, and opposed England. Genet's journey from Charleston to Philadelphia, was a triumphal procession. "Those same republicans who had severely reprobated any excessive marks of respect toward Washington, thought it almost impossible to do too much to honor the French Republic, in the person of her minister." An immense crowd met him at Gray's Ferry, and escorted him into Philadelphia. Addresses were presented him, by different societies. On May 18th he was presented to the President, and officially accredited. Washington received him coolly, but with becoming respect and form. In the evening a republican feast was given him, at which every demonstration was made in his favor. "From the moment, indeed, of Genet's arrival, the existence became evident, not only of a wide-spread and enthusiastic sympathy for France, but of a faction more French than American, ready and anxious to go all lengths toward identifying the French and American republics."

Soon after his formal introduction, he opened his diplomatic correspondence, by a request for an immediate payment, by anticipation, of the remaining installments of the French debt, amounting to \$2,300,000. He communicated, at the same time, his authority, to propose a new treaty of commerce, "a true family compact," "on the liberal and fraternal basis of which, France wished to raise up the commercial and political system of two peoples, all of whose interests were confounded." To this proposal, the vague generalities of which seemed

rather alarming, it was answered, that nothing could be definitely concluded without the concurrence of the Senate, which was not to meet again till autumn. His request for money was met by a statement, that the United States had no means of anticipating the payment of the French debt, except by borrowing money in Europe, which could not be done at present, on favorable terms. Nor did Hamilton hesitate to tell Genet, that even were there no other obstacle, the anticipation of payment, at this time, might be regarded by Great Britain as a breach of neutrality. Greatly disappointed and offended at this reply, Genet expressed his intention to make the debt to France available for his purposes, by giving assignments of it in payment for provisions and other supplies. But to this the American government decidedly objected, expressing the hope, that in a matter of mutual concern, nothing would be done but by mutual consent.

Genet's attempts to evade the demands of our government regarding reprisals and privateering—his insolence to Washington and Hamilton—and his attempts to instruct the President and Cabinet as to their duty—evidenced that he relied on the support of the people. "Their fraternal voice," he wrote, "has resounded from every quarter around me, and their accents are not equivocal—they are pure as the hearts of those by whom they are expressed."

Already an open struggle had commenced, the result of which for some time appeared quite doubtful, between the executive authority of the United States, on the one hand, and Genet and the French faction, on the other. Freneau's *Gazette*, the organ of Jefferson, assailed the proclamation of neutrality with great violence, as a piece

of usurpation on the part of the Executive, issued without authority, and in derogation of the treaties with France, of the gratitude and sympathy due to that country, and of the rights of Congress, to whom only the decision belonged. Genet was exhorted to act with firmness, since the people were his friends, and since it was they, and not the President, who were sovereigns. The key-note, thus struck at Philadelphia, was soon responded to by Greenleaf's Patriotic Register, of New York, by the Chronicle, at Boston, and indeed by the opposition presses generally.

The Cabinet, at this period of our history, was not composed, as now, of men of corresponding views. Washington knew no party. He was an American. He ignored all cliques, and labored for the welfare of the nation. In his cabinet were Hamilton and Knox, Whigs, and Jefferson and Randolph, leading Democrats. This appellation was at this time introduced, by the formation of Democratic clubs, intended to have affiliated branches in all the counties of the States, the immediate object of which seems to have been, to control the State politics, and to infuse into them a larger portion of the new French enthusiasm. Genet modeled them after the famed Clubs of Paris. Jefferson opposed the policy of Washington, and extolled Freneau's Gazette "as having saved the Constitution, then fast galloping into a monarchy." Genet, supported by the press, and countenanced by leading Democrats, pushed forward in his mad career. French cruisers were fitted out, and the United States authorities were treated with contempt. Washington and Hamilton stood almost alone in defense of the American policy. They resisted these encroachments.

Washington addressed a letter to Jefferson, saying, "Is the minister of the French republic to set the acts of this government at defiance with impunity, and then threaten the Executive with an appeal to the people?" It is impossible to watch the truckling course of Jefferson, Monroe, and the Democratic leaders, without being reminded of the fact, that the seedlings of the two parties were then planted. The one party, meted out equal justice to all, while it manfully and courageously protected American interests; while the other obsequiously bowed to foreign influence, and the rights of our citizens were unhesitatingly surrendered to a foreign power, and made subservient to aid and encourage foreign influence. We find a counterpart to this picture in the career of Governor Kossuth in this country. Millard Fillmore and Henry Clay then took the stand of Washington and Hamilton. They resisted foreign dictation, and bade the proud wave of encroachment to stay its march.

Democratic societies multiplied. Washington was the shining mark at which the envenomed arrows of hate were hurled by the opposition presses. Hamilton "took the field in defense of the proclamation of neutrality, in a series of articles under the signature of 'Pacificus,' in which he maintained, with great ability, not only the policy of that measure, but the President's right, by its issue, to decide upon the position in which the nation stood. To these articles, a reply appeared, signed 'Helvetius,' and written by Madison, at the special instigation and request of Jefferson, who still continued to play the somewhat inconsistent parts of secret head of the opposition, and leading member of the administration.

“At length, as it was impossible to unite the cabinet in opposition to Genet, the question of the restoration of prizes was submitted to the United States Court. Even there the policy of Washington was left unsupported. The indictment against Hatfield coming on for trial, in spite of a clear case on the evidence, and a distinct and positive charge as to the law, from the presiding judges, the prisoner was acquitted by the jury, to the vast delight of the French faction, and amid the acclamations of the assembled multitude. Genet’s correspondence grew every day more insolent; and as the necessity of some decided course was apparent, a new cabinet council was held to consider what should be done.”

After reading the correspondence of Genet, it was unanimously resolved to send a copy to France, with a request for his recall. Jefferson was for expressing this desire with great delicacy; the rest were for peremptory terms. It was proposed to furnish Genet with a statement, the same, in substance, with that sent to France, and to let him know that his recall had been demanded. This was opposed by Jefferson. It was next proposed to publish the correspondence, with a statement of all the proceedings, by way of that very appeal to the people which Genet had threatened.

This truly Democratic course, so necessary at the present moment to bring out an expression of the people in support of the government, though warmly advocated by Hamilton, and though Washington was inclined to adopt it, was defeated by the opposition of Jefferson and Randolph. In the course of this discussion, Washington became much excited, and, as Jefferson records with evident exultation, “got into one of those passions

when he can not command himself." It was only for a moment that Washington lost his self-command, and when we consider the kind of libels circulated against him, by the editor of a paper who was the translating clerk of Jefferson, while we can excuse Washington, contempt of Jefferson is natural. A circular was agreed upon, which at once put a stop to the outrages of Genet, and placed the government on a truly neutral ground. A reaction took place in the public mind, which enabled the people to see the tendency of this foreign influence. Though the opposition of Jefferson and Randolph forbade the publication of the Genet correspondence, hints began to circulate as to the insolence of his conduct.

At length the recall of Genet was made, and a change took place in the affairs of France. In 1794, the Girondins, accused of conspiracy against the unity and indivisibility of the republic, had fallen from power. The control of French affairs had passed into the hands of the Jacobins, headed by Danton and Robespierre. These new administrators of the French government made no difficulty in recalling Genet; but they took advantage of this occasion to ask, in their turn, the recall of Morris, altogether too moderate in his political views, and quite too little of an enthusiast, to find favor even with the Girondins, and still less so with the yet more violent party on whom the administration of affairs had now devolved. The Reign of Terror now commenced. Genet did not choose to encounter the risk of a return, and having married a daughter of Governor Clinton, of New York, he remained henceforth a resident of that State, and after the expiration of his mission, he fell into total and deserved obscurity.

Gouverneur Morris was esteemed highly by Washington, and though he was recalled and succeeded by Monroe, the people and the government cherished the memory of his services with the liveliest recollection. Monroe was a Democrat of the French school. His career in France was marked by folly and indiscretion, which finally made him unpopular, both at home and abroad. Space will not permit us to trace further the rise or progress of foreign influence in this direction. We have seen the formation of the two parties—the one American, and the other foreign in character. Washington, Hamilton, Knox, Morris, Adams and Jay are names which adorn the first, while Jefferson, Monroe, Madison and Randolph—Genet, Gallatin, Freneau, and a host of other foreign names, appear at the head of the second. The Democratic party found the fountain of its influence in foreign sympathy and excitements. This characteristic is preserved to the present day. The foreigner landing upon our shores learns first to pronounce the word “Democrat.” He votes for the candidate of the party, and goes in, at all hazards, for shaping the destinies of his adopted country. From the foundation of the republic to the present time, there have been those who stooped and bent before the foreign influence, that by it they might reach exalted stations.

The history of Washington is familiar to all. He stands up in the past, resembling a mighty temple, well-proportioned, neatly adorned, resting on an imperishable foundation, and spanning with its resplendent arch a vast brotherhood. Hamilton, the author of a national finance, regarded by all classes as an able

statesman, possessed of poetical talents of the highest order, he is seen as the confidential adviser and supporter of an American policy, which laid the foundation of a prosperity without precedent or example in the history of the world. Jefferson, gifted by nature with a penetrating understanding, a lively fancy and sensibilities quick and warm, endowed with powers of pleasing joined to a desire to please, an advocate of toleration and liberality in matters of religion, but in politics a complete bigot—joined to talents of the highest order a jealous disposition, a clamorous appeal for the *Vox Populi*, a fear of rivalry and a hatred of power, which made him the favorite of his party, the foe of Washington, of Hamilton and of Adams. Assuming to himself the office at once of spy and censor on his colleagues, he adopted the practice of setting down in a note-book every heretical opinion carelessly dropped, every little piece of gossip reported to him by others, which might tend to convict his associates in the cabinet of political infidelity—anecdotes recorded, not as instances of the speculative errors into which the wisest and best may fall, but carefully laid up as evidences against political rivals of settled designs hostile to the liberties of their country. After the lapse of twenty-five years, he revised and arranged his *Ana* for publication, and left it for posterity.

It was against Hamilton that the bitterness of a hatred at once personal and political was most keenly directed. The splendid reputation gained by the success of Hamilton's financial measures, fixing all eyes upon him as the leading spirit of the Government, his great popularity with the moneyed class; more than

all, his weight and influence with Washington—excited in the mind of Jefferson a most violent antipathy. He began to see the measures advocated by himself, such as the assumption of the State debts, the bank, the funding system, through a different light. All these measures had been advocated by Hamilton and his supporters, including some of the most eminent names in American history. These were denounced by Jefferson and his friends as a “corrupt squadron,” actually bought up by the Secretary of the Treasury.

It is known that Washington lost confidence in Jefferson and treated him for many years as his betrayal of confidence and trust deserved. “The whole affair remained buried in obscurity till brought to light by the recent publication of Washington’s writings; and it was in ignorance that his double dealings, if not worse, had been fully exposed to Washington by one of his own warmest political partisans, that Jefferson, in his old age, wrote the famous letter to Mr. Van Buren, in which he attempted to make out that he had retained Washington’s confidence to the last.”

“Apart from all other evidence, there are sufficient indications, even in Jefferson’s writings, as prepared by himself for publication, that he rated Washington as low, hated him with as much energy, as he did all the other distinguished Federalists who stood in his way. But, dreading that great man’s towering and indestructible popularity, made more solid by time, as a rock on which his own crumbling reputation may be dashed to pieces should he venture to assail it, cringing as he always did to popular opinion, whether right or wrong, he has attempted the same course with posterity, which

he so long successfully practiced with Washington himself; he has assumed in his published writings the character of that great man's admirer, eulogist and friend; while many passages of these same writings covertly hold him up to contempt as a mere tool in the hands of abler men, who took advantage of his monarchical predilections and decaying faculties to make him the cover and instrument of their criminal projects."*

Jefferson was not a true and steadfast friend. Genet bitterly reproached Jefferson with ungenerous conduct, in his sarcastic intimation, "that it was not in his character to speak, as many people do, in one way and to act in another, to have an official language and a language confidential." Jefferson, though he professed to Genet the warmest friendship, in a letter to Madison described him as a hot-headed, passionate man, without judgment, likely, by his indecency, to excite the public indignation and render Jefferson's own position immensely difficult.

Though he seemed anxious to protect all foreigners in their usurpations of our rights, yet in his private correspondence he opposed their appointment to foreign missions and deemed them unfit to hold office either as consuls or jurors. He entertained a peculiar distrust of the system of naturalization. He noticed the avidity with which the adopted citizens seized on the political privileges accorded to them under it, and, apprehensive of disastrous results, he did not hesitate to urge an

*For the main facts contained in this chapter, the reader is referred to Hildreth's able History of the United States, Vols. 1 and 2, Second Series.

amendment to the naturalization laws, which should compel a foreigner to become familiar with our institutions prior to sharing in the direction of the same. "I hope," said Jefferson, "we may find some means in the future of shielding ourselves from foreign influence, political, commercial, or in whatever form attempted. I can scarcely withhold myself from joining in the wish of Silas Dean, 'that there were an ocean of fire between this and the Old World.'"

We have seen the light in which Washington regarded foreigners in the American service. Our Continental Congress forbade any but native Americans to be employed in the foreign service of the country. In the orders given out by Washington, we find the express command—"You are not to enlist any person who is not an American born, unless such a person has a wife and family, and is a settled resident in this country. In his General Orders, at Cambridge Head-quarters, July 7, 1775, he says: "The general orders are, that for the future no man shall be appointed to those stations, the outposts, who is not a native of this country." Again: "One hundred men are to be annexed to the guard of the commander-in-chief." "*They must be Americans born*" are the words with which the orders conclude, showing that native Americans were deemed worthy of trust by the Father of his country, if not by those who wear his mantle.

The naturalization law, first adopted by the American Congress, was passed in 1790, and required only two years' residence in the United States, in order to qualify an alien to take the oath of allegiance. In 1795, the term of probationary residence was extended

to five years instead of two. By taking the oath of allegiance, the alien became at once invested with all the prerogatives, social and political, of a natural born citizen, with the single exception, that he was not made eligible to the office of President or Vice President of the United States.

In 1798 an amendment of the Naturalization Act was passed, extending the necessary previous residence to fourteen years, and requiring five years previous declaration of intention to become a citizen; instead of the former and present requirements of five years in the one case, and three in the other. Alien enemies could not become citizens at all. A register was also to be kept, of all aliens resident in the country, who were to report themselves, under certain penalties; and in case of application to be naturalized, the certificate of an entry in this register was to be the only proof of residence admissible, whenever that residence commenced after date of the act. This act contained other restrictions, intended to guard against fraudulent evasions of its provisions; but in 1802 the whole act was repealed, and a new act, restoring the *five years* probation, was enacted in its stead. Two years after, viz: in 1804, this last act was in turn repealed, but was re-enacted in 1816, and continued in force until 1828, when, in order to facilitate the election of a partisan candidate for the Presidency, the law was modified by repealing the clauses which required the alien to obtain certificates of registration, and the declaration of intention. Thus every barrier has been thrown down, which formerly shielded the ballot box from corruption. "There are," said Judge Dean, of the Supreme

Court of New York, "probably no laws, of a public character, so imperfectly understood, and so badly administered, as those for the naturalization of foreigners." As now administered, evasions are frequent, at which time the law is broken both in spirit and letter, and thousands of foreigners, on landing, have been marched away by political hucksters, to the "Naturalization Committee," at Tammany Hall, where their papers are obtained for them, and away they are led to the polls, and made to vote the ticket of a party of whose principles they are as ignorant as when they lived in Europe.

A large proportion of these foreign-born citizens are paupers and criminals, who are sent here by the Courts of Europe. They profess the Roman Catholic faith, and are under the subjugation of the priests. Their votes are bargained for by politicians in a manner that should cause a blush of shame to suffuse every freeman's cheek. They are ignorant of our laws, and of the principles of the government. They came to enjoy freedom from restraint, not an enlightened freedom, which deserves protection and support; and while they are welcome to a home, and the blessings of our liberal institutions, it were worse than folly to surrender to an ignorant rabble, ruled by foreign despots, the priceless trust committed to our keeping by the honored dead. The boast has been made, by Archbishop Hughes, "that the propitious time will come at length—some accidental sudden collision, and a Presidential campaign at hand—*we will use then the very profligacy of our politicians for our purposes.* They will want to buy the Irish vote, and we will tell them how they can buy it in a lump, from Maine to

California—by declaring war on Great Britain, and wiping off, at the same time, the stains of concession and dishonor that our Websters, and men of this kind, have permitted to be heaped upon the American flag, by the violence of British agents.”

“America,” says Giustiniani, a prophetic writer, “is the land of the Jesuits. They need but a majority of votes, which can easily be had by an importation of Roman Catholics from Ireland, Bavaria, and Austria. In ten years they will have a mighty influence—in twenty they will command.” Said the Duke of Richmond, “The government of the United States is weak, inconsistent, and bad! So long as it exists no prince in Europe will be safe on his throne.

“All the low population of Europe will be carried into America. It will be the receptacle for the bad and disaffected. They will create a surplus—a heterogeneous population—speaking a different language—of different religion and sentiments, these will carry with them their principles—will adhere to their former government, laws, manners, customs, and religion—speak of them among the natives, some of whom will join them, and they will become citizens—discord and civil war will follow—some popular man will take the lead to restore order—the European sovereigns will aid him—all the emigrants will join, and the government will be overthrown.”

Such is the hope of the potentates of Europe. The times indicate that this threat is being carried into effect, with all possible dispatch. Let barriers be built up against this incoming wave. In the words of Patrick Henry—“Know the worst, and provide for it.” Let the

law of 1798 be re-enacted, with the several acts joined thereto. Let fourteen years, instead of five, become the necessary previous residence; requiring the five years previous declaration of intention to become a citizen. Let it become a test, that every voter shall be able to read and write the English language. Then will the stepping-stones to infamy be removed, and the walls of freedom will rise higher, and still higher, around the altar of our beloved Fatherland.

CHAPTER X.

THE GOOD AND EVIL EFFECTS OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

America the place of refuge for the oppressed—Equal rights—How abused—Dangers arising therefrom—The origin of the American and Foreign Christian Union—Norton, Baird, Dowling, Tyng and Hogue—Their work.

IN ancient times, the temples of worship consecrated to the Gods, furnished an asylum for the outlawed and persecuted. Whoever took refuge therein were safe. The great temple of our liberties became such a resort for the leading revolutionists of Europe, and for those who were weighed down by the galling chains of despotism.

The great truth which was promulgated by the Declaration of Independence, established by the war of the Revolution, and made the distinguishing characteristic of our nationality, was, that all legitimate power resides with and is derived from the people.

“We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among them, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” This clause contained in the immortal Declaration of Independence, was the entering wedge which penetrated despotic bars, and made a pathway for truth, such as the people of Europe had never before seen. This sublime truth, to us so self-evident, so simple, so obvious, was, before that

time, measurably undeveloped in the history of the world. It was a total condemnation of all prevalent political theories—an absolute contradiction of the doctrines of the Divine right of kings to reign, and of passive obedience—an utter denial of the *infallibility* of Prince or Pope—an emanation from and a constituent part of the age-long movement of the human mind—the principle of progress. It burst upon mankind like the roar of thunder in a cloudless sky; and the hearts of nations leaped with sympathy. They felt that a hidden power had been revealed to man—a power destined to advance in its glorious career of conquest, until the day when it shall spring at a single bound to the throne of the world.

It made every man feel his individuality—his sovereignty. He found himself standing as a moral, political and social being, on a level with kings and princes. He was accountable to society for his actions, and to God for their results. It does not say that all men reach the same proud position, but that the door is thrown open to them. Industry, talent and integrity are the bondmaids of fortune and fame.

The freedom of the press formed an era in progress. It evidenced to the world, that men were sure of their capabilities for self-government. Truth was proclaimed mightier than error. The pen usurped the place of the sword and the guillotine, and mind became the battleground where the strongest, clearest and bravest thinker was permitted to win and wear the prize.

At the outset it was declared in the Constitution, Article VI, Sec. 3, that "The Senators and Representatives and the members of the several State Legislatures,

both of the United States and of the several States, shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support the Constitution, but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." And the first amendment to the Constitution contains the following clause: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The Constitution of each State in the Union, with one exception, contains similar expressions, uttered in different forms, but all concurring in these two fundamental principles: first, that there shall be no connection between church and state; and secondly, that religious liberty, the rights of conscience, and freedom to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience, are guaranteed to the citizens of the United States. In the words of Mr. Ullmann:

"All these Constitutions aim to provide against spiritual domination, and to establish full personal religious freedom. In this, the nation agrees in all its utterances—written Constitutions and unwritten law. The general sentiment, and the settled determination—the profound convictions of the American people are, that there shall be, forever, under this government, an entire and absolute separation between church and state; and that perfect, full religious liberty shall always exist. The four corner-stones of the Temple of American Liberty are Social Freedom, Civil Freedom, Political Freedom and Religious Freedom. Let them stand firm, solid and deep in the earth. Let the mighty fabric rise, its majestic dome swelling in all its magnificent proportions, until it reaches the heavens."

This established the principle of religious freedom, though in several States the religious tests were kept up. It was impossible to overcome at once the deep-rooted prejudices existing against Romanists. In New Hampshire, New Jersey, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, the chief officers of State were required to be Protestants. In Massachusetts and Maryland, all office-holders were required to declare their belief in the Christian religion. In South Carolina, they must declare their belief in a future state of rewards and punishments. In North Carolina and Pennsylvania, it was necessary to acknowledge the inspiration of the Bible, and in Delaware, to believe in the doctrine of the Trinity. The Constitution of the State of Alabama, in its "Declaration of Rights," is, perhaps, clearer and more emphatic than any other, in its enunciation of the principles of civil and religious liberty. It says:

"ARTICLE I.

"Sec. 3. No person within this State, shall, upon any pretence, be deprived of the inestimable privilege of worshipping God in the manner most agreeable to his conscience. * * * * *

"Sec. 4. No human authority ought, in any case whatever, to control or interfere with the rights of conscience.

"Sec. 7. There shall be no establishment of religion by law; no preference shall ever be given, by law, to any religious sect, society, denomination, or mode of worship; and no religious test shall ever be required as qualification to any office or public trust under this State."

When Louisiana was purchased, it was found that her whole system of government was intolerant. It partook of the characteristics of bigoted Spain, backed up and sustained by French rule. The Spanish regulations for the allotment of lands were of the most intolerant nature; going to show that the Catholic church, when possessed of absolute power, is ever the same. We give these laws, as extracted from the Laws of the United States, vol. 1, p. 542:

“Sec. 6. The privilege of enjoying liberty of conscience is not to extend beyond the first generation. *The children of those who enjoy it must positively be Catholics.* Those who will not confess to this are not to be admitted, but are to be sent back out of the province immediately, even though they possess much property.

“Sec. 7. In the Illinois, *none shall be admitted but Catholics*, of the classes of farmers and artisans. The provisions of the preceding article shall be explained to the emigrants already established in the province, who are not Catholics, and shall *be observed* by them; their not having done it until this time being an omission, and contrary to the orders of His Majesty, which required it from the beginning.

“Sec. 8. The Commandants *will take particular care that no Protestant preacher, or one of any sect, other than Catholic, shall intrude himself into the province.* The least neglect in this respect will be a subject of reprehension.”

As it is the boast of the Papacy, that it is “*semper id eadem*,” always the same, it is not strange, that with such precedents before the eyes, as the decapitation of kings,

the slaughter of innocent Protestants, and the burning of Bibles, our fathers should move cautiously in welcoming the Catholic to the same rights and privileges which the sons of the Revolution enjoyed.

At length the views and feelings of Americans were softened. The French alliance had a powerful influence in diminishing the deep-seated prejudices against Roman Catholicism ; and Rhode Island, that State which took the initiative in religious, now led off in political freedom, and set an example of liberality by repealing the act by which Catholics were prohibited from becoming voters. Other States followed in her wake. From this time Catholicism withdrew, in the United States, from the theater of politics, and confined her operations to secretly enlarging the foundations of her power. The world knew little of her plans, and learned to regard with a feeling of commiseration her hooded nuns and long robed priests. The priests were modest and unassuming. Politicians found no difficulty in securing their influence, and when the tide of emigration began to flow in upon us, it came in the shape of persecuted exiles, and famishing men. They left the stormy shores of Europe, seeking shelter and protection under our flag. The American heart opened wide its temple doors, and bade them welcome. Noiselessly, for many years, the stream of emigration flowed unceasingly westward. Our valleys began to be dotted by the emigrant's cabin, and the sound of the woodman's ax echoed among our mountains. At this time, the Atlantic border began to be thickly settled. Steam had made the rivers navigable, and the iron horse began his march toward the Western sun. A

system of internal improvements was begun—the price of labor rose—the demand for the starving poor of Europe became greater and greater.

“For many years after the adoption of the Federal Constitution the greater part of the immigrants to the United States were Frenchmen, whom political troubles had driven from home—or else Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, who had espoused ultra Republican opinions, and who, in flying from the severe measures of repression adopted against them at home, brought to America a furious hatred of the government of Great Britain, and warm admiration for Republican France. There were some among these, however enthusiastic they might be, and, on some points, mistaken in their politics, of unblemished character, and noble aims. But a large number were desperate and violent men, whose chief idea of freedom seemed to be the unrestrained indulgence of their own fierce passions. Many were persons of considerable literary qualifications, and having been journalists and pamphleteers at home, they found employment in that capacity, and a very large proportion of the journals of the Southern, or Middle States, were edited by persons of this description.”*

Most of them were Catholics by birth. They understood the influence of priestcraft at home, and were ready to avail themselves of its assistance in furthering party interests. Though nominally free, one question has always laid an embargo on the freedom of the press, and it may be said, that in regard to this, “with golden muzzles all their mouths were bound.” Men occupying

* Hildreth, vol. ii., 2d series, page 214.

the highest stations were as profoundly silent on the subject of Romanism as though a Jesuit's foot had never touched our shores. Such men were to be found in the pulpit and at the bar alike. Merchants and editors—men of all classes dependant upon the masses for patronage and support, denied themselves the liberty of the press and of speech—while with open mouths they proclaimed free toleration of religious sentiments. Said a writer, in 1845, "It is a serious fact, and one which should claim the attention of every Christian and patriot, that in a community where the Roman Catholics are numerous, it is next to impossible to get the Protestants to raise a finger to counteract the influences of Popery. The interests of the community are so blended together, and in such multiplied ways, as to make it a matter of the greatest delicacy to have the subject agitated, even in the most kind and Christian spirit."

What a commentary is contained in the above statement upon the course pursued by the descendants of the Puritans. The Catholic never forgets his religion. He may be drunk, but he will eat no meat on Friday. He maintains his allegiance to the church, regardless of frowns or favors. He will not read the Bible, unless a dispensation be given him by the priest. He is the servant of the Pope, and is ready at any moment to heed his voice. But Protestants; for place, power, and wealth, turned their back upon their country, and trampled the interests of their religion into the dust. Catholics and Protestants intermarried freely. The children grew up Romanists, in accordance with the initiatory rites administered in infancy. In glancing at the tabular statements of the respective churches in 1785 and 1850, we find

that Protestants were ruled by a miserable moiety, composed, to a great extent, of the ignorant and oppressed sons of Europe, who were ruled by priests, and whose entire influence was derived from the total abnegation of the rights of self-government. The following statement, made by Rev. Stuart Robinson, of Baltimore, has a direct bearing upon the subject.

He makes the following tabular comparison :

	1785	1850
ROMAN CATHOLIC.		
Number of Priests, - -	24	1,800
Population, - - - -	30,000	2,200,000
METHODIST.		
Number of Ministers, -	1	8,500
Population, - - - -	1,000	6,000,000
BAPTIST.		
Number of Ministers, -	450	10,000
Population, - - - -	40,000	5,000,000
PRESBYTERIAN.		
Number of Ministers, -	177	4,000
Population, - - - -	30,000	2,000,000

"It must be borne in mind," remarks Mr. R., "in this comparison, that several most important abatements are to be made from this view of the Roman Catholic statistics—first: that during this period the filibustering propensities of the American people had bought up, or *fought into*, the original territory, over two millions of square miles, more than twice the original area of the country, *and all that*, save Oregon, perhaps, *Roman Catholic territory*."

"What aid came from that quarter in the way of helping to make up the present two and a quarter

millions of Roman Catholic population may be inferred from the fact that in the summary of the Roman Catholic population, given in the almanac of Messrs. Lucas, from the reports of the bishops of each diocese, out of the 1,996,000 there reported, near 400,000, about one-fifth of the whole, are reported from this *annexed* Roman Catholic territory. Thus: 'New Orleans, 175,000; Natchitoches, 30,000; Santa Fe, 68,000; San Francisco, 70,000; Monterey, 28,000;' etc. From Texas no report. With some half-million of the original stock, or their offspring, thus converted into American Catholics, by *an act of government*, not of the church; and the eleven hundred thousand acknowledged on all hands to be imported, we may be able to account for the remaining eight hundred thousand of Roman Catholic population, much more easily than for the six million Methodists, *even without the help of native converts from Protestantism*. But after an examination of these statistics in the almanac of the Messrs. Lucas, I feel constrained to differ materially from Archbishop Hughes' conjecture of only eleven hundred thousand foreign Catholic population, of the two and a quarter millions, against twelve hundred and odd thousand American born, at least independent of the half million of the annexed and their descendants. In the first place, to read aloud a page of alphabetical roll of the priesthood in the almanac referred to, and then a page of a Methodist Conference roll, or a Presbyterian General Assembly roll, will of itself throw suspicion upon this theory. The large proportion of the sounds of the names utterly impracticable to an English tongue, (I should judge about thirty-five out of fifty on a page,) indicates a far greater proportion

of foreign element in the church. Think of the roll of the ministry of a native American church, that can boast the romantic prefix of '*De*,' twenty-five times repeated, in a roll of eighteen hundred, and the jolly Irish 'O', some eighty-four, (or four-score.) and yet but two John Smiths, three Millers, two Wilsons, and not a Robinson! To the great mass of the people, this fact alone would be very significant."

These facts arrested the attention of American Protestants, and caused a counter-movement, organized in 1841, whose business it became to watch the movements of Popery, and scatter facts among the people, which had a bearing upon the subject. In 1849, the American and Foreign Christian Union was formed by the union of the American Protestant Society and the Foreign Evangelical Society. Rev. H. Norton, author of "Signs of Danger and Promise," and "Startling Facts for American Protestants," was continued in the office of Corresponding Secretary, a position he held with great ability in the American Protestant Society since 1843. He died in 1850, and was succeeded by the present incumbent, Rev. E. R. Fairchild, D. D., under whose successful management the Society has become the center of enlarged and extending influence.

Rev. Robert Baird, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the Union, is a man remarkable for his energy and devotion to the welfare of the papal population, both of the Old and New World.

Born in 1778, and commencing life with no assistant but an indomitable will and an unyielding perseverance of purpose, through the generous aid of friends, he entered upon a collegiate course in Jefferson College,

where he won honors and position, and in time graduating, both from college and the Princeton Theological Seminary, with credit, he at once entered upon the work of instruction, and spent five years, in the capacity of a teacher. As an agent for the American Bible Society, the Missionary Society of New Jersey, and last for the American Sunday School Union, he amassed a store of facts, which directed his attention to the condition of the Roman Catholic church. Eight years more were consumed in foreign travel, where he was made acquainted with the chief dignitaries of the Continent, and with the system of government which served to stultify the reason and corrupt the energies of the priest-ridden throngs which sought a home in America. In 1843, he accepted the office of Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Evangelical Alliance, which office he now retains in the American and Foreign Christian Union. He has visited Europe five times or more, with eminent success. Through his influence, the Protestants of the Old World have been made to sympathize with the workers here—the attention of Christendom has been directed to the aggressions of Rome—the Gospel has been preached to thousands of the deluded votaries of Romanism, thronging our shores, whose souls have been saved by the blood of Christ—the imprisoned in Europe have found strong, earnest, sympathizing friends in America, through whose endeavors their prison-doors have been unlocked, and by whose aid the exiles of persecuted nations have gained homes in our Western valley.

Through his influence, the persecuted exiles of Madeira were welcomed to our shores, and the record of

their martyr sufferings were spread before the world's eye, on the printed page.

There is a galaxy of noble men, whose names will ever shine as stars in the firmament of the religious world, because of their noble daring in setting up the standards of the cross, in places where cowards would not dare to travel. Dowling, Kirwan, Tyng, Hogue, and others, in the hour of peril, rushed to the breach. By them, the confessional has been laid bare. Facts have been scattered broadcast over the land, exposing the nefarious designs of the papacy. The Inquisition has been explored, and the gown of the priest is shown to cover a traitor's heart. By them, the seedling has been planted, which has grown up into the great Native American tree, beneath whose wide-spreading boughs the sons of freedom gather, and sing in glowing strains the songs of liberty.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL QUESTION—ITS
PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION.

It will suffice for our present purpose to notice the characteristics that distinguish this nation, enabling it to take the precedence, in rank and influence, over those occupying territory to the north and south of us.

Did time and space permit, it would be pleasant to go back to the disembarkation of the Pilgrims, who, in the depths of winter, with a scowling sky above, and a frozen earth in front, sought, on this forest continent, freedom to worship God. This was the seedling planted by an Almighty Hand, from which has sprung the arch that now spans the temple of our liberties. It throned us as a city upon a hill, and gave us a power which has been disturbing for more than a half a century the foundations of empire in the Old World.

Our Pilgrim Fathers, as they fled from persecution, brought with them an unacknowledged love for that venerable land they had abandoned forever. They pushed forward into a trackless wilderness, opening up the path of empire before them and leaving behind them the altars of their faith. Upon these altars lights were kindled, which, at first, shone glimmeringly as stars, but which have grown into a constellation of suns that, standing in the Western sky, causes the thrones of Europe to cast the shadow of their evening.

Gold and silver threw a charm about the South, while the furs of the North made commerce desirable, and formed a loadstone to emigration. The Canadas were colonized by the French—South America by the Spaniards. Gaspard de Coligny desired to make Canada an asylum for the oppressed Huguenots. His scheme failed. In Canada, Protestants were denied a home. South America was settled by a government more intolerant than the French. Gold was the object of their worship. Both North and South America were at first colonized by governments. *At length God sent a people here.* These brought with them Bibles, ministers and schoolmasters. Churches and school-houses were built side by side, the one leaning upon and being supported by the other. Principles denied at Quebec were granted at Boston, and the persecuted refugees of Europe were permitted the complete enjoyment of every right municipal and divine. Every enterprise of the Pilgrims began from God. Prior to their departure from England, a solemn fast was held. Anticipating their high destiny and the sublime doctrines of liberty, that would grow out of the principles on which their religious tenets were established, Robinson gave them a farewell, breathing a freedom of opinion and an independence of authority such as then were hardly known in the world. Said he: "I charge you before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go no further than the instruments of their reformation."

Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole council of God. I beseech you remember it—'tis an article of your church covenant, that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God." Such was the tutelage of the settlers of New England. They had flouted custom, laughed at tradition, and, receiving their commission from God, they fled from England to Amsterdam. Still their minds were fettered by restrictions and usages. They desired a wider scope for thought and action. They threw off the fetters that bound them to Luther and Calvin, and followed the teachings of the written Word of God. They had been persecuted by Catholics and Episcopalians alike. A long experience had emancipated them from bigotry, and "they were never betrayed into the excesses of persecution, though they sometimes permitted a disproportion between the punishment and the crime." To enjoy religious freedom they came to America and established a colony in New England. They desired that the additions to their settlement should be from those of similar faith. The principles of the New Testament formed their standard of action. If they erred, all will concede to them honesty of purpose. "Onward" was their motto, and fearlessly they pressed forward into the unexplored realms of truth.

The second prominent feature in their history was their system of Free Schools. "To the end, that learning may not be buried in the graves of our forefathers, it was ordered in all the Puritan colonies, that every township, after the Lord had increased them to

the number of fifty householders, shall appoint one to teach all children to write and read, and when any town shall increase to the number of one hundred families, they shall set up a grammar school, the masters thereof being able to instruct youth so far that they may be fitted for the university." In 1638, Harvard College was founded. In 1639, the press began its work. When New England was poor and weak, learning flourished in her groves and literature was scattered through her homes. Every child received as its birth-right a pledge of the public care for its morals and its mind. Their schools were sustained by contributions which seem trivial and small. Boston gave the rent of a ferry, some gave twelve pence, others a peck of corn, and others still some article of silver, all of which went to foster the growth of learning. The provisions made in New England for the education of the children, became general in the Northern States, and in many of the Southern States. Colleges were founded whose basis of support was lands granted by Congress for their sustenance. State Superintendents are appointed, town libraries established. Thus there is opened for the poor and rich, the high-born and humble, an avenue to knowledge, in which all may become competitors for the prize hanging out alike to all.

For the free instruction of the youth of the Republic there are more than 60,000 schools, which are supported at an annual expense of over six million dollars. These schools have given to the age her Websters, Clays and Calhouns. In them Sumner, Seward and Hale were scholars, and Stephen A. Douglas once boasted the cognomen of pedagogue. When the scepter of

French rule, in Canada, passed into the hands of the English, there was not a printing-press nor a school-house in the province. The people were ruled by priests, and the scepter of oppression was broken by Wolfe on the heights of Abraham.

The altars of the Protestant faith were rebuilt, printing-presses were established, and educational interests were advanced. The Bible was no longer forbidden the people. A new spirit pervaded the institutions of the land and Canada started out in a career of progress. We have seen the origin of our educational system. The rapid strides made by science and truth have exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. Our educational interests, linked as they are to the Bible, underlie every other. They have built this Republic and made it strong and mighty. They have furnished us our Websters, Clays and Calhouns. They have filled our Senate Chambers and Presidential Chair with men whose names shed a halo of glory upon our history. They have made our country the light of the world, and our influence, by means of it, has found its way to all. It could be shown that we are indebted to the intelligence and freedom of our people for our national prosperity, and that whatever tends to destroy this freedom, or weaken this intelligence, should be checked and overcome.

It becomes necessary to show that this school system is the object of the bitterest hate, and most determined opposition, and that if we would preserve intact the privileges and blessings it confers upon the State, it must receive the protection and support of all lovers of a general diffusion of knowledge.

In 1822 the Bethel Baptist church, of the city of New York, made application for a portion of the public funds, to be devoted to the maintenance of certain schools under its supervision. The request was granted. After the lapse of three years it was reconsidered, on the ground that they were not strictly common schools. This decision of 1825 was regarded as settling the principles on which the school-fund was thereafter to be distributed.

On this ground the application of the Catholics in 1831 and '2 for an orphan asylum, was strenuously resisted by the Trustees of the Public Schools. But despite the opposition, and in the face of their own admission of the justice of the principles out of which it arose, the Corporation of New York granted the Catholic petition, "out of pure sympathy," as they said, "for so interesting a charity."

In a short time after this transaction, the Methodists applied for money to aid certain orphan schools, which they were maintaining; but after much discussion the Aldermen refused compliance, by an almost unanimous vote. Thus we see the Catholics were made the exception to the general rule. In 1840 the Catholics, led by Archbishop Hughes, again took the field. They did not come seeking charities, but by one fell stroke to sweep our school system from the board. They did not complain of oppression, nor of being deprived of any rights enjoyed by others, but demanded at the outset, what they claim as theirs, of the school-fund. They found fault with certain reading-books, in general, with the free use of the Bible, in particular.

As a compromise the Bible was banished from the leading public schools of the city. Everything that could

be done to place all upon a common level was performed. But this, instead of satisfying the exacting spirits who had demanded the change, was made, by a most glaring inconsistency, the occasion of a new and more plausible attack. The schools were denounced as "*Anti-Christian, heathen, and godless.*" From pulpit and platform, by speech and press, denunciations were hurled upon them. The system underwent still further changes, in text-books, exercises, and discipline. Thus they met, in the most thorough manner, the cases presented by the Romanists; but they were still unsatisfied. Failing in their attempts before the Common Council, they memorialized the Legislature. This brought the question before the public.

It has been often asserted, by Catholics and Protestants, that Wm. H. Seward, when Governor of New York, urged a compliance with their demands, and became a supporter of the measure. It is not difficult to evidence that this is a mistake worthy of correction. That in his message of 1840 he recommended "that foreigners, who come to settle among us, should be permitted to have their children educated by teachers who speak their own language, and profess a similar faith, and that at the same time they should be permitted to enjoy their proportion of the bounty of the State, provided for the encouragement of popular education," is true. But this Catholics were always allowed to do, when they had a majority in a district, and could control the casting vote in the election of Trustees. In 1841 he again refers to the subject in his message, and says, "Of 1,058 children, in the Alms-house of the city of New York, one-sixth part is of American parentage, one-sixth was born abroad and the remainder were the children of foreigners."

There then is the ground of Gov. Seward's complaint, and the evil which he wishes to remove. He desires to educate the masses, to gather the children of foreigners into the public schools. Not caring so much by whom taught, as to provide a remedy for the truant and idle manner in which the children were brought up. "Of two hundred and fifty children in the House of Refuge, more than one-half were either born abroad, or of foreign parents. Although the excellent public schools in the city of New York, are open to all, and have long afforded gratuitous instruction to all who seek it, nevertheless the evil exists there in the greatest magnitude." For this reason he proposed, that teachers might be secured, who, from their relations to the ignorant masses, would secure their confidence, and win their regard. He continues: "I have not recommended, nor do I seek the education of any class in foreign languages, or in particular creeds or faiths; but fully believing with the author of the Declaration of Independence, *that even error may safely be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it*, and therefore indulging no apprehensions from the influence of any language or creed, among an enlightened people, I desire the education of the entire rising generation in all the elements of knowledge we possess, and in that tongue which is the universal language of our countrymen. To me the most interesting of all our republican institutions is the public schools."

Such was the position of Gov. Seward. Many opposed him, and perhaps as many more sided with him. In 1842 he renews his recommendation in favor of the distribution of the common school money, so as to allow foreigners and Catholics to participate in the bounty of

the State, without a violation of what they deem to be their religious duties to their children. As this is the summary of all that he had previously stated, we will submit the entire clause.

“This proposition to gather the young from the streets and wharves into the nurseries, which the State, solicitous for her security against ignorance, has prepared for them, has sometimes been treated as a device to appropriate the school-fund to the endowment of seminaries for teaching languages and faiths, thus to perpetuate the prejudices it seeks to remove; sometimes as a scheme for dividing that precious fund among a hundred jarring sects, and thus increasing the religious animosities it strives to heal; sometimes as a plan to subvert the prevailing religion, and introduce one repugnant to the consciences of our fellow-citizens; while, in truth, it simply proposes, by enlightening equally the minds of all, to enable them to detect error wherever it may exist, and to reduce uncongenial masses into one intelligent, virtuous, harmonious and happy people. Being now relieved from all such misconceptions, it presents the questions, whether it is easier and more humane to educate the offspring of the poor, than to leave them to grow up in ignorance and vice; whether juvenile vice is more easily eradicated by the Court of Sessions, than by the common schools; whether parents have a right to be heard concerning the instruction and instructors of their children, and tax-payers, in relation to the expenditure of the public funds; whether, in a republican government, it is necessary to interpose an independent corporation between the people and the school-master; and whether it is wise and just to disen-

franchise an entire community of all control over education, rather than suffer a part to be represented in proportion to its numbers and contributions." "Since such considerations are now involved, what has hitherto been discussed as a question of benevolence and universal education, has become one of equal civil rights, religious tolerance, and liberty of conscience."

It will be seen that the avowed object of Gov. Seward was "the education of the entire rising generation in all the knowledge we possess, and in that tongue which is the universal medium of thought for our countrymen." In the same message, he gives it as his opinion that it matters not by whom nor how this end is realized, for even error may safely be tolerated where reason is left. If this is the opinion of Mr. Seward, then we can not see any good reason why he should recommend the distribution of the public money among the different sects by which the religious community is formed. For if there is no danger to be apprehended from the promulgation of error, when the reason is free to combat it, certainly there is no good reason why the Catholics should complain of and find fault with our school system.

No one claims that the reason is fettered, in our public schools, but, on the contrary, the Catholics contend that, the reason left free and the judgment of the children not being matured, they are in danger of becoming luke-warm in their attachment to the Catholic faith, consequently their eternal interests are threatened with shipwreck and disaster. But Mr. Seward occupies entirely different ground from that on which the Catholics rest their hope. The Catholics contend that there is danger—that errors corrupt the faith of their children—

that hosts of them, when they become educated, forsake the church of their fathers, and become aliens and heretics. With the Catholic, the reason, mind and heart must be chained to the empty hulk of the idea of a great church, which is the receptacle of all knowledge and light. A man out of it is not safe. His mind must wear the shackles of a superstitious fear, and be bound to receive the dogmas of popery as truth, however much they may disagree with history and science. The Catholic of to-day is not wiser than those of Galileo's time; nor is he less bigoted or slavish. Mr. Seward contends that the shackles should be thrown off, and that mind, fetterless and free, should be permitted to wander through the great temple of thought, that stands with open doors for all. Mr. Seward, then, though claimed to be the champion of the measure, when judged by the Catholic standard, fails to establish this premise, and therefore the conclusion reached is not logical and is valueless. Again: he proposed this measure that a greater proportion of the children might receive a liberal education; that not only those in the common schools, but those out of them, might all alike receive the blessings prepared for each and all who would accept of the proffered boon. He finds no fault with the schools now taught, indeed, he calls them excellent, and because of the large number of children whose parents were foreigners, who were now crowding our prisons and alms-houses, he proposes that Catholic teachers should be provided, in whom the parents would have confidence.

Mr. Seward differs, in every essential point, with his Catholic neighbors. The Catholics have no commiseration

tion for those in ignorance—about those they are not troubled, their cause of alarm and ground of opposition comes from entirely a different source, viz: because of a fear of losing their influence over the unshackled minds acquiring an education in the common schools.

For this reason, the Catholics, encouraged by their former success, in secret conclave at Baltimore, in the Spring of 1852, resolved to make a united attack upon the system of free schools, from Maine to Alabama—from ocean to ocean. During the ensuing winter, the attack was made. In California, alone, they have been successful. The Catholics boast that the battle commenced shall continue until victory shall perch upon their standards, and the whole fabric of free schools shall be leveled with the ground.

It becomes us, now, to look this question fairly in the face, for it is fast becoming the giant which, laying hold of the pillars of republican institutions, is determined to tear down the Temple of Freedom, if, by so doing, it be engulfed in a common ruin. Though the opposition has been publicly laid aside, yet the determination to fetter their progress is none the less earnest than formerly. The admonition of the great Lafayette, himself a Catholic, is worthy of a place in the memory of every American: "If ever the liberty of this republic is destroyed, it will be by Romish priests." This demands the serious consideration of all who love their country. Leading characters in the Romish church are not backward to assert, that this impudent onset for the purpose of destroying our public school system, shall be a perpetual war till they triumph. "We are only beginning to agitate these questions," says Archbishop

Hughes. And a New York paper adds: "There is every reason to suppose that the effort to ruin the public school system, so long the glory of our State, will be strenuously renewed next winter." "This subject," says the (Catholic) "Freeman's Journal," "contains in it the whole question of the progress and triumphs of the Catholic church in the next generation in this country. Catholics, let us all act together." We are told by the Romanists, that this question will be discussed through all its moods and tenses, and that nothing in the way of argument, complete in all its parts, appealing to reason and sound judgment, has as yet been advanced by the supporters of the present school system.

The course pursued by the Catholics was indicated by the Freeman's Journal, after the defeat of their attempts to overthrow a system established by the wise framers of the Republic. Its language is clear and explicit. It says: "What we Catholics must do, and must do now, is, first, to get our children out of this devouring fire. At any cost, at any sacrifice, we must deliver the children, over whom we have control, from these pits of destruction, which lie invitingly in their way, in the name of Public or Private Schools. We must, wherever there are enough Catholics together to render it possible, organize Catholic schools. Where this is impossible, let parents *withdraw their children* from these places, where they are certain to learn evil, and probably very little but evil, and if they can not have them taught elsewhere, let them be sent to honest labor, or kept from the ways of the destroyer, under the parents' eyes. This withdrawal of Catholic children, *everywhere*,

from the Godless schools, should be their first step. It is lamentable that it has not long ago been taken."

The schools were denounced as unsafe, "the cup presented them, as defiled," and that the Bible read in them was of a version they reject. They contended against sending their children to a school where religious training was practiced, while, by a characteristic inconsistency, they find fault with schools in which the Bible is read, as dangerous in the extreme, rendering their children heretics here and miserable hereafter. They contend that millions in this republic are now being insulted, because they are compelled to pay taxes for the support of schools in which they have not confidence, and to which they can not send their children, but at the abandonment of conscientious scruples. For these, and other similar reasons, they propose to withdraw their support from schools now in existence, not with a view of advocating the claims of a more democratic system, but to tear down the one so productive of good, that upon its ruins one may be reared, in which the youth of our land may learn the dogmas of Popery and become good Catholics. As evidence that we have not overdrawn the picture, let us quote again. After having taken their children out of the "pit of destruction," and having rescued them from the "galling fire of common schools," we must, say they, set to work patiently, calmly, resolutely, perseveringly, to break off from our necks the yoke of State despotism in this and the other States. Said Thomas D'Arcy McGee, an Irish Catholic of some distinction, of Buffalo, in New York, on Monday evening, April 25, 1853:

"There were many theories of education in the world;

there was the Pagan and the Christian theory, and there was the secular or worldly theory. If they wanted their children to grow up in any of those three modes of opinion, then train them according to the principles of those theories of education. As he (Mr. McGee) understood the question, it was this: at the bottom of the Christian theory of education was this principle—that marriage was a sacrament—a sacred, an immutable and a Divine institution. The family formed under that sacrament, so far as they lived up to it, was a sacred institution, and, therefore, the parents were bound morally and spiritually, here and hereafter, for the souls of those children committed to their care. Secular education he understood to be this: That marriage was a mere social contract, dissoluble, under certain circumstances, by legal intervention; and that the children resulting from it were to be considered as mere seeds, to be transplanted into the political nursery of the State as soon as possible. Then they—Irishmen in the United States—had to choose between the two systems. The question with them was practically this: Did the present educational system tend to make good Christians? If it did not, though it gave every one of their children the knowledge of the philosopher's stone, to be able to turn all things into gold, then it was a failure, so far as they were concerned, in the eye of Christianity. It was a miserable French Jacobinical idea that there were such things as children of the State. Such might hold in Sparta, where they all lived in common. No, their children were their own, and it therefore was their prominent duty that their children be educated in Christianity, if they hoped, or expected

them to live as Christians. [Loud applause.] It might take years, and it probably would, and it was better that it should take time than be done suddenly, even if possible—before they could get this question fully understood. But it was the duty of Irishmen in America, as parents of a posterity, to understand this question clearly, and to struggle for the day when it should be generally admitted throughout the United States. On that ground they took their stand; on the ground of the Christian doctrine, that the child belonged to the parent—that its education was the duty of the parent; that the State had no right to interfere; and from that position no obstacles, no *badinage* nor calumny, should drive them.” [Loud applause.]

Such, to a great extent, has been the spirit of the Catholic priesthood, backed up and sustained by a corrupt press. There have been some honorable exceptions—exceptions, where individuals, governed by an enlightened policy and urged forward by disinterested motives, have nobly rallied around, and given their cheerful and undivided support to the present system. They, too, have called it good, generous and wise—calculated to exert a beneficent influence upon society.

“To this Republic,” said the gifted Meagher, “renouncing all foreign powers and potentates, have I taken the oath of allegiance. * * * Faithful to the principles on which this community is formed, faithful to the laws on which it proceeds and operates, faithful to the institutions which distribute the vitality while they secure a unity of the whole, faithful, above all, to that noble system of public schools, which, in the illumination of the public mind, insures the perpetuity

of a condition of government and society based upon intelligence and good sense, qualifying, in each succeeding generation, the entire body of citizens, yet more wisely to exercise their great faculties, diminishing the chances of the impostor, and, in the end, elevating the democracy to the highest level, instead of keeping it to the lowest; the foe of bigotry, from whatever pulpit it may descend, or in whatever garb it may riot or play its maddening pranks. * * * I trust, that if it be the will of Heaven to crown me with the white lilies and the silver crown of age, looking back upon a life well spent, I shall be able to say with the great foe of Cataline, the conspirator against the Roman Commonwealth, '*Rempublicam defensi adolescens, non deseram senex.*'"

Others, among the laity of the Catholic church, have boldly avowed similar sentiments. Columbia's soil is the last place, and the free-born race that walk it have seen too often the contrast which the world at this time presents, to give up the school system at whatever cost. Ireland in rags and Italy immersed in gloom, both countries beggared by priestly rule and shrouded in the gloom of superstition, teach sad lessons. Ignorance is the help-meet of superstition. In her dark caves chains are forged for the limbs, and shrouds are woven for mind and thought. In the sunlight of liberty, genius mounts on untired wing, and the mind finds scope for action, and freedom from restraint.

The school question involves tremendous interests. It has begotten for itself a love, that binds thousands of warm hearts and brawny arms to its support. Foreigners cross the ocean, and sweep westward like a mighty

wave. They come in contact with a busy, intelligent, and thriving population. They see that if their children would become competitors for the honor and wealth to be obtained by diligence and thought, they must educate their heads, and not their arms. The ignorant masses, congregating here from Europe, are destined to form the muscle of the corporate body of our nation. They work our mines, tunnel our mountains, and level our forests. They crowd the church of Rome with votaries, who, led on by a reckless and idolatrous priesthood, are drawn into the rank and file, against which, over and through which, the car of progress is forced to make its way. Light already has penetrated the veil of gloom which has enshrouded their minds. Despite threats and persecutions, the children of the more enterprising are placed in our schools, where they soon learn to respect truth, and detest error. The child is no longer the slave of fear, but vaulting to the great truth of Jefferson, he boldly grapples with error, and sifts from it grains of truth. The idea of Denunciation, Purgatory, and what else following in their train, are treated with contempt. He casts behind him his fetters, and walks the earth a freeman. In this fact lies the secret of the opposition. Let the heaven-born radiance of truth find a channel in education, to the minds of priest-ridden millions, and no amount of priestly craft can longer impede their march. They will be skilled in science and art. Letters will cultivate their tastes, enlarge their views, and administer to their enjoyment. Around an interest so dear to the reflective, our public men rallied with steadfast zeal. In New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, and various other States,

where the system was assailed, the language of the reports displayed a wise foresight, and appreciation of the merits of the system which enabled an enlightened public safely to entrust this principle to their hands. Their reports coincide very nearly with that of the New York Legislature, the conclusion of which reads as follows :

“ Had the founders of this system, at any stage of its progress, parceled out the bounty of the State for the support of Common Schools, in favor of those based upon the peculiarities of any party, or any sect ; or upon any of the arbitrary or conventional distinctions that prevail in civilized society, your Committee believe that its strength would have been frittered away and lost, amid the jealousies and contentions it would have engendered ; that it would have added a new, if not a fearful element to the bitterness of religious and sectarian controversy, a controversy which this circumstance alone, would have directed with crushing force against the utility and stability of our present great system of primary instruction. And your Committee, instead of being able to report at this time nearly twelve thousand school-houses in the State, in successful operation, in which nearly one million of children have received the benefits of a common education during the past year, and supported at an expense (for teachers' wages alone), of more than one and a half millions of dollars, it would have been called upon to report upon the wreck of a system, efficient only in flooding the country with the bitter waters of partisan strife, and of religious and sectarian controversy.

“ The genius of our institutions is pre-eminently that

of universal religious toleration, and it should never be overlooked for a moment, in our legislation upon the management of the Common Schools of the State; hence, by granting the prayers of these petitioners, we recognize the principle that each one of the organized sects, or religious denominations, in this State, may establish their schools, and be entitled to a share of the Common School fund for their support. Granting this privilege to one sect, would open the door for applications for every sect and denomination in the State; and in view of their number, the conflicting and contradictory nature of their tenets, we should regard as suicidal the attempt to embrace them in the system of our Common Schools, or sustain them by its funds.

“Grant the prayer of these petitioners, and a flood-gate of ruin is opened upon our Common School system, which future legislation would hardly be able to restrain; for under our system of religious toleration, no resting place would be found, until our magnificent school-fund was subdivided among every denomination in the State, from the ancient and venerable establishment of the Roman Catholic church, down to the conventicles of the spiritual mediums of these latter times.

“The effects of fractionizing our school-fund among religious denominations, seems, to your Committee, to be easily calculated. Hence, your Committee should regard the first step of the government in that direction, with the utmost anxiety and alarm, as a fatal blow struck at the prosperity and utility of a system of primary education, which has already become the pride of the State, and the wonder of the age. Your Committee, therefore,

unanimously present the following resolution, and recommend its passage :

“ *Resolved*, That the prayer of the petitioners should not be granted.

“ ASHBEL PATERSON,

NICH. C. BLAUVELT,

WM. W. FORSYTH,

WM. TAYLOR,

DANIEL STEWART, *Committee.*”

It was evidenced in every direction, that its hold upon the minds of men, was so deep and strong that it was impossible to disturb the solid foundations on which it rests for a support.

This fact established, the Catholics, to a great extent, withdrew their children from the public, and placed them in their parochial schools, established by the priests. It is a well established fact, that these schools, under the guardianship of the priests and bishop, are valueless. The exercises are made up principally of the rudiments of theology, and are such as lead the boys to shun the processes to which they are subjected in the school-room. Hence they become truants, not permitted to attend the public schools, and acquire vicious habits, in their wanderings about the city. The result is, that scarcely a boy can be found in the Catholic schools of our large cities, to exceed fourteen years of age. They are called free schools, yet such is not the case. Those that attend them are invited to pay from six to twelve cents per week. At the same time, those not able to pay it, are permitted to come. But from the fact that some do, and that all are expected to pay this sum, those not having the means, or not caring to use them for such a purpose, are content to allow their children to grow up in ignorance.

It has been well said, that "no one will deny the right of any sect to establish schools among themselves for the instruction of their children. But while this is true, it would be equally absurd to approve, as republicans, of a course calculated to weaken our influence over the masses that are thronging our shores. They learn, in sectarian schools, to regard themselves as a distinct sect, a people with scarcely a single interest in common with their neighbors. They grow up foreigners, though invested with the functions of citizens. It is notorious that the range of studies in these church schools is very restricted, and that children confined to them can not attain the generous culture which our public schools afford. Such children are not taught what it most concerns them to know, as future republicans. They are not instructed in reference to the nature of our institutions; but, what is more, they are inspired with the most active jealousy, if not filled with the most bitter hatred, of all other denominations. They are led to make it a matter of conscience to support their church, at whatever pecuniary sacrifice to themselves, and at whatever risks to the interests of the Commonwealth."

The question to be decided by the citizens of the Republic is this: *How shall Americans be educated?* Doubt history, ye who can; but if the past is capable of teaching useful lessons—if the experience of a thousand years is worth anything—it shows that it is not safe to entrust the measureless interests of education to that church which created the deep, dense gloom of the dark ages.

Go to Italy, and you see thousands of intelligent men

going through with the debasing mummeries of superstition, while they are rendered unfit to discharge the responsibilities of life, and are only able, from training and association, to become servants and hirelings of a church, which fills that sunniest of all climes with beggars and serfs. The same is true all over Catholic Europe; it is true of Ireland, and, alas! it is but too true of Canada and South America. A gentleman educated in a Canadian college, in speaking of their system of education, says: "The Canadian clergy seek, evidently, to prepare young men in their colleges, for nothing else but places in their ranks. Therefore, if a young man choose a worldly avocation, his eyes are dazzled by the multiplied phases into which the life he has entered revolves around him. Feelings and opinions, that he never dreamed of before, assail the narrow conceptions which he has been taught to nourish in his mind. He comes forth like a man long withdrawn from the light of the sun, to find himself amid new and and wonderful objects, which he can not grasp, because he is too busy with their contemplation. * * * In those colleges, where instruction purports to be given in the elements, as well as in the more advanced branches of learning, it is remarkable how deficient a scholar is in commercial qualifications and mechanics. A jealous conservatism presides over Canadian collegiate education. The proscription of newspapers, proves this assertion to be correct. Therefore, in view of the fact that, until within a few years, the priesthood have held all the French educational establishments of the country under their immediate control, we can easily account for the backward state of things in Lower Canada, and the

tameness of the population."^o But this is the system of education which many would gladly force upon us, and which too many are willing should occupy the proud position occupied by the one that claims the respect of all.

The nunneries of this land are particularly deserving of attention. They are tools placed in the hands of the church for propagating the faith among Protestants. For this reason, they will educate Protestant children at less expense than Catholics. Every attention is bestowed upon them. The Sisters of Charity, by kindness, flattery and insinuating acts of devotion, exercise an influence over them, which, oftentimes, destroys their confidence in the Bible, and produces an impression upon their minds, which is only deepened by remonstrance and advice. "Every part of the great machine called popery is of such a nature as requires study to be fully understood." Protestant parents can not believe that there is danger in allowing children to receive their education from Catholic hands. They will not believe it until they find them, in secret, counting their beads and performing orisons to the Virgin Mary. Instances innumerable could be given to substantiate this position. The disclosures of convent life have been substantiated. They are real facts, occurring in the history of hundreds of young women, fascinated by the quiet beauty that characterizes the exterior of these institutions. But when it is shown that they lose not only their happiness, but their virtue, then the charm is dissipated.

On July 7th, 1854, William Adams, Mayor of Alle-

^o Life in a Canadian College, April, 1853.

ghany City, Pa., took a deposition from a young lady, possessed of great wealth, who had been placed in the palace of the bishop. She testified to the course of the bishop, in language which we prefer not to quote. Suffice it to say, that her person was violated, and that when she resisted, she was told "not to resist a bishop or priest, because, if she did, she would not get a reward in the other world, and escape the torments of purgatory." She also told of the results of the illicit intercourse with the Sisters of Charity, made apparent by the stench of the dead bodies of babies, put to death to avoid detection. The threats made to Miss Bunkley—the attempts made to suppress her story—the course pursued by different Catholic nunneries in New England, where girls were caught in the streets, and confined against their will—the hundreds of Protestant girls constantly being entangled in the meshes of popery—speak in thunder-tones of denunciation against the institutions, that lie in the path of truth, like pit-falls for the ignorant and unskillèd. "Let me not be told," said Jabez D. Hammond, in his *Political History of New York*,* "that all is safe, and that no danger is to be apprehended—that more than three-score years have elapsed since we sprung into existence as an independent, sovereign republic—that notwithstanding the turbulence and high heat of party strife, and the whirlpools of faction, which from time to time have threatened the destruction of our institutions, all things continue as they were—that the experiment has been successfully made, and that we may safely anticipate the perpetual enjoyment of

* Volume 2, page 534.

our civil and religious rights. I am firmly convinced, it would be unwise in us to relinquish that unceasing vigilance which we have been solemnly assured is the price of liberty, and contentedly confide in these representations. The great mass of emigrants from Europe are composed of a class of men, the least enlightened, and most vicious of the inhabitants of that continent, and the tide of emigration from the Old World has, for several of the last years, been astonishingly great, and is increasing." When, therefore, we recollect that the right of suffrage is now universal, and that the majority of the people are our sovereigns, is there not reason to fear, that the elements of ignorance and vice, which still exist among us, will combine and produce an explosion, which will bury in ruins this fair fabric of liberty and law, created by the labors, and cemented by the blood of our fathers? May I not be permitted to say, that although the "Ides of March" have come, they have not passed?

Again I ask, how are our institutions to be perpetuated? How is the prosperous career of the State to be secured? I answer briefly: 1. By inducing in the rising generations, habits of industry, sobriety, and temperance. 2. By early impressing upon the mind of every child, the leading principles of civil and religious liberty, and the duty of sustaining and preserving order and law. 3. By encouraging and improving our Common Schools, by causing every child to be instructed in them, and by establishing a mode of instruction in these institutions which shall not only enlighten the intellect, but also affect the morals, and reach the hearts of the pupils.

"We are looking," said the benevolent and eloquent Dr. Channing, "as never before, through the disguises and envelopments of rank and classes to the common nature which lies below them, and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it, has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, and of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely."

These are the sentiments and opinions of men who have studied the workings of our political system. The responsibility of the American citizen is weighty. The trust reposed in him involves the destinies of countless millions, who are destined to people this vast area of freedom. If, like citizens good and true, we discharge the duty imposed upon us, then we may indulge the belief that the most sanguine hopes of the patriot will be realized, the march of this brotherhood, belted by the ties of a common interest and destiny, will be onward, and that continually; and our country will be distinguished, as well by her moral elevation and intellectual superiority, as by wealth and secular power.

When the French stood on the plains of Egypt, facing the infuriated Mamelukes, Napoleon pointed their eyes to the pyramids, and exclaimed, "*Soldiers, twenty centuries behold your actions!*"

Would that it were our province to sound the note of alarm in the ear of every American, as he stands facing the foe of Europe, of progress, and enlightenment—the *church of Rome*—he would point their eyes, not to the old grave-stones of Egyptian kings, not to the monuments

that line the path our fathers trod, but to the hopes that tinge with their golden light, the altars of our country, on which rest the world's great hope.

To the nations of the globe, our country is as a city throned upon a hill. Its light has gone out along the lines of men, cheering the peasant, and blenching the cheek of the king. We would point them to our noble system of free schools, the urn of hope for the nation—these schools constitute the rock against which the floods of ignorance are to dash in vain—they constitute the citadel of our strength, from whose high battlements and towers our country's prophets can read the signs of the times, by piercing with their keen vision, the murky veil of error and superstition ; by warning us of the clouds rising in the sky, and pointing the eye forward, like the seers of Judea, to the promised deliverance close at hand, they will lead the nation out of the wilderness of error, into that land veined by crystal streams, which take their rise at the fountain of Inspired Truth.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHURCH PROPERTY BILL.

Its history—The Bill of Senator James O. Putnam, of New York—
The charges preferred by Hon. Erastus Brooks against Archbishop Hughes.

THE history of the Church Property Bill throws additional light upon the machinations of the Papal hierarchy, and presents in the clearest light, tangible evidence that the influences of republican institutions are permeating the masses that congregate in the cathedrals and obey the behests of the mother church. It shows that many belonging to her communion are possessed of a spirit of resistance to the domination of the priesthood, and that they propose to avail themselves of the rights of citizenship as it respects property, thought, and action.

The priesthood seem desirous of establishing in America the blighting despotism of Europe. Whenever they take the field, they keep the institutions of Rome in their eye and the love of the Pope—not of God nor man—but of the Pope in their heart. When O. A. Brownson lectured in New Orleans in 1855, he said, “the majority have no right to rule in America,” and contended “that the church must become the arbiter between the State and the subject.” But the people seem to think differently. The hope was entertained by the priesthood that our system of free schools would be destroyed, and that the influence of a general enlight-

enment might be restrained. Failing here, and fearing lest she should lose the vast possession acquired, she made repeated endeavors to get into the hands of her several bishops the control of the entire secular interests of the church. In 1853, a bill was introduced into the New York senate authorizing the bishop to hold all church property as a trustee. This bill proposed to invest the Archbishop with all the property pertaining to the church; not only the colleges, theological seminaries, schools, convents, and nunneries, but all the lands and bequests and the particular property of every individual congregation of that body; all this was to be vested in the bishop, and that too whether the people elect or not.

This was but the renewal of an old strife which dates its origin back to the year 1829, at which time it was discovered by the prelates of the Catholic church that under American institutions, the system of committing the control of church temporalities to the laity led to a degree of independence of the priesthood, not in keeping with the absolutism of the Catholic hierarchy. Its tendency was to divide power with the clergy. To meet this difficulty, the following ordinance was passed in the Grand Council of Bishops, held at Baltimore, Oct. 1, 1829:

“COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE, Oct. 1, 1829.

Whereas lay trustees have frequently abused the right (*jure*) granted to them by the civil authority, to the great detriment of religion and scandal of the faithful, we most earnestly desire (*optamus maxime*), that in future no church be erected or consecrated unless it be assigned by a written instrument to the bishop in

whose diocese it is to be erected for the Divine worship and use of the faithful, whenever this can be done.

Approved by Gregory XVI. Oct. 16, 1830.

This, it will be observed, was expressive of no more than an earnest desire. It was an appeal to the *amicability* of the Catholic congregations.

The appeal failed of its purpose, and so much were the people disinclined to comply with this policy, when not urged as a *right*, that another step was taken in 1849, at the seventh Provincial Council of Bishops of the United States, held at Baltimore, when a measure of revolution was adopted, no less than the divesting of the Catholic laity of all power over church temporalities, and its centralization in the hands of the priesthood.

The fourth article of the ordinance of that Assembly is as follows :

ART. IV. The Fathers ordain that all churches, and all other ecclesiastical property, which have been acquired by donations or the offerings of the faithful, for religious or charitable use, belong to the bishop of the diocese ; unless it shall be made to appear, and to be confirmed by writings, that it was granted to some religious order of monks, or to some congregation of priests for their use.

In January, 1855, Hon. James O. Putnam, an American senator from Buffalo, N. Y., introduced into the New York senate a bill of which the following is an abstract :

An Act in relation to Conveyances and Devises of Personal and Real Estate for religious purposes :

Sec. 1. Provides that no grant or devise of personal

or real estate to, nor any trust of such estate for the benefit of any person in, any ecclesiastical office and his successors, shall vest any interest in such person or his successors.

Sec. 2. Provides that no grant, conveyance, or devise of real estate, dedicated or appropriated, or intended so to be, to religious purposes, shall vest any interest or estate in any person, unless the grant or devise be to a corporation of the congregation or society occupying such property, to be organized under the act in relation to the incorporation of religious societies.

Sec. 3. Provides that all grants and devises of such property heretofore made to any ecclesiastical office, for the use of any congregation or society, and that upon the death of the person holding title thereto, the same shall vest in the corporation formed by the congregation or society.

Sec. 4. Provides that in the event no such corporation shall exist at the time of the decease of the ecclesiastic holding title, the same shall vest in the State.

Sec. 5. Provides that the Attorney General of the State shall convey any property so escheated to the corporation formed by the society or congregation, whenever the evidence of such corporation shall be produced.

It was introduced in accordance with an expressed wish, in the form of a petition from a number of Catholics, who had suffered from the arbitrary course pursued by their bishop after the visit of the Pope's Emissary, Bedini, to this country.

The church of St. Louis desired to conform, not only in their charter, but in their acts, to the Constitution

of the State. The Bishops resisted their attempts and endeavored to circumvent their wishes by policy, spiritual bulls and bulls not spiritual. "The bill introduced seeks," said Mr. Putnam, "uniformity in the tenure of church property. While my attention has, as a legislator, been called to the questions involved, I have been sensible of the importance of maintaining to all citizens of every shade of religious sentiment, the constitutional guarantee of the 'free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship.' While I believe this principle is in no measure violated by the bill proposed, I remember that even this guarantee is made by the fundamental law, subject to the condition, 'that it do not lead to practices inconsistent with the peace or safety of the State,' *salus populi, suprema lex*, is the paramount idea of the Constitution. This bill interferes with no belief, it strikes at no general and long established policy of any church, or of any body of religionists. It simply provides for the vesting of the title of lands dedicated to religious uses, in Trustees of the congregation enjoying the same, in accordance with a law and policy of the State which are almost co-existent with its incorporation into the Federal Union. It may lead us to a better appreciation of this subject if we refer to that policy, and to the motives which led to its adoption.

"The organization of New York, like that of her sister colonies, into a free and independent State, was the result of the triumph of the popular principle of the right of man to self-government.

"That organization was the overthrow of all political power not emanating from the popular will, and of all

undue prerogative on the part of a priesthood. New York, as she shared its labors and sacrifices, fully sympathized with the spirit of the Revolution, and has ever adhered to the republican policy in all matters pertaining to church or to State. If the founders of our State government were careful to secure to the people the right of governing themselves, and to throw around the citizen the safeguards of a constitutional liberty, they were no less careful to confine the clergy within their legitimate sphere as spiritual guides. This jealousy of clerical influence is one of the most marked features of our first State Constitution. Let us look for a moment at the rock from which we were hewed. It is well, at times, to trace the stream back to its fountain.

The preambles of sections thirty-eight and thirty-nine, of our first State Constitution, which are declaratory of the free exercise of religious liberty, are as follows:

38. And whereas we are required by the benevolent principles of rational liberty, not only to expel civil tyranny, but also to guard against *that spiritual oppression and intolerance* wherewith the bigotry and ambition of weak and wicked *priests* and princes have scourged mankind, this convention doth, &c., (declaration of free exercises of religion here follows.)

39. And whereas the ministers of the Gospel are, by their profession, dedicated *to the service of God and the cure of souls, and ought not to be diverted from the great duties of their function*; therefore no minister, &c., (concludes with a declaration of their ineligibility to any civil or military office.)

Thus it appears that at the very origin of our State government, when was settled the policy that should exist for ages, with such modifications as a progressive civilization, and an advancing sentiment of liberty might require, our fathers recorded their experience of past oppression under priestly rule, and declared it to be their conviction that the safety of the State from "spiritual oppression and intolerance," depended upon the limitation of the authority of the clergy to what they might legitimately acquire in their office as spiritual teachers. Very soon after the adoption of the Constitution, in 1784, the Legislature was called upon to form a system of government of church temporalities, and one was carefully perfected in entire harmony with the theory of our political institutions.

Leaving the clergy "to the service of God and the cure of souls," they secured the independence of the laity, and the rights of conscience, by the most practical imitation of the power of the priesthood which could be obtained by legislation. The act of 1784 "to provide for the incorporation of religious societies," and which is substantially the act under which all church property, until very recently, has been held, provided that the title of such property should be vested in trustees elected by the church, congregation or society, occupying and using the same for purposes of religious worship. Slight modifications of that act have been made to meet the practice of two or three denominations of Christians, but none of them yielding the great principle, that the laity should have the substantial control of the property through their representatives elected by the body of the church or congregation.

This develops to us the policy of the State, and the Constitution from which we have quoted reveals the consideration which led to its adoption.

It is a policy alike cautious and republican. It recognizes the justice of placing the control of consecrated property in the hands of those by whose sacrifices and bounty it was acquired. It manifests that jealousy of the power of the priesthood, not necessarily incident to their spiritual office, which their own experience, as well as the history of centuries of contest, between the clergy and the laity, could not but awaken. This act secured the rights of conscience and the freedom of worship. It realized a central idea of the Revolution—a separation of Church and State. It was a practical embodiment of the American sentiment: "A PRIEST FOR THE PEOPLE, AND NOT THE PEOPLE FOR A PRIEST."

Under this act, all the religious societies of the State soon organized. Protestant and Catholic alike availed themselves of its provisions, and the line of demarcation of power between the clergy and the laity, contemplated by the Constitution, and defined by this enactment, has been carefully preserved until within the last few years. If it sometimes facilitated a change of dogmas in the faith of the worshipers of a particular congregation, it has been supposed that what was lost to a self-claimed orthodoxy, was more than gained to the rights of conscience and the freedom of inquiry.

Under this republican policy, the different denominations of Christians have grown powerful in numbers and influence, without any abatement, on the part of the people, of respect for their spiritual teachers. On the contrary, by divesting the clergy of all power over

the church temporalities, and thus removing a cause of jealousy and strife, unhappy collisions have been avoided, and they have lived as the spiritual guides and the friends of their people, who, in turn, have reposed in them that confidence, and yielded to them that esteem, which belong to consistent piety, and to useful lives.

Immediately upon the promulgation of the resolution of the Baltimore Council, held in 1849, the bishops, in their respective dioceses throughout the United States, commenced the effort to obtain the surrender of all corporate churches, on the part of their congregations, and the transfer to them, individually, of the titles of church property, cemeteries, seminaries of learning, hospitals, etc., etc. In most instances in this State, it being made a test of good Catholicism, these transfers were made without protracted resistance. In other instances, among congregations imbued with the spirit of our free institutions, and who had learned to recognize as just, the division of power between the clergy and the laity, which our civil polity has established, this demand was resisted. The Catholic laity claimed that their rights did not exist by mere sufferance of the clergy. That having organized into corporations, in pursuance of our laws, they were bound, as good citizens, to abide by the policy of that government whose protection they enjoyed. When this resistance was protracted, it led to the most unhappy controversies. And wherever the congregations have finally refused to yield their franchise, and surrender their titles, in obedience to the Baltimore ordinance, they have suffered the severest penalties, which can, in this country, be inflicted upon the Catholic communicant. The church of St. Louis, in the city of Buffalo, is one of

the congregations who have adhered to the policy of the State. This congregation is composed of a French and German population, most of whom have been for many years residents of the United States.

Their petition to this body details an unhappy controversy of several years. The real estate upon which this church edifice was erected, was, in 1829, conveyed for the use of a Catholic congregation, to be thereafter organized, by the late Louis Le Couteulx, a man most honorably associated with the history of his adopted city and State. In 1838, the congregation was organized under the laws of this State, and seven trustees elected, in whom the title was vested, by virtue of the act in relation to religious corporations, before the passage of the Baltimore ordinance. Bishop Hughes "attempted to compel the trustees to convey the title of this church property to him." After the Baltimore ordinance, more vigorous measures were set in operation by the bishop of that diocese, to compel the transfer of the title. A son of the grantor of the land made a visit to the head of the church at Rome, to obtain an equitable adjustment of the controversy. The result was the deputation of Archbishop Bedini, a Nuncio of the Pope, to visit the church, and, if possible, settle its difficulties. The Nuncio refused any terms except those which had been previously made by the bishop, in compliance with the Baltimore ordinance and transfer of title. In September last, the bishop made his final proposition for an adjustment, which was rejected.

For this adhesion to our laws, on the part of the St. Louis congregation, their trustees have been excommunicated. Every sacrament, every sacred privilege most

dear to the sincere Catholic, have been denied the members of the congregation.

In their petition they say :

“ For no higher offense than simply refusing to violate the Trust Law of our State, we have been subjected to the miseries of excommunication, and have had our names held up to infamy and reproach. For this cause, too, have the entire congregation been placed under ban. To our members the holy rites of baptism and burial have been denied. The marriage sacrament is refused. The priest is forbidden to minister at our altars. In sickness, and at the hour of death, the holy consolations of religion are withheld. To the Catholic churchman it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the magnitude of such deprivations.

“ We yield to none in attachment to our religion, and cheerfully render to the bishop that obedience in spiritual matters, which the just interpretation of our faith may require ; but in respect to the temporalities of our church, we claim the right of obeying the laws of the State, whose protection we enjoy.”

While the bishops have been securing the transfer to themselves of the title of church property, consecrated at the time of the action at Baltimore, they have taken, in every instance in this State, so far as I can ascertain, the title of all property, which, since that time, has been purchased for church, educational, or charitable purposes, in connection with the Catholic communion. In the county of Erie alone, nearly sixty different conveyances of lands have been made to John Timon, the bishop of the Buffalo diocese, during the last seven years ; and the value of this property is estimated at over one million of dollars.

This property consists of sites of churches, cathedrals, hospitals, and educational establishments, beside a large amount of yet vacant lands. Some estimate may be formed of the vast aggregate of property now vested in the three Catholic bishops of New York, from this statement in relation to a single county, which contains but one city, and that having but seventy thousand inhabitants. The legal effect of this proprietorship in the bishop, is to vest the absolute title in him as an individual, so that were he to die intestate, it would go to his heirs. But it is presumed that he lives with an executed will, which devises this property to his successors in office, thus practically creating a close corporation sole in the bishop of the diocese.

The concluding remarks of the eloquent senator embrace so many points and suggestions, pertinent to the question, that we give them entire:

“Why was this ordinance of Baltimore enacted, transferring the consecrated property of two millions of American citizens, for a half hundred foreign priests? Why was this policy adopted for free America, which can exist nowhere except with the most absolute governments of Europe? Sir, it was a stroke of policy worthy the conception of a Hildebrand, far-seeing, appreciative of the contagious character of our institutions, and of their influence on the American Catholic mind. No wonder it met the approval of the Roman Pontiff. That policy—perhaps the confession is indiscreet; but I do not purpose any concealment in what I have to say—was necessary to retain the absolute ascendancy of their priesthood over the Catholic communion. Nothing short of this concentration of power and influence could retain, in blind

subservience, a generation of Catholics born under our government. He would be comparatively a wise man who should hope to press down, with the palm of his hand, the heavings of the volcano, or, by a word, to appease the spirit of the storm, as it rides forth on the blast—to him who should hope for the birth and education, under our republican system, of a generation of men, of a foreign parentage, who would bear the yoke of priestly rule as tamely as did their fathers. There is contagion in the spirit of liberty. Undoubtedly, that “abuse,” spoken of in the Baltimore ordinance, which consists in a claim, on the part of the laity to be represented in the temporal power of the church, and to seek its own adaptation to our own general system of rule, did exist, even as early as 1829. That it now exists to a degree which threatens to weaken the power of the clergy over matters not legitimate to them, is evidenced by the struggle between the laity and the priesthood, in almost every State in the Union. Not in the church of Buffalo, alone, is found this spirit of *protest* against the absolute claims of the clergy. The church of St. Peter’s, of Rochester, is in the same controversy; and in other congregations, I understand, in the cities of Troy and New York, in Cincinnati, in Louisville, in Detroit, indeed all over the country, either covertly, or openly, are to be found in the Catholic mind, the workings of the republican leaven. I do not mean by this, that any revolution is in progress, in relation to mere theologic questions. I believe there are none; but the controversy is purely in relation to questions of control, and of limitation of the clerical power to their office as spiritual teachers.

“But the church will answer me, that unless the priest

control the altar, there is danger of schism, and that it will invite their people to protest against church dogmas and church polity. I would reply, that this is the land of dissent, that its institutions tolerate and invite dissent, that they were founded by those who were said by England's most philosophic statesman, to have embraced a religion which was the very "dissidence of dissent," and that its government can not employ itself in forging chains for the human mind, or fetters for the conscience. On the contrary, it encourages research, it is hopeful, and not fearful of schisms growing out of enlightened inquiry, in all questions of policy, or faith. Its distrust is of the individual. Its confidence is in the species. In an earlier day, when were urged to Parliament the same reasons for forbidding the publication of dissenting opinions, Milton, that

Great orb of song,

uttered a sentiment worthy of him and of his age, and which is expressive of the confidence of the spirit of American democracy. 'When the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly, that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest controversy, and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, by casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption, to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages.'

"Was it not our country upon which the prophetic vision of his mind rested in that sublime rhapsody, when even his genius was kindled with unwonted fires?"

“ ‘Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle, renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and, in their envious gabble, would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.’

“No, sir, the Catholic Hierarchy cannot ask our government to aid in perpetuating its venerable dogmas of faith, or its hoary political abuses. The day has passed in all governments embodying in any considerable degree the popular element, which regards the plea of *prescription* in behalf of ancient opinions, errors, or systems. The age is a living demurrer to this defense.

“Our government has but one reply to this cry of alarm, that in republicanizing the system of rule over Church temporalities, we weaken the tie between the priest and the people, and invite to independency and dissent.

“Being a government of dissent, and popular in all its theory, it can not be moulded to meet more absolute systems of rule. It admits the transplantation to its soil of every exotic, spiritual or political, that can find it genial to its nature. Whether they are so, and can bear the transplantation, or whether they languish and die, is of no interest to the genius of American Democracy. Its office is spent when it has taken care that

the State suffer no detriment, and that there spring up in its midst no hostile element of power.

“ I know the Catholic priesthood have no sympathy with these sentiments, nor with the spirit of the age which generates them. They as stoutly deny the rights we claim for their people as they did under the iron rule of the Gregories. Upon every other system, which has come in contact with modern civilization, more or less impression has been made, modifying their severe features, and conforming them to the more liberal system of the age. But the Procrustean bed of Catholic politics remains unchanged. In the crucible of the Centuries its system of rule has undergone no transmutation. It took Anglo-Saxon Protestantism about one century to work out its illiberality and intolerance. It did not spring, like Minerva, from the head of Jupiter, a complete creation from its birth. In Old England and in New, its origin was marked by the sentiment of a persecuting age, and blood was found upon its garments. But it bore within itself the elements of its own purgation, and to-day it stands before the world regenerated from its intolerance.

“ The great end to be attained by this bill, as I have argued at length, is to divest the clergy of the power of control over church temporalities. The only modification of this bill I have heard suggested, authorizes the bishop of the diocese to appoint three trustees, should the congregation decline to avail themselves of their legal privileges of incorporation. This would, in my judgment, leave the evil almost untouched. The result would be, that the discipline which has compelled so many congregations to surrender their charters,

would be brought to bear upon them to compel them to waive their rights under the bill, and allow the bishop to select his own trustees. This was the very point which Bishop Timon was at last prepared to yield to the church of St. Louis. Of course the bishop would, in every instance, select the most facile instruments, who would be invested with a nominal authority, but leaving the control still absolute in himself. To resist his will would require as much fortitude then as now : and how few congregations but would endure almost any privation, rather than suffer as all resisting Catholic congregations have suffered. I take the liberty of reading an extract from a letter addressed to me by an eminent Catholic, and a trustee of the church of St. Louis in Buffalo, bearing witness to these persecutions. He says :

“ ‘ In the United States of late years, the archbishops and bishops, setting their will above the laws, met in a synod at Baltimore, and adopted a decree, by which no church was to be consecrated if not previously deeded to the archbishop or bishop in whose diocese it was situated ! Not satisfied with that awful step, they declared an unrelenting war against all the incorporated Catholic congregations, and by incessant demands, threats, all kinds of religious deprivations, and lastly, by excommunication, succeeded in destroying those lawful associations.

“ ‘ In Buffalo, there is now but the St. Louis Catholic church which is incorporated, but to what religious deprivation have they not been condemned by their bishop for their resistance to his will ? Their priests taken away from their church, the congregation deprived of

religious marriage, the sick of the holy sacraments, and their trustees excommunicated!! Indeed, it is no wonder, after so much suffering, that so many Catholic congregations should have submitted to their bishops in annulling their charters and deeding their churches to them.

Says the Nuncio Bedini, in his farewell letter to the Church of St. Louis, "The bishop does not ask for himself the administration; he is ready to place it in the hands of members of your own congregation, but *appointed by him!*"

In his farewell letter to Bishop Timon, in alluding to the "obstinacy" of the congregation, he foreshadows the awful denunciations to which they have been subjected. "I consider them as not being Catholics at heart, and Rt. Rev. sir, should your Episcopal ministry inspire you to declare so, *in any way*, in order that good Catholics may know who are their brethren and who are not, I leave it to your discretion and to your holy inspirations." So much for the former governor of Bologna and his tender mercies, alike tender to the brave Uggo Bassi, in whom were rekindled the ancient patriotism and genius of Italy, and to the persecuted church of St. Louis.

How do the horrors of the fatal "*interdict*" rush upon our minds as we read this conflict between the people and the priest!

Wordsworth's sonnet was written of another age and country, but its application is not at all inappropriate to republican America.

"Realms quake by turns, proud arbitress of Grace,
The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the power

She arrogates o'er Heaven's eternal door,
Closes the gates of every sacred place.
Straight from the Sun and tainted air's embrace,
All sacred things are covered; cheerful morn
Grows sad as night, no seemly garb is worn,
Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smile of greeting. Bells are dumb,
Ditches are graves, funeral rites denied,
And in the church-yard he must take his bride,
Who dares be wedded. Fancies thickly come
Into the pensive heart, ill-fortified,
And comfortless despairs the soul benumb."

I can not resist the impulse to read one additional paragraph from the same letter, expressing the sentiment of a vast body of intelligent Catholics throughout the land. He says:

"It is highly time that the Legislature should cast an eye of commiseration and protection upon us, by the adoption of a law putting a stop to the encroachments of the bishops and Catholic clergy in general, specifying that all church property should only be possessed by their right owners, the people who have paid for them." I will only add that this is but one of many similar expressions I have received from the Catholic laity of different congregations in the State. And has it come to this, that the Catholic laity of our State implore its Legislature to "commiserate and protect" them from ecclesiastical outrage? Will New York refuse this protection? They have asked for bread; will she give them a stone? They have asked that she maintain the spirit of her own laws; will she allow it to be borne down by the despotic policy of a priesthood?

I said, in the outset of my remarks, that this bill struck at no universal practice of the church.

In France, the temporal administration of the church is in the council of *Fabrique*, (board of trustees,) who are chosen by the municipal council, the latter being elected by the people in the several communes. In part of the German States, Belgium and other parts of the continent, which have been under the French domination, the Catholic temporalities are administered in the same manner, by laymen. The same exists in Switzerland.

In France, the clergy can not accept donations by will, or otherwise, for any benevolent establishment, without the sanction of the government, and then it is to be under the control of the civil power.

Thus it will be seen that the policy which has confiscated twenty-five millions of property, belonging to two millions of American citizens, to a half-hundred priests, whose first allegiance is to the Papal See—is a policy especially reserved for republican America! This offshoot of absolutism, which can flourish nowhere outside of Spain and Portugal, where deceased Protestants are buried like dogs, if buried at all, where the torch of persecution is ever lighted—has been transplanted, has grown and flourished on the soil of freedom! This is the political paradox of the age. It is deeply implanted, and already begins to overshadow the State. But one question is unsolved: will you now lay the legislative axe to the root of this upas, or will you leave it to be uprooted at a future day, by the storm of REVOLUTION?

In the Senate, March 6th, Erastus Brooks, one of the editors of the New-York Express, supported the bill and spoke in relation to "the Papal power in the State, and the resistance to this power in the Temporalities of the

Church, as recently seen in the United States." He showed that the political State is protestant in its character if not in its constitution, that its Republican success has been mainly founded upon its Protestant religion, that other systems of faith are not in harmony with true civil and religious liberty, and that we are called upon to uphold and encourage all who are seeking to secure civil and religious independence from the control of a despotic power.

On this broad platform he took his stand and plead not for Catholics alone, but for a great principle, which underlies the entire fabric of our Constitution.

"The independent church movement," said he, "started in this State, and caused by occurrences which have transpired at Buffalo and Rochester and elsewhere, is sympathized with and encouraged, more or less, throughout the land." He referred to the outrage upon Father Brady, at Hartford, Conn., as an event addressing itself to the sympathies of the civilized world. "This man sickened and died in the discharge of his priestly duties. His pathway to the grave was one of strife and battle. He appropriated \$20,000 of his own means and all he could beg from others, to erect a house of worship. He was a good man, beloved by his followers and respected by all who knew him. But he was displeasing to his masters, and, therefore, banished from his flock, excluded from his own church and, for a time, denied the right of mass and sepulture in the very church and church-yard whose walls he had built and whose altars he had consecrated. The Bishop of Hartford, in the same spirit, sought to establish a Romish German Church in New Haven. The German Catholics remonstrated, and

“*Resolved*, That we, Roman Catholics, earnestly protest against such proceedings, and declare to the Right Rev. Bishop, that we do not want a German Roman Catholic Church in New Haven.

“*Resolved*, That we have suffered already in our father-land too much from priestcraft and kingcraft, and that we are here in our new home, thank our Lord and God, in at least thirty churches other than Roman Catholic; that we are free from that yoke, and that every one of us can worship his God according to his best belief and conscience.”

A mandate from Rome removed four of the clergy from the Catholic College of Chicago. The people, deeply grieved, have appealed to the Pope. But their case is hopeless. What is true of the Church in the past, is true in the present. As Mr. Putnam says, “The political theory of the Catholic Hierarchy is in direct antagonism to the republican principle. Its theory is, that the individual man is absorbed in the Catholic religionist, and the religionist in the head of the church. The first allegiance of the true Catholic, according to the theory, is to the Papal power, his allegiance to human governments entirely subordinate. This doctrine is as boldly avowed in this country as it is in Rome. One of the most carefully written papers of Mr. Brownson, in his Catholic Review, a gentleman of high endowments, and who has recently, in an appointment to a professorship in a Catholic University, received the highest evidence of Catholic confidence, in speaking of this doctrine of allegiance, employed this language:

“‘ If the Church should direct the Catholic citizens

of this American Republic to abolish the Constitution, the liberty and the very existence of their country, as a sovereign state, and transfer it to the crown of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, they are bound, by a Divine ordinance, to obey.'

"We are not aware of a single Catholic sovereign in modern history, that has regarded religion in any other light than as a branch of the police, although several of them have been personally pious. As princes, they have asserted the total separation of the two orders, and in their public and official conduct, have looked upon the Church merely as the auxilliary of the Government, and religion as subordinated to the State. It is to this fact that we must attribute the frightful scandals of Catholic Europe for the last two centuries, and the wars which followed for over a hundred years, enabled the Catholic sovereigns to assert their independence, in temporals, of the spiritual power, to suppress the estates, and establish their absolute power.

"This principle, and its most natural illustration, is found in a recent number of the *civita catallica*, published at Rome, and the immediate or ban of the Pope. That paper, of date 5th August, 1854, submits the following to the world: 'That excommunication by the Church has, as an unavoidable result, the dissolution of the tie of subjection, and of the oath of fidelity.'

"I take the liberty of quoting the language of the New York Tribune, commenting upon the declaration, and which well says, 'according to this, if a Pope should lay his ban upon the government of the United States, Catholic subjects of that government would become, *ipso facto*, absolved from all fidelity thereto.'"

These facts opened the eyes of the laity to the tyranny of the priesthood. The spirit manifested by the Catholics of Connecticut, was a spark that, falling into the magazine, caused an explosion that shook the foundations of the church of Rome in the Republic. As Mr. Brooks said :

“What is true of the members of the St. Louis church, is true of many in my own city, of many, as we know, in New England, at the West, in all parts of the land, and, I would fain hope, throughout the world. Indeed, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from America to Italy, the question of church independence, in matters of temporal right, and in the control of church property, is now engaging the earnest attention of the Christian world. Roman Catholicism, Mr. Chairman, in all matters of power, is grasping and aggressive. It is wedded to principles of despotism. It makes the Pope the supreme governor of the world, and second only to the Creator. His power as successor of St. Peter and Christ, as he claims to be, even at Rome, comes not from the people of Italy, but from an assembly of cardinals convened at Rome. The Pope would not consent, nor would the cardinals consent, nor would the bishops consent, that their chief should part with his temporal sway and dominion. I propose to offer some proofs of what I say. The present Pontiff, in his ecclesiastical letter, dated Gæta, in 1849, said :

‘The spiritual power could not be separated, nor do without the temporal dominion, it being necessary to keep them united in order to maintain the splendor and grandeur of the Catholic church.’

“The Pope rejected the Roman Constitution, stealthily

fled from the Vatican, and from Rome, from country, and from people, because, among other things, the first sentence in that Constitution declared 'sovereignty is by eternal right in the people,' and because it was also declared in that constitution that

'The Roman Republic provides for the education of every citizen, in order that each one may meliorate his own condition by industry work and enterprise.'

"The Pope was not willing to accept the condition of religious or church independence, eagerly tendered him in the 7th and 8th constituent principles of the proposed republic, and what were they?

'1st. That the Catholic religion is the religion of the State. The use of civil and political rights does not depend on religious creed.

'2d. The head of the Catholic church shall have from the Republic all necessary guarantees for the independent exercise of his spiritual power.

"But it is denied in Congress and elsewhere, that the head of the church of Rome exercises temporal power. As well deny that the sun shines, or that there is the See of Rome. What was it but this papal See that destroyed Frederick II. for defending his civil rights against ecclesiastical usurpations? Three generations passed away before the secular power gained its ascendancy upon a field of blood, and in all ages there have been the same examples of audacity.

"We feel this papal power far less in the United States than in Europe, because there it is more associated with ignorance, superstition and despotism. Behold what it has done, or rather left undone, for Italy—for Spain—and for Ireland; and the evil it has wrought in these countries, it would do for us if it could. The

system is relaxed here, because free, educated men can not bear such restraints.

“Already there is a cordon of bishops, priests and vicar-generals, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. About 3,500,000 of its votaries are now in the United States, besides sixteen hundred priests, forty bishops, seven archbishops, one hundred colleges, seventeen hundred churches, numerous convents and nunneries; and all these are banded and combined, and not divided, as are the Protestants, into many sects. The supremacy of the church over the State, so far from being untrue, is almost a church dogma; and the Romanist, who to-day would, if need be, sacrifice the State for the church, would be sainted, blessed and shrined at Rome. I have been amazed to hear any one deny this. It is recorded in church canons and church bulls, over and over again. It is written upon a thousand pages of church history, and for many centuries of time.

“In this free land, the few Catholics born upon our soil, like those from Maryland, and of which Charles Carroll was a type, and some few educated persons, under the influence of more intelligent ideas of personal liberty and priestly authority, decline to submit to the tyranny of pontifical power. Let me add to what I have said, the words of the great Machiavelli, he who was strangled for uttering the truth, and for his endeavors to give deliverance to Florence: ‘*If Italy,*’ says he, ‘*has always been the prey, not only of barbarians, but also of any foreign power willing to attack it, we Italians* ARE INDEBTED FOR IT TO THE POPES ALONE.’ Who, asked a brave man in the Sardinian Parliament, the last month, invited Pepin to Italy? Stephen II. Who

called Charlemagne? Adrian I. Arnoff the German, the two Othos, Henry II., Conrad the Salic, Charles d'Anjou, were called by the Popes. French, Saxons, Swedes, Spaniards, Germans, Swiss, Hungarians, and even Turks—all of them were called to Italy by pontiffs of Rome. Since the revolution of 1848, Austrians, Neapolitans, Spaniards and French have all been the guardians of Italian tyranny, while Italians have been watched and hunted, exiled and imprisoned, condemned and executed.

“Look at Italy, now, as seen in what are called the States of the Church. A little while since, upon an area of 27,280 square miles, and with a population of less than 3,000,000 people, there were 53,000 priests, 1,825 monasteries and 612 nunneries, protected not by a Roman, but by a Swiss soldiery, of four or five thousand men. One day it is an Austrian army in command; another, Swiss hirelings; another, Neapolitan soldiers, and to-day it is the protection of French bayonets. Look, even now, at the city of Rome, with its chapel of the Madonna, in the church of St. Augustin, hung with dirks and knives, (as another chapel there is hung with human bones, formed into chandeliers and curious devices,) given up on condition of pardon and absolution for all past offences.

“The little government of Sardinia, with a population of five millions of people, has six hundred and four religious societies or houses, and these convents, with the church, possess a domain of property valued at eighty-nine millions of dollars! It is proposed to suppress a few religious orders of the most obnoxious character, but none of those whose duty it is to admin-

ister to the sick, or to preach or teach. But the Pope threatens his bull of excommunication, and the Sardinian bishops threaten their anathemas. No wonder, for their annual incomes are \$25,000 to the Archbishop of Turin, \$21,000 to the Archbishop of Monota, more than \$20,000 to the Archbishop of Sardinia and Oristano, \$19,000 to him of Mercelli, while the poor curates, who perform the really hard services of the church, receive only ninety-five dollars a year!"

In conclusion, Mr. Brooks showed that John Hughes, Archbishop of New York, had about \$5,000,000 of property vested in him, not as John Hughes, Bishop, nor as John Hughes, Archbishop, nor as John Hughes, trustee for the great Roman Catholic church, but as plain John Hughes. He showed by documentary evidence, that some of these parcels of property cover whole squares of land, and nearly all of them are of great value. The rule of that church is never to part with property, and to receive all that can be purchased.

The common law of the Baltimore ordinance of 1852, is a step back to the dark ages. The anathemas of the Council of Trent were hurled against the laity and clergy who would not resist even the State itself, should the state attempt to give laymen, or any beside priests and bishops, the control of church property. It was a question of church property which brought Bedini to the United States. But the legislature of New York, despite the opposition or diplomacy of the priesthood, passed the bill, and threw upon the Catholic bishop the responsibility of opposing the will of the State. There is in America a deep under-current of liberal feeling which can not be smothered or longer suppressed. The

patriots of this land love liberty too well, to see her altar fires burn dim without adding fuel to the flame. The free genius of our institutions, resembles the sun shining over the world and rising always till it has reached the zenith; while it roars and bellows under ground like the fiery waves of an unexplored volcano, causing the earth to tremble, so long as the heel of a foreign despotism attempts to keep down the safety-valve. Like the volcano, ever and anon in maddening fury it bursts forth, bearing away in its onward march every obstacle in its path, and burying them in its burning sepulchre.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RELIGIOUS FREEDOM OF EUROPE A
DESIDERATUM TO AMERICANS.

The overthrow of Religious Liberty in the old world—Its influence upon America—Do Catholics fight as freemen?—Archbishop Hughes—His history and pretensions—Metropolitan meeting in 1853, in behalf of Religious Freedom.

THE years 1848 and 1849 were memorable eras in European history. They saw the birth, growth, and decay of Italian freedom. Hungary fell from a state of independence, and became the footstool of Austrian despotism. The names of Louis Kossuth, Governor of Hungary, and of Joseph Mazzini, ruler of the Italian Republic, for a time blazed like stars in the constellation of freedom. Defeat and dismay now envelops the history of these individuals with a somber shade, and their prophecies and words of counsel no longer serve as the charts of liberal action. The temporal power of the Pope was overthrown, and Pius IX. was driven from his pontifical chair on the 24th of Nov., 1848, disguised as a footman of the Bavarian minister. He arrived safely in Gaeta, about four miles from Naples, where he lived in regal splendor housed in the palace of Pontici. On the 5th of August, 1848, Milan capitulated, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany took refuge in flight. The Italian Waterloo was fought in Navara, a small town in Sardinia, on the 23d of March,

1849. Charles Albert was defeated. On March 3d, 1849, the Italian Republic appointed Mazzini, together with Armelli and Saffi, a triumvir, who received the full powers of the Italian States.

The temporal power of the Pope had been tottering since 1789, when the first blow of the French Revolution was struck by Napoleon I. Henceforth the bulls of the Vatican were treated with contempt; and in 1849, it became certain that some artillery beside paper denunciations was required to reinstate his Holiness. France in 1848 became nominally a republic, and Louis Napoleon became President. With a jealous eye he watched the growth of the Italian States, and joined hands with Joseph of Austria to put out the flame, flashing a brilliant light across the pathway of Europe.

For this reason, in 1848 Naples sent an army to reinstate the Pope. Spain furnished an army to assist at the ceremony. France sent Oudinot and a large force to Civita Vecchia to occupy the city, and in time to gain possession of Rome, that he might maintain the due influence of France in central Italy. The armies of Austria were already there. Against this mighty force, and opposed to the conspiracy of the crowned heads of Europe, was Joseph Mazzini and his patriot band composed of students, tradesmen, statesmen, and soldiers. A foreign despotism prevailed. The Pope was reinstated on his pontifical throne. The Grand Duke of Tuscany returned to his place, and the shadow of despotism covered all that fair land. Austrian and French bayonets destroyed freedom in all the States save Sardinia. Sardinia stands like a great rock in a weary land, from whose grand summit the banner of

hope yet waves. The Constitution of Tuscany, adopted in 1848, by Jesuitical influence was abolished. Measures were adopted to arrest the spirit of inquiry. During the period of the Revolution, many thousand copies of the Sacred Scriptures in the Italian language, were published in Florence, and some ten or twelve thousand copies were put in circulation. For the space of a year this was done with the consent of the government. God was publicly recognized, and the Gospel read by Italian freemen was re-uttered with a lavish hand. Little meetings were held in private houses. For several months, also, faithful young men from among the Waldenses preached the Gospel, and the word of the Lord had free course and was glorified. But when Catholic rule had regained sway, the Italian preaching in the Swiss chapel was interdicted. In the spring of 1851, persecutions commenced, and six individuals of note were arrested while reading the fifteenth chapter of John's gospel, and thrown into prison.

The trial of Francisco Madiari and his wife Rosa in June, 1852, attracted the attention of the Protestant world. The circumstances of the trial, the condition of the prisoners, their child-like declaration of faith in Christ, and their imprisonment in different prisons some fifty miles apart—the defense of the talented Maggiorani, and their close confinement—awoke sympathies in the breasts of Christians living in both hemispheres, which resulted in a reaction that served as an initiative to the overthrow of the Papal rule in America.

At the commencement of the trial, Sig. Madiari declared that though he was born in the church of Rome, he was now a Christian according to the Gospel—that

his convictions had existed for many years, but "have acquired strength from the study of the word of God. It has been a matter between God and my own soul, and was outwardly manifested when I took communion in the Swiss church." He was sentenced to fifty-six months' imprisonment, and his wife to forty-five. When it became known that the health of one had given away, while that of the other was failing, and that other persecutions were going on in Florence—the Protestants of Great Britain, Holland, France, Germany, and Switzerland, sent a deputation of ten men distinguished for piety and social worth, to sue for the clemency of the Grand Duke. They were refused a personal interview. Whereupon they addressed a note to his royal highness, and presented an address in which they requested for Protestants, the enjoyment of the same liberty, which the nations they represented granted to those of the Roman Catholic faith.

Their report, made on their return, presents many astounding facts: "On the one hand, thousands of people in Florence, through the reading of the Scriptures, have turned away from the doctrines and the worship of the Roman Catholic church; and on the other many were made to suffer from the rigor of the government; some were driven to exile, others were confined in prison, and others still were threatened with death."

The whole Christian world was amazed and shocked. The English and American press at once threw their tremendous influence in favor of religious liberty, and exposed the utter heartlessness of a persecuting church. The London Times, in speaking of the Madiai, said: "Guilty of having read the word of God for their own

instruction ; convicted, without a particle of evidence, of having sought to impart to the souls of their friends the peace which had descended on their own, Francisco and Rosa Madiari had violated the canon law, and incurred a penalty exceeding in severity the sentence usually allotted to felons. There is nothing to be surprised at in all this. The vengeance of Rome against heretics is measured only by her power to punish them, and in Tuscany that power is virtually uncontrolled. We only know the ultra-montane party in this country as persons ever ready to rail against our laws, our institutions, and our faith ; but we do them much injustice if we suppose that they are people who delight to expend their strength in words. We are not to believe, that because they portioned our country into imaginary dioceses, and dubbed themselves with ridiculous titles, their zeal is of that kind which can explode in boasting, or evaporate in pageantry. It is from weakness, not from want of will, that Rome has recourse to those airy weapons. Give her the power, and we may be well assured that she would rather strike than scold, rather scourge than anathematize."

But this feeling was not confined to the English people, nor did such language characterize the English press alone. The Commercial Advertiser used language as forcible and true, when it said : " Whatever of vague belief had gained ground in the world, that Popery had become, from conviction, or from policy, more tolerant, or less vindictive and cruel ; whatever of hope had been encouraged, that the despots of the European continent were less in subjection to the Sovereign Pontiff, and their governments were enlightened on the subject of religious

liberty—has been annihilated, and the cloven foot of the conscience-crusher is as plainly seen as ever. But the matter can not be allowed to rest here, as the Duke of Tuscany and his advisers would readily comprehend, were they not blinded by the vindictive spirit of an exclusive and persecuting church. So long as men remain imprisoned witnesses of Papal tyranny, so long will the Christian nations of the earth watch with jealous vigilance every movement of the Papal power, and become more and more firmly resolved, that no such authority shall ever be exercised over their citizens or subjects.”

Lewis Cass, the distinguished Senator from Michigan, introduced a resolution, and made before the Senate an able speech regarding religious liberty. Hon. Edward Everett wrote an able letter to the government of Tuscany, asking that the poor persecuted readers of the Bible, might be permitted the enjoyment of their rights of conscience. On the 7th of January, 1853, there was held in Metropolitan Hall, one of the largest and most important meetings ever convened in the city of New York. The statement made by Dr. Baird, the chief facts of which have been given, and the resolutions of Dr. Potter, were widely commended and approved. The effect of the meeting was electrical. The speeches of the most distinguished champions of Protestantism in America, flew with the lightning to all parts of the land. In Baltimore, in Newark, and in various places, large and enthusiastic meetings were held, all tending toward the same result, and working out the same glorious recognition of the freedom of conscience in matters of faith. A voice of cheerful response, and grateful remembrance, was borne from Tuscany herself.

Memorials were sent to Washington from all parts of the land, and were referred by the Senate to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The Hon. J. R. Underwood, of Kentucky, was charged by the committee with the preparation of the Report.

He claimed that "There are two principles in regard to the worship which men owe their Creator, of an antagonistic nature, prevailing to a greater or less extent in the different parts of the world. The one principle is, that the duties of religion, or the worship of God, is a personal matter, of which each individual has a right to judge and decide for himself. This principle allows the utmost latitude and freedom of conscience. The other subjects the duties of religion and the worship which man owes the Creator, to the control of the political power of the State, and allows that power through ecclesiastical bodies to prescribe forms and creeds, and inflict punishments for non-conformity. In other words, the latter principle unites Church and State; and gives the government authority to exercise influence, if not positive control, in forming the religious creeds of the people, by preferring one religion to another, and supporting by taxation religious establishments."

He showed that the United States, singly and collectively, guaranteed religious freedom to all, and that, "accustomed as they are to unlimited religious liberty" at home, it is but natural that the "restraints and obstacles interposed to prevent the open worship of God according to the dictates of their own conscience, when abroad, are regarded by them as unjust and oppressive."

When Jesus Christ said to the apostles, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye, therefore,

and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," and also, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel *to every creature*"—the necessary inference seems to be, that it was his design that *every creature* should hear the words of the Gospel; and if to hear, then to judge and form opinions for himself in regard to the things spoken of. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," but "how shall they hear without a preacher?" From these and similar texts, it would not be difficult to demonstrate that it was the duty of all nations professing Christianity, to open wide their doors for unlimited toleration.

Such was the language used by Senators of our great republic. The sermon preached by the nation through her Senate chamber and Cabinet, produced an impression upon the entire religious world. These uprisings in favor of religious liberty rendered the position of Catholics unpleasant. They found it necessary to wipe off the stain of persecution from their church, or else to defend their course.

Dr. Bethune, in his eloquent speech at Metropolitan Hall, called upon Archbishop Hughes publicly to join them, in calling upon the Duke of Tuscany to set free the imprisoned captives. "If this oppression be not the work of Roman Catholicism, he can not, he will not refuse to join in the extension of that principle over which he rejoices. If he does not join us, we shall believe that such oppression is part and parcel of Roman Catholicism, and that if they had the power here, they would act like the Duke of Tuscany. This is the point

to which we come. We have stronger sympathies in one cause than another, and it is possible that I may have them ; but I verily believe, if I know my own heart, that if this were a case of religious oppression of a Jew or Turk, much more the oppression of a Roman Catholic, whom yet I hold to be a fellow Christian, I may say my indignation would be as strong as it is now, and I would lift up my feeble voice in advocacy of the great principle, that, let a man be Jew, Turk, Papist, or Protestant, let him alone. Let him talk with God, and let his God talk with him ; and, therefore, it is not as a Protestant, but as a Christian citizen, of a free land, that I am glad to see my Catholic fellow citizens as free as myself ; therefore it is, that I desire to protest against this oppression, and I call upon my Catholic brethren to join me in the protest."

This brought †John Hughes out in a letter published the 18th of February, 1853, entitled, "The Madiai and the Proceedings in the United States." The letter presents a striking contrast to the open and out-spoken enthusiasm that characterized the speeches and resolutions of the Madiai meeting.

Dr. Alexander, of London, once said, that "If you compare the pages of a genuine Protestant divine with those of a Catholic, apart altogether from any diversity of sentiment, there is a difference of intellectual character, which can not but at once strike the attention of the reader. In the Protestant he will find a breadth of conception, a freedom of thought, and an energy of argument, which he will in vain search for in the Catholic ; while in the latter he will not fail to be struck with the timid caution, the scrupulous hesitancy, the

minute distinctions, the freedom and vigor which mark his style." It struck us that a better description could not be given of the letter than the general statement made by the English divine. As this is the last time we shall be compelled to notice the writings or character of Archbishop Hughes, we will devote a little space to the life of the leader of Catholicity in America.

John Hughes was born in the northern part of Ireland, in 1798. At the age of 19, he removed to America to pursue his studies, preparatory to the priesthood. He passed several years in St. Mary's College, Maryland, was ordained in the year 1825, and shortly after was appointed pastor of a church in Philadelphia, where he remained until 1838, when he was appointed Bishop Administrator of the diocese of New York. In 1850, he was made Archbishop by Pius IX.

An Irishman by birth, he possesses to an eminent degree the shrewdness, cunning and versatility of talent that characterizes that nation, so noble in the past, and distinguished for orators, statesmen and poets, above almost any other—he has too, that far-reaching policy, the pleasing address and the happy faculty of converting the artillery of his enemy into instruments of defense, which render him a subtle foe, a powerful friend and a bold champion. He is smooth-tongued, polite, sententious, highly disciplined in manner, mind and mode. Masterly in diplomacy, he has been selected by his church for every task of difficulty, or post of honor, on account of his great capacity. He is in America the mouth-piece of the Catholic Hierarchy. Friends rally around him in pride, politicians have been wont to quail before his attacks, or quietly

shoulder arms as supporters of his policy and sharers of the spoils.

His career has been popular, brilliant and successful. His fame is already safe, and, in the Catholic world, his praises are on every tongue. It was not strange then, that his letter attracted general attention, as it was regarded as the exponent of the Catholic church. The letter is full of evasive prevarications and bad logic. It rants, as usual, in regard to dangers to be apprehended from rousing the Catholic masses—speaks of our indebtedness to them for soldiers to fight our battles—defines conscience, and closes with relating the wrongs of the oppressed Catholics in America. It slurs at the ragged schools of London, and claims for Catholicism the honor of being favorably disposed to the translation and circulation of the Word of God.

There are two statements in this letter, to which we desire to call attention. In the first, he says: "The wisdom and expediency of giving any encouragement to religious excitements in connection with civil and social rights, appear to me extremely doubtful. The Catholics of this country have had nothing to do with the trial and imprisonment of the Madiai, in Florence." Just here let us inquire if the Protestants had anything to do with the imprisonment of the Madiai? Surely they had not, and the fact that they had not enabled them as one to remonstrate with the Grand Duke; and all that was asked of the Catholics was simply to sign the remonstrance. It was supposed, that if they were in favor of religious liberty, as they professed to be, they would do so cheerfully. But, as Dr. Bethune predicted, it did not come. Priests not only refused to sign

the memorial, but, in many instances, openly and grossly insulted those who asked them for their signatures.

He says: "Would it not be wiser to recognize the rights of each denomination, and of each individual, fully and frankly, as they are recognized by the Constitution of the country?" This sentence reveals again the trait of character which distinguishes the bishop. Surely, every school-boy knows that the rights of each denomination and individual are recognized in the United States; and it was for this recognition in Tuscany and throughout the world, that our Senators, our orators and our statesmen have been pleading. But the sentence to which we designed devoting our attention reads as follows:

"The time may come, and perhaps sooner than is expected by our wisest public men, when the United States will have need of the support of all her citizens. Who can tell whether the future of this country may not reveal dangers, either from foreign enemies or from internal divisions, which will test the loyalty and fidelity of every citizen, of whatever religion? In such an emergency, the Catholics, in spite of the denunciations to which they have lately been exposed, will be found among the fastest friends of the Union, and bravest defenders of the soil. They have ever been such, and during the last few years, when even statesmen, not of their religion, were ready to follow the foreign demagogue, the Catholics have exhibited evidences of self-control, of calm and wise loyalty, of a well-poised self-possession, which have entitled them to the respect of their countrymen. If it be true then, that from the earliest colonization of these States, and through all the struggles which they had to undergo, in peace and in

war, the Catholics have ever sustained an untarnished reputation—have never furnished a coward on a battlefield, or a traitor in council, * * * * why should they now be given over to the coarse and vulgar denunciations of the reverend orators who figured on that occasion?"

It were a sufficient reply to state the fact, that instead of denunciations being heaped upon them, Dr. Bethune, the "reverend orator" who devoted the most attention to the Romish church, said: "If I know my own heart, if this were a case of religious oppression of a Jew or a Turk, *much more the oppression of a Roman Catholic*, WHOM I YET HOLD TO BE A FELLOW-CHRISTIAN, I say my indignation would be as great as it is now." This does not look like denunciation—there is nothing in the language used, nor in the spirit of the meeting, that looks like it. It is a miserable subterfuge, under which to bring out the old cry of danger from Catholic valor, and of their adherence to the Union—an antagonism which is ridiculous. For if Catholics are such unselfish adherents to the Union, there is no danger to be apprehended, from either an invasion, or internal strife, so far as they are concerned. The question naturally arises here: Have Catholics, as Catholics, fought for the United States?

It were simply absurd to enter into an argument to prove that Catholics *were, are, and must forever be* opposed to religious freedom. Look at Italy to-day. Catholicism rules supreme—but where is freedom? The imprisoned in her dungeons—the persecuted of Florence, and the oppressed in Europe reply: "Not in Rome, nor where the priest rules supreme."

There is a narrow street in Rome, with a gate at each end, into which is crammed every night a great number of human beings. "Drive through that street in the daytime, and you need perfume to keep you from fainting, such is the consequence of this dense population. Who are these people? They are almost under the shadow of the Vatican. And this most Christian sovereign of the most Christian church, has the power to set them free; but he closes the gates upon them at eight o'clock every evening in the winter, and nine o'clock in the summer, and opens them in the morning at a corresponding hour. Why is this? Because they are Jews, and the Roman Catholic religion tolerates no religion but its own."

If there be a city, next to Jerusalem itself, filled with consecrated recollections, it is Rome—Rome, whose grounds are honey-combed with the tombs of early martyrs. A little while since, when there was danger, what did you see? A sovereign prince, the representative of the Apostles, puts on a livery, gets behind a traveling carriage, and flies like a lackey! The coward fled! And he whose voice of authority had roared like a bull from the Vatican, roared from the shores of Mala di Gæta, like a paddocked calf!

Go all over Catholic Europe, and see if Popery does not find the sheet-anchor of her hope in the points of bayonets, and the thrones of despotism! These uphold her power. Take them away, and the harlot of the seven hills bites the dust. Penn, in the House of Commons, predicted, a century before the Revolution, "that the Catholics would join their forces and sympathies in opposing England." This they did, not as freemen, but as

Catholics. Why was this? Simply, because England had demolished the citadel of her strength, and had banished the Papal hierarchy from her dominions. Years prior to the American Revolution, the Catholic powers on the Continent, had formed an alliance, and unitedly had arrayed themselves against Prussia and England. Catholics then, in siding with a few Protestant Republicans, who had risen to protect their homes, were not doing this because of their love of Protestantism or freedom; they did it to oppose their old enemy, England—as the far-seeing Penn predicted. It was not Popery and freedom against despotism, but Catholicism, as usual, against Protestantism, and opposing England because of her Protestant proclivities.

Bishop Hughes has shown, that Catholics in Ireland, on the Continent, in America, fought England. We see the reason. France disliked England because she had beaten France on the tented field, on the sea, and in the council chamber. The Pope disliked England because she had destroyed his power in the Indies, under Clive. Ireland, because she had inherited a life-long hatred—a hatred which is bequeathed from sire to son. And out of this private quarrel between England and Popery, Mr. Hughes would cull flowers from which he has tried to weave one of freedom's chaplets, that he may bind about his brow, as an inheritor of Catholic glory and patriotism.

Grant then, that Catholics did share the dangers and toils of the battle-field. Did they go as Catholics, or lovers of freedom? If as Catholics, then selfishness prompted them, and there is no ground for boasting. If as freemen, then it may be shown they acted in

self-defense, and for self-interest, in joining their forces with a stronger power to repel a common foe.

But we would not think so meanly of our Catholic fellow-citizens, as to suppose them incapable of battling for freedom, for its sake alone. Not because they were Catholics did they fight, but because of freedom, which the intelligent among them loved. It were well, if Catholics would throw off the manacles of a church, which not only claims entire control of conscience, but of their valor. Let us not smother and cloak beneath the name of Catholic, that suppressed groan, and struggle to be free, which has so often characterized her uprising millions in Ireland, Italy, and Europe. It is this love of freedom which gave Luther power over the masses in Germany, and Gavazzi over the Italians, at a later day, in Europe.

We propose to show now, whatever they fought for, it was not for the church. Take the Mexican war. That is close at hand. All know about it. Of the large number who enlisted in the last war, most did so more from poverty than from any other cause. A home and a certain amount of money were promised them. These they were in need of, and for these they were willing to risk danger, life, and fatigue.

Again—the unity and individuality of Catholic interests is claimed by Archbishop Hughes, as a distinguishing characteristic. Now, if Catholics throughout the world be so united—if a common tie belts them together—if their interests in Austria—beneath the shadow of the Vatican—by the rivers of Canada—and upon the savannas of America, be common, and if they are only willing to fight in support of them, we surely would not

expect to find the Catholics of a Protestant country, as Catholics, enlisting in our American army, and rallying around a Protestant flag to do battle with the Catholics of Mexico. If then, Catholics are so united, that Protestant England could not obtain either faithful Irish or German Catholics to shoulder arms and march against America, can it be that the church of Rome, changeless in her policy and in her practice, has so soon, without any good reason, turned the arms of her faithful sons against their brother Catholics, and bid them join the Protestant army that goes to subvert the power of that nation whose faith is Catholic, whose institutions are all Catholic, whose armies are Catholic worshipers, and whose leaders are the loyal sons of the church? Every man of common sense will answer, No! We are compelled to seek reasons for this course, outside of the Roman Catholic church. The Catholics of America have just cause to be indignant at the impudent assumption.

Braver and truer men never shouldered the musket, than these very Irish and German soldiers. Not because they are members of the Roman Catholic church, but from an inherent love of freedom which has settled, and grown strong in the heart, until that love has overleaped every barrier, broken every fetter, and made men of them. For long weary years they struggled to win this freedom for the land of their birth. A glorious ancestry had done battle for freedom in vain. They crossed the waters to join the liberty-loving legions of America, where homes can be earned, and where all may worship God beneath their "own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make them afraid." Enjoying these blessings, and knowing their inestimable value,

they are prepared to defend them, not as Catholics, but as freedom-loving Americans. How would a Yankee, or a Green mountain boy feel, to be told that his fathers fought because they were Protestants. He would reply—They fought as freeman.

The threat so often made that Catholics are prepared to rise and re-enact the bloody tragedy of Europe, is mere nonsense. Whatever might have been their desires, the lessons they have recently learned, will show them that it is not safe to follow the lead of their priesthood. For Americans, though willing to welcome to their shores the persecuted exiles of Europe, will not yield up their right to dominion over the land they have watered with their blood. But we do not believe the Catholics are willing to trample into the dust our God-given liberties. The priesthood may desire to carry out the threat, that "if Catholics ever become the majority, freedom is at an end;" but, with the masses, whose hearts are warmed by the sunlight of truth, and whose minds are disciplined and enlarged by the free thoughts that circulate so widely—we are assured that their interests lie in another direction, if the time ever comes when the banner of freedom shall be endangered, or the Constitution, around which so many cluster with beating hearts and high hopes, shall be treated with disrespect—that the intelligent of the Catholic faith will side with the lovers of the right and true, and be found as valiant as ever in the fight.

The second position to which we will devote attention, is the claim that Catholics love to circulate the Bible. About it Bishop Hughes said: "The impression intended to be made by the speakers on that occasion, was

that the Government of Tuscany, the Jesuits, the Pope, and the members of the Catholic church throughout the world have a mortal dread of the Bible. This would be strange indeed. To them the book, the New Testament at least, was originally given in manuscript by its inspired authors. They have been its witnesses and its guardians from the beginning. It has been recognized and used by them as, in so far as it goes, a duplicate on parchment of the doctrines which our Saviour had inscribed with a pencil of Divine fire, in characters of living faith, on the heart of the Church. The art of printing facilitated its diffusion, and the Church availed herself with eagerness of that art, for the purpose of multiplying copies of the Holy Scriptures. Numerous editions of the Bible were published in the principal languages of Europe, under the patronage of popes, cardinals, and bishops, long before Protestantism came into being. The Italians were well acquainted with the Bible in their own beautiful language, before Martin Luther was born. The first Italian edition was published in Venice, in the year 1471, and forty successive editions were published in the different cities of Italy anterior to the date of the Protestant translation, which was published, not in Italy, but in Geneva, in the year 1562. In the very year of our American independence, the Archbishop of Florence brought out another translation, for which he received the special thanks of Pope Pius VI. In our own country, the Catholics have published not less than twenty or twenty-five editions of the Holy Scriptures, of every size from the folio down to the octavo, many of which are stereotyped. Is it not surprising then, that our

Protestant neighbors will persist in supposing that we are afraid of our own original and hereditary documents that have never been out of our possession?"

It has been said with great propriety, that this claim to antiquity as a church, and to have received the original manuscripts of the New Testament from the hands of their inspired authors, is ridiculous enough, as authentic history assures us that your church had no existence till after the lapse of CENTURIES from the times of the Apostles.

"It did not rise till the spirit of Anti-Christ, which began to discover itself while the Apostles were present, had had time, through apostacies and various corruptions of the doctrines and institutions of Christianity, to furnish the materials and an opportunity for its formation. Then it rose, in an organized form, but it was too late by several hundreds of years, to receive anything from the hands of divinely inspired authors."

The statement that various editions of the Bible had been published by the Catholic church, is well enough so far as it goes. The fact, however, which is suppressed, is all important. The Bibles published by the Romish church were restricted to a narrow circulation, by the enormous prices at which they were held; besides, no one was allowed to have them, unless they could obtain from the Catholic priest a *written permission* to that effect.

That it is not surprising that the orators of Metropolitan Hall, intended to make the impression that all from the Pope down to the priest, had or have a mortal dread of the Bible, is clear from the fact, that Kirwan proclaimed just what every one knows to be fact—a

fact which history with her thousand tongues proclaims, the monuments of which may be found in the bulls of Popes, in the Inquisition, and stamped as by the fiat of Omnipotence upon the memories of burning martyrs and wandering exiles—a fact declared by the canon law; according to which the whole world is the Pope's great game park, where he is permitted to hunt and shoot and do with us as he pleases. The Pope is determined that not a Bible shall pass over the Alps, and that eternal darkness shall enshroud Italy. Do we need proof? Let us seek it first in the bull of Pius IX., given the 8th of November, 1846. Of Bible societies, he says: "This is the design and tendency of these insidious Bible societies, which, renewing the crafts of the ancient heretics, cease not to obtrude on all kinds of men, even the least instructed, gratuitously and at immense expense, copies in vast numbers of the books of the Sacred Scriptures, translated, against the holiest rules of the church, into various vulgar tongues, and very often with the most perverse and erroneous interpretations; to the end that divine tradition, the doctrine of the Fathers, and the authority of the Catholic church being rejected, every man may interpret the Revelations of the Almighty according to his own private judgment, and, perverting their sense, fall into the most dangerous errors; these societies, which, emulous of his predecessor, Gregory XVI. reproved by his Apostolic letter—we desire equally to condemn."

Pius IX. not only condemns the Bible, but books in general, and the license of thinking, speaking and writing, and devotes to eternal destruction all heretics, including even Protestant admirers. History estab-

lishes the opposition of Roman Catholics to the Bible. Within the last thirty years bulls have frequently been issued condemning Bible societies and the free circulation of the sacred Scriptures in the vulgar tongue. Pius VII. issued one in 1816, Leo XII. in 1824, Pius VIII. in 1829, Gregory XVI. issued two, one in 1832 and one in 1844, in which, after denouncing Bible societies, he adds: "Watch attentively over those who are appointed to expound the Holy Scriptures, that they dare not, under any pretext whatever, interpret or explain the holy pages contrary to the tradition of the Holy Fathers and to the service of the Holy Catholic Church."

The assertion, that "numerous editions of the Bible were published in the principal languages of Europe, under the patronage of popes, cardinals and bishops, long before Protestantism came into being," finds a complete refutation in the following language, found in Hall's Encyclopedia, from the pen of the distinguished Biblical scholar, Gesenius. "After the popular languages of modern Europe had become formed, discerning men soon saw that the translation of the Bible into these tongues, and the circulation of it in a form thus made intelligible to all, was the most appropriate and natural means for diffusing a pure religious knowledge among the people; for the Latin having become a dead language, the Vulgate was now a sealed book for the people, and even for a large portion of the clergy. But the dominant church was not insensible of the danger which threatened her, in case her system of doctrine should be subjected by the laity to the test of comparison with its source; and accordingly prohibitions were

issued by popes and councils against the translation of the Bible into these different languages.

“It was among the Waldenses, toward the end of the 12th century, that the desire for reading the Holy Scriptures led to the translation of the Gospels, the Epistles of Paul, the Psalms, Job and some other books of the Old Testament into the French, or *Lingua Romana*. Wherefore, Pope Innocent III. caused these translations to be prohibited in the year 1199, and in 1200 to be seized and burnt. Such prohibitions of the Bible were afterward from time to time repeated.

“James I., of Arragon, who died in 1276, issued the ordinance, that every one whether priest or layman, who had in his possession the books of the Old and New Testament, and did not deliver them up to the Bishop of the place *to be burnt*, should be regarded as a heretic. Similar ordinances were issued when Wickliffe, soon after, rendered the same service to England. At a later period, the Council of Trent, in the same spirit, declared the Vulgate to be the only authentic church version. The famous Papal bull, of 1713, in opposition to the Jansenists, who favored the reading of the Bible, condemned as heretical the sentiment—‘*Lectio Scripturæ sacræ est pro omnibus*,’ (‘The reading of the Bible is for all.’)” In the same spirit, at the present day, we have seen the Papal See carrying on a crusade against Bibles and Bible societies, while every colporteur reports innumerable instances where the Bible is refused by the laity of the Romish church, because of the opposition and teachings of the priests. “It was hardly natural,” continues Gesenius, “that so unnatural a pro-

hibition should be consistently carried out. Hence, as well before the Reformation as after, translations of the Bible were made, even in Catholic countries, in the common language of the people, but without gaining any considerable circulation, and of course without exerting any essential influence on the formation of the popular mind. These translations were chiefly made from the Vulgate."

It is in such expressive facts that history proclaims the dread which the Papacy has of the Bible. It is their policy to keep the ignorant masses blinded. They will not allow the clear sunlight of truth to fall upon their understandings, lest, seeing the light, they should walk in it as followers of the High and Holy One, in preference to treading the darkened path of the church of Rome, leading ever away to the blinding mists and vapors of a gross sensualism and a gloomy unbelief.

There is one feature more in this letter, which deserves notice. In speaking of the conscience, he says: "It is hardly necessary for me to observe that freedom of conscience, which is here contended for, is inviolable in its very nature and essence. To say that any man, or any nation, has power to destroy freedom of conscience, is to give utterance to a potent absurdity. Conscience without freedom is not conscience, but for this very reason the freedom of conscience is beyond the reach of man's power. God has provided in the human soul a fortress to which it can retreat, and from which it can hurl defiance against all intruders."

We rejoice that this great truth has at last found its way to the darkened understanding. If this be true,

why should Popery persecute. This is an old truth. It was first proclaimed to the world at the base of Calvary, when the Saviour of mankind sent out his disciples, and made them the fountains of an influence, whose perennial streams have made the waste places of the earth to blossom as the rose. The Apostles, some upon the cross, some in exile, and others in prison, repeated the same glorious truth. Luther, at the Diet of Worms, thundered it forth, with a trumpet-tone that shook to its very base the rickety fabric of Romanism. A Huss, a Latimer, a Ridley, repeat it, and dwell with rapture on the cheering assurance it affords. It was the pillar of cloud by day, and flame by night, that soothed the wandering Waldenses, as driven from their homes they were scattered over earth, pilgrims and sojourners for conscience sake. It drove our pilgrim fathers from their England home, and made heaven vocal with their songs of praise, as, upon the rock-bound coast of New England, they thanked their God for freedom of action, as well as of conscience; and it is the same sad strain which every breeze so mournfully bears across the sea, which tells us all with mournful truthfulness, that however apparent may be the futility of persecution for conscience sake—that though “God has provided in the human soul a fortress to which it can retreat, and from which it can hurl defiance against all invaders”—and though this truth, so sublime in its teachings, has found its way to a Roman heart, cased in steel—it tells us that Papacy dare not allow the devout worshiper of Christ to enjoy that external liberty of action which is according to conscience.

Alas, how true it is, that the Romanist has no freedom

of conscience. The Christian alone enjoys it. He alone is permitted to enter the great temple of God's truth, that he may hear and heed its voice—with the Romanist the doors have been barricaded by formulas and restraints, till the poor Catholic has no fortress, no stronghold. For just so soon as a free thought begins to stir the fibers of his brain, or run along the delicate strings of his heart, a plaintive sadness steals over the expression of his eye as it meets the canons, bulls, and restrictions of the church. This is not, we rejoice to say, the condition of all. Some there are, of strength enough to gather their chains about them, and walk erect as men—but this power is confined to a few. The fear of injuring the church fetters the mind; the pall of ignorance enshrouds the heart with the habiliments of a moral death, and the canons of the church bind the conscience to a dead carcass which has to be borne forever.

Catholicism is a chain that tries to bind all to a common cause. It allows none freedom of conscience or independence of thought, from the Pope to the veriest peasant that sits by the church begging his pittance of support. Catholicism is in its dotage; in the language of another, "It thinks, acts, and breathes, in a foreign country, on a soil recently sprinkled with the blood of the Italian people, for its destruction, and the slavery of mankind. Catholicism, with the Pope at its head, the Jesuits on the right, the clergy on the left, Austria and Russia at the base, is but a dismantled vessel, beaten by all winds, ready to break and sink at the first storm. Was it not for the protecting points of bayonets, lent to the Pope by the despots of Europe, the Catholic ship

would already be wrecked on the shore of Italian Republicanism." In other words, destroy the basis on which Catholicism now stands, and the head, and the right and left wing, and body and soul, frame and masonry, will crumble down ; for Jesuitism has already aimed at itself a fatal blow. Its movements are but the nervous contractions of a dead body, whose effects are borrowed from the region of storms, not from the bright, pure light of Heaven.

CHAPTER XIV.

APPEALS OF EUROPEAN REPUBLICANS AND
DESPOTS TO OUR SYMPATHIES.

Louis Kossuth—His reception by the American people—The doctrine of Non-Intervention maintained by Millard Fillmore and defended by Henry Clay—The influence of Kossuth upon the German population in the United States—Gavazzi and Bedini—Their influence.

THE years 1851 and '52, were fraught with events which shook the foundations of the Republic, conspicuous among which was the arrival of Louis Kossuth, ex-Governor of Hungary, in December, 1851.

We have already traced the record of French influence, and noticed the course of Genet, the emissary of a foreign Court. We have seen Washington and Hamilton battling for American interests, and defending the doctrine of non-intervention. We have seen the cunning craft of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, which secured for the Democratic party the support of adopted citizens. It was reserved for Millard Fillmore to defend this line of policy when the triumphant entry of Louis Kossuth was made into New York, on the 4th of December, 1851, and into Washington on the 30th of the same month. The ex-Governor of Hungary was everywhere greeted with popular demonstrations which only found a parallel in the career of Genet. Kossuth had sprung like a meteor into the political firmament. His antecedents were popular, and his name resounded over the world as

the symbol and type of Republican principles in Europe. The manner in which he acquired our language and history, and the use he made of the same, enabled him to sweep the heart-strings of humanity with the touch of a master. The object of his mission he avowed at the outset. He desired to induce the United States to interfere in the affairs of Europe, just as did Genet—the one plead for Hungary, and the other, as all will remember, desired assistance for France. Kossuth asked at the hands of the American people: “1st. A declaration, conjointly with England, against the interference of Russia in the affairs of Hungary. 2d. A declaration that the United States will maintain commerce with European nations, whether they are in a state of revolution or not. 3d. That the people would recognize Hungary as an independent nation.”

His position resembled that of Genet, and in many points the career of the ex-Governor of Hungary, presented a striking resemblance to the career of the emissary of the French. Both plead for fatherland—both tried fair means at the outset—both were received with acclamations on the part of the people. Washington received Genet with becoming respect, but clung to the interests of the country with an iron grasp. Fortunately for the country, Millard Fillmore proved himself in this crisis worthy of his position. To the insinuating words of Kossuth, spoken in the executive mansion, December 31st, 1851, he replied very briefly, saying that the policy of this country had long been settled, and that his sentiments had been freely expressed in his message; to that policy he had resolved to adhere.

At that point the reaction commenced. Millard

Fillmore, while he had sympathized with down-trodden Hungary, felt that the policy inaugurated by Washington forbade foreign interference. The transition of public sentiment which followed was terrible. Kossuth saw his cloud-capped castle crumbling. Fancy and sympathy had built it. Up it went, above policy and interest and justice. At length the wand of truth was stretched forth. Principles long since forgotten by the masses were enunciated, and the tide began again to turn. On the 7th of January, 1852, Kossuth was formally invited into both houses of Congress. In the evening he was present at a public dinner given him by a large number of members of Congress, where he again spoke, expressing the hope that they, the Senators and legislators, would "feel induced to pronounce in time their vote about the law of international justice." Said he: "I know, and Europe knows, the immense weight of such a pronouncement from such a place. But never had I the impious wish to try to entangle this great republic in difficulties inconsistent with its own welfare, its own security, its own interest."

Daniel Webster made a long and eloquent speech, expressing his appreciation of Kossuth, and declaring his belief that Hungary was fitted for self-government. He said he would not enter into a discussion of the principles involved in this question, but referred to his speech upon the Greek Revolution, in 1823, where he took the position that it was proper to appoint an agent or commissioner, whose mission would be one of inquiry and information, and "to avail ourselves of the interesting occasion of the Greek Revolution to make our protest against the doctrine (of intervention in the

affairs of other nations) of the Allied Powers, both as they are laid down in principle and are applied in practice." Mr. Webster went no further. It was a doctrine of the founders of the Republic, to recognize existing governments, but never to interfere in their management. While it is always proper to express a sympathy for those struggling to be free, yet it is perilous to go further. Had Europe acted on this principle, the nationalities of Poland and Hungary and Italy would now have an existence. This doctrine of foreign interference carried out by Russia, enabled Austria to plant the heel of despotism on the neck of the brave Magyars—carried out by France, drove Mazzini from Italy. Shall we peril our own interests to advance those of a nation lying beyond the ocean? "For the sake of my country," said Henry Clay to Kossuth, just prior to his death, "you must allow me to protest against the policy you propose to her." Webster was willing to express sympathy for Hungary, and would have given the Republic, once established, a cordial recognition. But Kossuth said mere sympathy would not advance his purposes and Hungary's interests. He required material aid. Party lines were drawn again. Webster, Fillmore and Clay stood on one side—how much they remind us of Hamilton, Washington and Adams! Hon. Lewis Cass, Douglass, and others, opposed the policy. Gen. Cass at the banquet avowed his full and most cordial assent to the doctrine that "The United States ought to interfere to prevent Russian intervention against the independence of Hungary." But all failed to satisfy the demands of Kossuth. He then resorted to the plan of issuing bonds, to be redeemed on the success of Hungary,

and raised a large amount of "material aid." After this he resorted to other measures, which lost him the respect of the American people, and resulted in his departure from America, under a guise far different from that under which he came. Though he had avowed his determination to deal fairly with the United States, yet on the 14th of June, 1852, we find him again in New York, instigating the German population to deeds which should have flushed his cheek with shame. What he failed to accomplish in an honorable way, he tried to achieve by a course which has branded his name with eternal infamy. As will have been seen, Gen. Cass and the Democratic leaders sided with Kossuth, in 1852, as did their leaders, Jefferson and Monroe, in 1798, with Genet. As early as February, 1852, Kossuth addressed the Germans, in Louisville, Ky., and urged them by their votes to compel the government of the United States to adopt his scheme of intervention. On the 12th of June, 1852, he said to them in New York: "You are strong enough to effect the election of that candidate for the Presidency, who gives the most attention to the European cause." On the 23d of June, he again addressed the Germans at the Broadway Tabernacle, on the same subject, and when the address was ended, the meeting adopted the following incendiary resolutions:

"Whereas, the Whig party, in their platform recently adopted in Baltimore, * * have declared themselves against participating in the fate of Europe; and whereas, furthermore, the Democratic party in America, which, at least in their fundamental principles, cherish progress, have not declared themselves against partaking

of the European struggle for liberty, and the policy of intervention may be expected to be adopted by the Democratic party, as well as by their candidate, therefore,

“ *Resolved*, that as American citizens, we will attach ourselves to the Democratic party, and will devote our strength to having a policy of intervention, in America, carried out.”

This secured the German vote for Franklin Pierce. The Irish vote was secured in another way. In all this history, we can see the treachery and deceit practiced upon the foreign-born citizens of the Republic by heartless demagogues. Hungary was left unbefriended—the letter of Kossuth, addressed to the President, was treated with contempt. The German-Irish citizens have been led to support a policy antagonistic to their best interests. Should the Republic of the United States interfere in the internal strife of nations on the continent of Europe, such a course would justify them in abandoning the terms of forbearance and non-interference which they have hitherto preserved toward us. Said Henry Clay to Kossuth: “By the policy to which we have adhered since the days of Washington, we have prospered beyond precedent; we have done more for the cause of liberty in the world, than arms could effect. But if we should involve ourselves in the tangled web of European politics, in a war in which we could effect nothing—and if, in that struggle, Hungary should go down and we should go down with her—where then would be the last hope of the friends of freedom throughout the world? Far better is it for ourselves, for Hungary, and for the cause of liberty, that, adher-

ing to our wise, pacific system, and avoiding the distant wars of Europe, we should keep our lamp burning brightly on this Western shore as a light to all nations, than to hazard its utter extinction among the ruins of fallen or falling republics in Europe."

The words of the dying patriot found an echo in every true American heart. Before the stern truth, the Hungarian hero quailed. He then discovered his mistake, and found that it was possible for American-born citizens to know as much regarding the spirit and genius of the Constitution of the country, and be as well prepared to appreciate and understand and explain the teachings of Washington, as for those whose studies had been confined to other subjects alike foreign to our history and our aspirations. Kossuth departed in obscurity, and it is said *under an assumed name*. If so, while his approach was glorious, his sojourn was seditious, and the sequel of his career is full of mortifying records, which must embitter the evening of a life once so full of promise and of hope.

Gavazzi next attracted our attention. About the middle of March, 1853, Alexandro Gavazzi, the distinguished Italian orator and ex-priest of Rome, arrived in New York. Kossuth had returned to London—the fires of revolution were extinguished, and in their stead were imprisonment, the inquisition, and Bible burnings. It is a curious fact, and one which can not be too highly appreciated, that the overthrow of freedom in Italy and the re-establishment of the Papal authority in Rome, did in the providence of God, result in the overthrow of the Papal power in the United States. Persecution drove the most eminent advocates

of liberty and equality in Europe to foreign lands. This fact gave Mazzini's eloquent pen to England, and the flaming speech of Gavazzi to the Western world. The way for his favorable reception had been prepared by a commendatory epistle directed to the Evangelical ministers of New York, signed by the Protestant clergy of Dublin. His fame as an orator preceded him, and on his arrival, the main facts of his life were heralded by the press; and his history, so full of interest and stirring scenes of adventure, became widely known. Born in 1809, at the age of sixteen entering the order of St. Barnabas, he rapidly rose to distinction as a professor of rhetoric at Naples; and after the accession of Pius IX., he found opportunity for the promulgation of those liberal views which here distinguished him and his illustrious brother in the order, Uggo Bassi.

In time, however, his fame as an orator rendered the position of the Pope untenable. The revolution of 1848 broke out, and Gavazzi's eloquence supplied ammunition, clothing and provisions, houses, and all the materials *de guerre* from a willing population. He was the hermit Peter of the crusade. When defeat attended their efforts, aided by Mr. Freeman, our Vice-Consul in Rome, he escaped to London, where he lived in retirement, earning his livelihood by giving daily instructions in the language of his beloved Italy; until a few of his fellow exiles, anxious to hear once more his eloquent voice, clubbed together the pittance of poverty to hire a room for the purpose, and the result has been the potent blast of indignant oratory, and the trumpet note of withering denunciation with which he has assailed the Roman Court.

From the day of his arrival in the United States, he attracted universal attention. He exposed Popery, root and branch. In Canada, he found Romanism as he had seen it in the old world. While in Quebec, he charged the Irish clergy with maintaining the Ribbon system. This excited the animosity of the Catholics of Montreal, whither he went. The Orange lodges saw hostile demonstrations made by Irish Catholics, and prepared to defend the eloquent Padre. On his arrival, a large concourse received him. In the evening, the audience came prepared for difficulty. The lecturer was warmly received. He launched out in praise of liberty, and in denunciation of despotism. When his speech was finished, though comparative quiet had been maintained during its delivery, a crowd rushed into the church. Gavazzi proved not only brave in denunciation, but fearless in action. His pulpit became his citadel, and with a chair he defended himself against the combined attack, aided by his secretary Paoli, and an artillery sergeant. At length dragged from the pulpit, he fell prostrate upon the mass, and said that he thought many would remember this passage of the Italian lecturer. Rushing for the basement, his way was blocked up by an immense force. This he scattered, and succeeded in getting out without serious injury.

Gavazzi was no longer a foreigner to us. He had become one of the defenders of freedom of speech. The Catholic press of New York said: "We say further, that any man who should willingly hear the Italian booby make use of such language, and not forthwith break his mouth, must be possessed of very little of that pardonable exuberance of irascible mettle, that

distinguishes the man of honor from the sneak." Such language produced the desired effect. The American press spoke out for freedom. Gavazzi made a home in the American heart, for the feelings engendered and sentiments expressed at Metropolitan Hall. In connection with these two facts, a third followed, which seemed to establish forever the character of Romanism in the minds of Americans. For what the riots in Canada—the abuse of the Protestant spirit by the Catholic press—the attack on free schools—left undone, was accomplished by the advent to our shores of Gœtand Bedini, the Pope's Nuncio to Brazil, who came in the summer of 1853, to settle the affairs of the St. Louis Church of Buffalo.

Gœtand Bedini was the murderer of Uggo Bassi, and as such was heralded to the American people by the clarion voice of Gavazzi. His reception was cordial, and the largest liberty was allowed.

With Bishop Hughes he made a tour of the States, and one of the government vessels was placed at their service. This act of indiscretion excited general remark. The story of Uggo Bassi's mournful death, a compatriot of Gavazzi, of the same age and order, began to circulate, filling all with horror and indignation. The murderer became a marked man. Gavazzi said of Bassi: "He was a man of the most varied acquirements. Gifted by God and nature with a beautiful form, nobly endowed in mind, he was a good musician, one of the best modern poets of Italy, and as a pulpit orator he took foremost rank. He followed the fortunes of the national army, was wounded in battle, and

was everywhere with the legions of the hero Garribaldi, one of the bravest of the defenders of Rome. He was captured on board a vessel, together with his compatriot Garribaldi, and his wife, and a small band of soldiers, by the minions of Austria, and executed by order of Bedini, Governor of the provinces in which he was captured." In his speech at New York, he described, in thrilling terms, the affecting incidents of Bassi's execution, by order of M. Bedini. "Even the Austrian officer commanding the platoon whose murderous fire was destined to end the sufferings of the martyr patriot, shed tears on the solemn occasion. The last words of Uggo Bassi were: '*I am innocent—Christ and Italy!*' Who signed the death-warrant of the patriot, Bassi? Who, still further to degrade the martyr, caused the skin to be cut from his hands, forehead and head, to 'disconsecrate' him? Who refused to let his body be buried in the cemetery, and caused it to be interred in the burial place of assassins? The Archbishop of Thebes, M. Bedini, the Papal Nuncio to this country, and who, through the blindness of the people of the United States of the true object of his mission, is endeavoring to pave the way for the introduction of a legion of Jesuits here, to subvert the liberties of the country, as the legions of blood-thirsty Austria trampled our nascent liberties to the dust."

The story told with terrible effect on the minds of the people, and they everywhere believed the words of Gavazzi, when he said: "If Bedini murdered the patriot Bassi, in Italy, his coming into a republican country does not change his character, or mind; and the

direct tendency of his operations will be the ultimate subversion of American liberties by the extensive spread of Papacy through the agency of Jesuits."

On the 22d of October, 1853, the trustees of the St. Louis church had an interview with the Nuncio, and presented a memorial containing the details of their grievances. The reply of the Nuncio, sent to the church three days afterward, placed them in the wrong and the Bishop in the right. Without noticing the question presented to him, or their charter of incorporation, he said: "It suffices for me to state that the Bishop may lawfully decide and require, and this congregation, either by mere consent, or by direct and immediate action, should conform." Of the laws of the State, he says: "I cannot believe that any law of the State will prevent your conforming to the discipline of the Church." If so, he advises them "To make known the case to the legislative body, and they would grant such modifications of the law as would place your legal position in harmony with the laws of the church to which you belong." In this way he hoped to induce Catholics to become petitioners for the measures and policy dictated at Rome. The cunning of the Jesuit was in vain. The reply of the trustees was to the point. They said: "*We see nothing in your Excellency's answer but a repetition of the demand made by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Timon, that is, 'entire submission, and that our Act of Incorporation should be annulled, and that the appointment of a Committee, instead of a Board of Trustees, should be made by him, which has been the cause of our difficulties.'*"

"Up to the time of the beginning of these diffi-

culties, we never meddled with the spiritual, leaving it entirely to the pastor and bishop, but as to the temporalities, we had always the control, subject, nevertheless, to the yearly inspection of the bishop and pastor, (and at any time within the fiscal year) over the amount expended and received, which the pastor always found correct. As to the annulling of our Act of Incorporation, there is not the least shadow of thought, as we believe that *temporalities* have nothing to do with *spiritualities*.'

The termination of the difficulty has already been given. The congregation petitioned the Legislature for redress, and found able defenders in Hon. Messrs. Putnam, Brooks, and others. A bull of excommunication was given. Priests were forbidden to administer at the altar; and the rites of sepulture were denied the dead. It has been well said, that "the road is no longer around a hill than over it."

The following "rules of administration" were drawn up for the refractory church of Buffalo, by the Archbishop of New York:

(1.) The Trustees shall be elected from the members of the congregation, who are pew-holders of the church; but any member who belongs to any secret society, or neglects to observe his Easter confession and communion, shall not be so elected.

(2.) The Trustees shall render an account to the congregation, every six months, of the moneys received and expended by them, and to the Bishop at the end of every year. The Bishop reserves the right to examine the books of account at any time, at his own option. For every amount expended, over three hundred dollars, the

Trustees shall procure the express consent of the Bishop.

(3.) The Pastor shall attend all Trustee meetings ex-officio, and if he deems fit to veto any action taken at such meetings, and does not afterward withdraw his veto, the matter shall be submitted to the Bishop for his decision.

(4.) The Pastor shall appoint the persons who shall serve the congregation, or instruct the youth of the congregation, as organist, sexton, and teacher, but with the consent of the Trustees. If the Trustees will not consent to the appointment of such person by the Priest, it shall be submitted to the decision of the Bishop. The congregation will remain incorporated under this administration, and never can one cent of the funds of the congregation be appropriated without their consent, for any other purpose than the use of the congregation.

Thus orders your Chief Shepherd in Christ.

† JOHN, *Bishop*.

The plan is ingeniously concocted, and will be effective for the accomplishment of the bishop's purpose. It is this, and no more: The bishop controls the priest by holding the fear of submission, in terror over his head; and the priest has an unqualified veto upon the action of the congregation—his anathemas, and the danger of excommunication being constantly before their eyes.

In respect to Bedini, the fact seems to be, that he was sent here to transact certain business for the Church, and that he brought with him a letter from the Pope to the President. But the letter did not give him a diplomatic character, nor did the reception which the President gave him in acknowledgment of it. All M. Bedini's operations in this country have been carried on as a private

agent of a foreign temporal prince, the head of the Roman State. His transactions in real estate, and other property, have been reported as very heavy, and he is represented to have been very exacting in his demands, from those with whom he dealt. It is not surprising that the Legate, or Nuncio, has become very unpopular, and that people are beginning to ask, wherever he goes, or is expected to go, what is his authority for seizing upon the property and revenues of the Roman Catholic churches of the United States? Of course, no foreign minister has a right to do any such thing, and the popular feeling has now come up to Washington, in the shape of a demand that Sr. Bedini shall cease to wander about the country, breeding tumult and violence, but shall confine himself to his diplomatic functions at the capital, if he have any to attend to.

The Papal Nuncio departed in disguise, and left the Republic to be managed by abler men, while he stole back to the shadow of the Vatican, where murderers are rewarded with place and profit. Revelations of a startling nature followed his departure. It was proven that a bargain was made for the Catholic vote, and that the Postal Department was the price paid. The press was emancipated. The spirit of 1776 brooded again over the land, and impelled the American people to guard their rights and liberties from foreign interference.

A word in regard to a native American priesthood. The fact has already been noticed, that years ago, it was a project of the Archbishop of New York, aided by the Leopold Society, to train and educate native Americans for the priesthood. This scheme worked well for a time. But recent developments show, very clearly,

that a liberal and educated American priesthood can not be relied upon. There is something, so opposed to the domination of a foreign power inherent in the American breast, that the discipline of the church seems incapable of suppressing it altogether. It will not yield up entirely, the God-given right of thought and action. This principle is apparent in the course pursued by the American-born priesthood. A foreign bishop can not gain entire control of them. This fact is felt at Rome. The result is clearly seen in the project of establishing a college for Americans in Rome.

The Pope in his letter, given at Rome, January 1st, 1855, says: "But that you may provide more easily for the wants of your dioceses, and may be able to have skillful and industrious laborers, who can help you in cultivating the vineyard of the Lord—we most earnestly wish, as we already have intimated to some of your order (who to our common gratification were here in Rome on the occasion of our dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God), that comparing your advice, and uniting your resources, you would please to erect in this our fair city of Rome, a college appropriated to the clergy of your nation. For your wisdom will instruct you how great advantages may redound to your dioceses, from an institution of that kind.

"Because, by this arrangement, youth chosen by you, and sent hither as the hope of religion, will grow up as in a nursery, and imbued here with piety and with an excellent education, and drawing from its very fountain a doctrine incorrupt, and learning the institutes, and the rites, and the holy ceremonies of the church

which is the Mother and Mistress of all others—when they return to their country, will be able perfectly to discharge the office of a parish priest, or of a preacher, or of a professor; and to shine as an example of life to the people, to instruct the ignorant, and to bring back the erring to the paths of truth and justice; as well as, by the armor of sound doctrine, to confound the madness and refute the fallacies of men of guile. If you will ratify this our desire, which looks into the spiritual good of those regions, we certainly, as much as lies in us, will not omit to assist you with all diligence, that you may establish the said college.”

Notice that the main reason for recommending this course, is “because youth will grow up as in a nursery.” Not so in America. The walls of the college are not so high but that freedom can overleap them—their windows are not so thick but rays of truth may penetrate them; hence this becomes the nursery of freemen.

When one contrasts the appearance of the Catholic priests, as seen below Montreal, and beyond the reach of the influence exerted by our institutions, with those around New York, and throughout the United States—when one sees the equality of the one, and the absolute homage of the other—he is enabled to detect the germ of a principle which, strengthened in time, will enable a native American priesthood to imitate the example of a Henry VIII. when he threw off a foreign yoke, and planted the standard of the English church. They will not submit to the abhorrent degradation. This fact is becoming appreciated and felt, hence the church proposes to educate her sons at head-quarters, where the Bible is not read, and its influence is not seen. For in

America the contrast preaches with trumpet-tones against the iniquitous abominations of Rome.

It is almost impossible for an American to conceive of the extent of this degradation. Even in Canada, a traveler ascending the St. Lawrence, witnessed the following scene while standing on the deck of the steamer. As it approached a landing there stood a procession, stretching from the water's edge far up the hill. It was composed of the students and priests of a Catholic college. It appears that the Bishop of Montreal had been attending one of their examinations. The students and professors formed two parallel lines, and as the bishop passed to the boat, kneeling on either side, they touched their faces to the earth. The professors, in common with the students, were guilty of this disgusting servility. The bishop, sitting in the cabin, received the homage of a fellow-traveler. A priest, ignorant of the whereabouts of the bishop, entered the cabin. As soon as he discovered his master he fell upon his knees, and there remained until a signal was graciously waved to him to approach; and at length by genuflexions, and crawling like a worm before the Most High God, a brother man prostrated himself before a libertine whose fame is world-wide, for pursuing a course, in the convent of which Maria Monk was a member, that should brand, not only him, but his infamous confederates, with eternal shame.

There is nothing of this in the States. It would not answer. The attempt has been made to make Americans uncover their heads as the host was borne through the streets. There will be no more of this. The free spirit of Americans will not bow before the graceless thing.

It should be remembered that the past history of Romanism shows, that whenever it suffers defeat, like Uriah Heap—portrayed by Dickens—it declares “*I’m very humble.*” But like that monster, by means of its humility, it strives to rob the rightful heirs of freedom of their heaven-preserved inheritance. Money, genius, tact, and energy, coupled with ignorance and superstition, are arrayed against a frank and generous people, who openly avow their allegiance to heaven, and their love of liberty.

Rejoicing that the battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift, and recognizing in our past triumphs the hand of a favoring Providence, we repose confidence in that Almighty Arm; and believing that it will continue to protect the interests of truth and right, we are enabled to behold a brighter future dawning upon the earth-born race.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OUT-LOOK OF FREEDOM.

The American movement—Its success and its overthrow—Opposition to despotism was the secret of its power—Its alliance with despotism the source of its weakness.

HEATHEN fable relates in fulsome strains, that suddenly a full-armed goddess leaped from the riven brain of her progenitor, and astonished the world with her deeds of prowess. The teachings of heathen fable were more than eclipsed by the unexpected tread of a power which, unattended and unheralded, stepped forth into the whirl of a busy present, prepared to plan and execute gigantic purposes.

Its origin resembles the boast and prop of Egyptian greatness, the wondrous Nile, whose source no man knows, while the river, in Egyptian history, is a fact underlying its national strength and prosperity. It is not different with the American movement. Many have sought its origin, and have tired of the seeking. The fact, however, is recognized, that at a certain time, a new spirit flew over the land, rekindling as it went the fires of '76, and springing from the tomb of Washington, as Minerva, full-armed, leaped from the brain of the bolt-hurling Jove.

The feeling of opposition awakened against the impudent emissary of French Jacobinism, when he

appealed to the passions and prejudices of the lawless rabble, against the resolution of Washington to shield his country from the calamities of a foreign war, has been referred to. We have seen the steps taken by Jefferson and others to secure the influence of French citizens, to the party of which he was the head. Still we are not to conclude that Jefferson regarded the influence of foreign-born citizens with complacency. He saw the dangers to which our country was exposed, and in 1781, in his "Notes on Virginia," used the following language :

"They will bring with them the principles of the governments they leave, imbibed in early youth ; or, if able to throw them off, it will be in exchange for an unbounded licentiousness, passing, as is usual, from one extreme to the other. It would be a miracle, were they to stop precisely at the point of temperate liberty. These principles, with their language, they will transmit to their children. In proportion to their numbers, they will share with us the legislation. They will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its directions, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass."

While minister to France, in 1788, in a letter to Mr. John Jay, he said : " Native citizens, on several valuable accounts, are preferable to aliens or citizens alien-born. Native citizens possess our language, know our laws, customs and commerce, have general acquaintance in the United States, give better satisfaction, and are *more to be relied on in point of fidelity*. To avail ourselves of native citizens, it appears to me to be advisable *to declare by standing law, that no person but a NATIVE CITIZEN shall be capable of the office of consul.*"

But Mr. Jefferson was not satisfied with excluding "citizens alien-born" from holding office. He thought them even unfit to serve as jurors, "*grand or petty, civil or criminal.*" At a later period, in 1797, in a petition to the Virginia Legislature, written by him on behalf of the citizens of Amherst, Albemarle, Fluvanna and Gouchland counties, he said:

"Your petitioners further submit to the two Houses of Assembly, whether the safety of the citizens of this Commonwealth, in their persons, their property, their laws and government, does not require that the capacity to act in the important office of juror, grand or petty, civil or criminal, should not be restrained in future to native citizens, or such as were citizens at the date of the treaty of peace, which closed our Revolutionary war; and whether the ignorance of our laws, and natural partiality to the countries of their birth, are not reasonable causes for declaring this to be one of the rights incommunicable in future to adopted citizens."

In 1798, James Madison was the ruling spirit of the Virginia Legislature. During this session, the following resolution was passed with his sanction, if not at his instance: "That the General Assembly, nevertheless, concurring with the Legislature of Massachusetts, that every Constitutional barrier should be opposed to the introduction of foreign influence into our national councils,

"*Resolved*, that the Constitution ought to be so amended, that no foreigner, who shall not have acquired the right under our Constitution and laws, at the time of making the amendment, shall hereafter be eligible to the office of Senator or Representative in the Congress

of the United States, or to any office in the judiciary or executive department."

This resolution breathes a Native American spirit equal to anything afforded by the demonstrations of the present time. It reveals an important fact, showing that men then as now were willing to make use of their votes, while in private they were frank to avow their hostility to their designs and influence. As in the case of Thomas Keating, shot down by a leading Democrat, a member of Congress from California, Democrats elected to office by Irish votes refused all inquiry into the course of Herbert. "This shows," said the "American Celt," "one thing: that an Irishman born, however loyal, is only fit to be used by the Democratic party, and when used, set up as a target and shot with impunity."

There is a fact lying at the heart of the American movement, which should be kept in sight. It is this: it was not in the main an opposition to a class which roused the American feeling; it was caused by a fear that the alien-born were slaves to a foreign despot. It was believed that the foreign vote, controlled by a foreign power, not only proposed but elected Presidents—that this foreign power, vested in the bishops of the Romish church in the United States, dictated terms, claimed Cabinet appointments, placed its hand upon the free thought of the nation, and strove to muzzle the press and kill out the vital independence of our people. It was an opposition to a despotism whose tyranny knew no limits and was restrained by no barriers. It was shown that demagogues bargained for the Catholic vote—a vote which procured seats in the Cabinet and

on the Supreme Bench, chaplaincies in the public service, foreign missions and embassies, posts of honor and emolument at home and abroad, places by the thousand in the revenue service, and the confiding to the hands of a Roman Catholic the entire postal department, which controls the transmission of the public and private intelligence of the country, with upward of fifty thousand offices in his gift. Exposure followed upon the heel of exposure, and warnings by the bugle of the press were sounded through the land. Thousands in the generous fervor of youth, and with the ripened strength of advanced age—maidens in their wild enthusiasm, and manhood in his prime, flamed the torch of alarm, through glen and valley, over hill and mountain, until all saw by its lurid light the dangers that bestrewed the past with wrecks—that encompassed the present, and curtained the future with the drapery of gloom.

There are turning points in history, on which are hinged the fate of nations and the character of centuries. The battle of Arbela has been declared to be the most important battle of ancient history, and the modern battle of Tours has been classed as among those signal deliverances which have affected for centuries the happiness of mankind.

Neither of these important events excel in the greatness of their results the battle of Quebec, in 1759, when the dying De Wolfe saw in his conquest of the French; the overthrow of Catholic supremacy in the Western continent. That battle was a wedge which opened the gates, and ultimately prostrated the walls with which Romanism had shut out truth, and debarred its advocates from the blessings of freedom.

It is a remarkable coincidence, that in less than a century, Canada should be made the second time the theater of strife, which in the providence of God should result in the speedy disenthralment of her priest-ridden people. Gavazzi, in Canada, ascended the proud heights of papistical power, and hurled from the summit of her supposed impregnable Malakoff the hot bolts of truth, which burned through her hard exterior, and kindled into conflagration the materials lying within. He opened the eyes of *bondmen*, and they saw their chains. By his speech and own right arm, he cut out a channel for truth—the encroachments of Rome were resisted, and the waves of Catholicity were commanded to stay their march, by a power they dare not resist.

It seemed as if the forest-bird of Freedom had been for fifty years brooding eaglets—for all at once their shrill cry was heard in every part of our great Republic, singing again with an all-pervading voice the old notes, whose melody greeted the ear, nerved the arm, and cheered the heart of a Warren at Bunker Hill, and of a Washington at Valley Forge. “It was the voice of America, asserting her position; declaring that henceforth and hereafter, there shall be an American sentiment—an American character—an American policy.”

The wisdom of Washington was made manifest when he said in his farewell address to his countrymen: “Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to believe, my fellow citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience teach that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government.”

Thus the American sentiment, finding its fountain

source in the best wisdom of the past, bequeathed to us by the founders of the Republic, flowed on in an unbroken channel, sweeping every obstruction from its path. It belongs to history to chronicle the pleasing fact that *Americans have determined to rule America.*

The provision excluding foreigners from the Presidency, was the first great spark stricken from the flint of Native Americanism, and the blow which drew it forth was given by Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and their illustrious compeers. The second position assumed and contended for, is that the naturalization laws shall be uniform throughout the United States, and no State should admit foreigners to the political rights of citizens—to the right of suffrage especially—unless they have been first naturalized according to the laws of Congress. This is but carrying out the provisions of the Constitution, which declares that Congress shall have power to establish a uniform rule of naturalization throughout the United States.

The third position taken, was opposition to the election or appointment of Roman Catholics to office, because of the oath of allegiance that binds them to a foreign power.

Strong hopes were entertained that an American Catholic church would be created, and that this foreign potentate would be abandoned by every one baptized into the name of liberty, on taking the oath of allegiance to the American Constitution. Thousands who had been reared in the bosom of the church, became indoctrinated into the principles of freedom of thought, speech, and action. They saw that their minds had been enslaved, and their actions were restrained by a

despot, who rules with a rod of iron 172,000,000 of people scattered over the globe.

There is in the human heart a love of freedom which seems to be inherent. All men love liberty for themselves. The secret of success which attended the American movement, was its opposition to despotism. The laity of the Catholic church were not blamed for their actions. The responsibility was placed on their leaders. They saw the scepter stretched forth by the Pope, borne by bishops and priests, until its shadow fell upon soil consecrated to freedom. This one idea enabled this secret indescribable influence to permeate the breasts of millions. It was confined to no class; fetterless and free, it jumped party lines, flouted custom, laughed at tradition, made old men tremble, and young men brave, kindled anew the flickering flame of patriotism; and all at once throughout the land, the village church spire, the thousand marts of commerce, the streets of cities, the hearths and homes of a great people, were illumined by the glow which threw across the path of a mighty nation a gladdening light. That light was kindled upon the altar of our country. It was the beacon blaze warning of past danger, whose glare painted upon the canvass of the future the treasury of an unrealized hope.

Sad and painful as is the task, truth compels the historian to chronicle the fact, that this principle was made to subserve the purposes of despotism. When National Americans gathered in Philadelphia, and traveled out of the path which they had marked out, and become Union Savers—declaring their determination “*to abide by and maintain the existing laws upon the*

subject of slavery”—a sorrowful wail arose from the breasts of honest Americans, whose education, principles, and duty forbade their abandonment of the old paths in which every freeman desired to walk. It can not be concealed that, when the policy of Americans was so changed *that it undertook to bolster up one despotism while it opposed another*, a spirit of revolt took possession of the Northern heart, and the ship freighted with priceless hopes, was dashed into a thousand fragments. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. Truth and Error can not always walk together. There is natural hostility awakened. Freedom and Despotism are antagonisms. They can not mingle. There is still hope for our country. We find evidences of God’s fostering care, in the providences of the past, and in the indications of the present. All things right themselves in time. Truth is mighty and will prevail. There is a slow but steady progress made in political science. The lights of the past throw across the present path, gleams of hope. We find it in the outbursts of enthusiasm which attend the successes of freedom, and in the bitter and implacable hostility to the aggressions of despotism.

The real issue now before the people is between freedom and slavery. This fact is writing and re-writing its plaintive record on every heart. For this reason men preach the truth, knowing that in the words of the God-man, the truth gives freedom. The press—the Bible—the system of free schools—the enlightened public sentiment of this and other lands—all side with freedom. The very spirit and scope of the Constitution is one of liberty and equality for all.

It was to emancipate America from the thralldom of

foreign rule, that the patriots of the Revolution forsook their homes and flew to arms. The same principle in 1854 caused their Bible-loving, God-fearing, and liberty-loving sons to join the ranks, battling for an American policy. This spirit entered our council chambers and pulpits—our work-shops and press-rooms—it found the farmer at his plough, the writer with his pen, and the lawyer with his brief, and one and all turned and greeted the Genius of Liberty, and rallied with one heart around her standards.

There is an outlook for freedom left. God never made these beauteous plains, these towering forests, these lovely groves, these golden landscapes, to be the heritage of serfs and vassals. In the uprisings among the Catholics of the Old world and the New, we behold indications which promise much for the future. There is hope for freedom in the sober second thought of our foreign born citizens. The revolt among the Irish against the despotic rule of demagogues—the fact that as a body our German citizens love freedom—their general intelligence—their zeal in behalf of Kansas, and their cool determination to make America, which has furnished them an asylum from storm-driven Europe, a place where freedom of speech shall be maintained—their resistance to the aggressions of Rome—their native independence and love of equality—all speak manfully for freedom.

Again, men are becoming convinced that the interests of natives and adopted citizens are identical. The influences of free institutions are working out important results. Labor deserves protection. It has built up this Republic and made it strong. The hostility awakened

against those who would render labor disreputable, is an auspicious fact. In 1780, the whole exterior commerce of the Republic amounted to about eight and a half millions annually; now our annual exports exceed 250,000,000, while our internal commerce is nearly 600,000,000 per year, without estimating our home consumption. Then, a few ill-constructed roads and water courses nature had bestowed, were our only means of inter-communication; now, more than 17,000 miles of railway and numerous canals, which embrace in continuous lines of navigation, 30,000 miles of lake and river, render the most northern corner of Maine nearer in time to Florida and Mexico, than was Boston to New York in those days. This is the product of free labor. The interests of the laborer are all opposed to despotism, as may be seen whether we look at Italy or South Carolina. In this fact there is hope. Though Disunion utter its stormy threat—though the Archbishop of New York asserts that the laity shall be enslaved—though Truth falleth in the street, and Error, Haman-like, rides its gay palfrey—yet the Christian does not despair, for he beholds the hand of his God shaping and controlling all things, and in the stirring events of the hour, he greets a movement which is working out the disenthralment of the race. The patriot does not despair, because from a thousand sources the fiat has gone forth, that the march of aggression shall be stayed, and that, if the battle continues long enough, the sun in his shining course shall light a race of free-men without falling upon a bondman's home. For broad and grand and mighty as is our Republic, it has not yet attained its zenith, nor will it until the seedlings

of despotism translated from a foreign soil and nurtured on our own, shall be uprooted, and then it will flame the splendor of its orb over an area of freedom broad as an ocean-girt continent.

Truth goes forward in straight lines. It mocks the slavish fear of the task-master, and proudly utters its clarion-cry, that freedom is her child. Before man can check its progress in America, he must lay an embargo on the vagrant winds that fan our mountain brows—wave the grain in fertile valleys, and fill the sails of commerce. The lightning harnessed to thought, as is steam to trade, must be chained. If he would fetter the streams of influence, he must muzzle the press, put out the lights of science, and change the immutable purposes of Omnipotence. For beneath all outward forms there is a love of freedom strong and pure—ever reaching forth unto those things which are beyond—a love deep as the under-currents of old Ocean, and boundless as the blue heavens: while this love endures, and *it is eternal*—there is hope—hope that the citadel of freedom will rise higher and still higher, until watchmen standing on its proud summit, shall behold our conquering banner borne by loyal sons, and waving proudly its ample folds, over a nation joined in the holy fellowship of heaven-born Peace.

CHAPTER XVI.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE IN 1848 AND 1849.

Pio Nono—Joseph Mazzini—The hopes built upon Italian Freedom—
The overthrow of the Republic by the French—Persecution of
Bible readers.

LET us now turn back three years, and behold Europe in her terrible struggle for freedom. The years 1848 and 1849 were memorable eras in European history. Events of thrilling interest filled our public journals, and were daily leaving their impress upon the minds of millions. Nations were tossed on the fiercest billows of political excitement. France was intoxicated with revolution. Austria was trembling before the onward march of liberal ideas. Hungary and Italy had joined hands in a fraternal strife to wrest their liberties from the iron thrones of despotism.

Gregory XVI., supported and sustained while living, had been for two short years wrapped in the folds of death, and in his chair was Pio Nono, who had as Cardinal won imperishable honors by his kindness to the poor and suffering. As Pope he began immediately to favor the wishes of his people, and the enthusiasm, not only of the Romans, but of the whole Italian government, was raised to the highest pitch. Three thousand noblemen had been called back from exile to the bosom of home. The captives were set free, and the doors of prisons once more permitted the breath of freedom to

cheer their lonely occupants. The officers of State were no longer confined to the priesthood. The press, unmuzzled, spoke freely the wishes, and breathed forth the suppressed hopes of the people. Justice was publicly administered, and the disgraceful proscriptions and imprisonments of Gregory were forgotten in the general amnesty of Pius IX. Austria opposed him, the priesthood plotted against his life, but Pius, throned in the hearts of the people, was safe. His name resounded over Europe, and was hailed with delight by every friend of true liberty in the world.

At this time it was proposed that a Nuncio should be sent to the land of Washington. The intelligence was received with acclamations by thousands of the followers of the Pope, and even Protestants looked with approval upon the prospect of enlightening Europe, by means of a friendly interchange of sentiment.

Rome, sitting on her seven hills, was regarded very much as is the captive eagle—his plume having been shed away, the lustre of his wing and the brilliancy of his eye dimmed and lost, but which on hearing the call of his mate, high in air, revives again, and with flashing eye looks toward his mountain eyrie, with a longing and steadfast gaze. At length descriing the form of the free bird, as with strong wing he breasts the gale, the captive's eye kindles with its wonted glow, the strength comes back to his unused wing, he rises, spreads his broad pinion, clutches the chain in his strong talons, the luster appears again on his ragged plume. He hears the cry once more, and shaking himself, he stretches out his neck, and with redoubled strength breaks the fetters which he has worn too long, and with

a wild scream of joy regains his lost freedom. And thus it was hoped it would be with Italy, "that caged nightingale of Europe." Though Rome was sitting like a jewel-diamond in an emerald ring, her sons wasted by internal feuds, and weakened by the galling chains of an intolerant despotism—it was believed that she had heard the call of freedom, and that her prophets were ready to lead them out of bondage, and were pointing them forward to a Canaan which was real. We saw Italians rising at the instigation of their leaders. A Republican government was proclaimed. Its Constitution was faultless. Its armies performed prodigies of valor, and the fame of its statesmen found its way to every clime.

Kossuth by his eloquence had called from the mountains of Hungary two hundred thousand noble hearts, and melted them into a livid thunderbolt of wrath, which in headlong fury fell upon the Austrian legions. Wherever his foot pressed the earth, mailed Magyars sprung to arms. In Hungary the principles of freedom were at work, and the masses everywhere expressed their willingness to die in their defense. The peal of victory had answered this call to arms. Banners were floating from church spire and palace top in triumph, and liberty was perching proudly upon the standards of Hungary and Italy, when the clock tolled the knell of 1848 and the advent of 1849.

During this period many thousand copies of the Sacred Scriptures, in the Italian language, were published in Florence, and some ten or twelve thousands were put into circulation among the people, who received them with great avidity. For the space of a year this was

done with the consent of the government, and in accordance with the laws of Tuscany. God was publicly recognized, and many happy souls found their temporal liberty but the precursor of the rising orb that was to flood their souls with celestial light. Literature began to be cultivated. The history of our country and the more able productions of our statesmen, crossed the seas and found readers beneath the shadows of tottering thrones.

In Italy, "with the exception of the occasional visits of Swiss, French, and English Protestants—ministers of the Gospel, and laymen—the influences which operated to occasion this movement were wholly Italian. Little meetings for expounding the word of God were held in private houses. For several months also, faithful young men from among the Waldenses, in the valleys of Piedmont, preached the Gospel in the Italian language at the Protestant Swiss chapel in Florence, which, for more than twenty years had been sustained under the auspices of the Prussian embassy, and in connection with it. It was thus that the truth made silent, but effective progress in the capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and its immediate vicinity."

The French Revolution of February, 1848, gave a new direction to the enthusiasm, not only of the Italians, but of the friends of liberal institutions all over Europe, awakening demands for administrative reforms, and popular systems of representative governments. For these sweeping changes the Pope was not prepared, and his popularity which had reached a brilliant zenith, began to wane.

On the 16th of November Rome was in revolt—the

palace was surrounded by an infuriated populace. Count Rossi had fallen by an assassin's dagger, and a change of ministry was demanded. The Pope, deserted by his army his ministry and advisers, surrounded by a crowd threatening him with death, with his army fraternizing with the foe—when hope had fled, and dangers were thickening, reluctantly gave his signature, threw up the government and declared himself a prisoner of State; whereupon, a Republic was proclaimed. On the 24th he escaped from the Quirinal, in the disguise of a footman of the Bavarian minister, and arrived safely at Gaeta about four miles from Naples, where he lived in regal splendor housed in the palace of Pontici.

Milan capitulated on the 4th of August, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany took refuge in flight. The Italian Waterloo was fought at Navara, a small town in Sardinia, on the 23d of March, 1849. Charles Albert was defeated.

On March 3d, 1849, Mazzini, together with Armelli and Saffi, was appointed a triumvir, and received with his colleagues the full power of the young States. In the meantime Pio Nono was residing at Gaeta, devoting his time and energies to the arrangement of the theory of the Immaculate Conception, which he afterward put forth as a panacea for the rebellions and heresies of the tempest-tossed world.

The ruin of the temporal power of the Papacy had been effected. From the time when the first blow of the French Revolution was struck in 1789, it had been tottering. The spiritual power of the Pope was left untouched, but in regard to foreign nations, Napoleon

bade him hands off. No nation asked his advice. His bulls fell like hornless scraps of paper, the sport of the idle winds. Lower and still lower went the flag of his power, until it was trailing in the dust. In 1849, it became certain that some other artillery was required to gather together those scattered fragments of power, which once had swayed nations, and to eject his opponents from the Quirinal than bulls and denunciations. Clouds began to gather again over the doomed city. It was thought dangerous to allow a Republic to grow up in the heart of Europe. While it existed life, action, stir and bustle met the eye at every turn. A celestial energy descended upon man, and infused new life and energy into his crushed and withered powers.

Continental Europe trembled when she beheld the altar fires of freedom blazing from the Seven Hills of rejuvenated Rome. Her thrones reeled beneath the monarchs' feet, and all saw in the crackling flames enwreathing the palace of Charles Albert, the kindling of a fire which threatened the proud superstructures of monarchical despotism.

The Republic of Rome, with Joseph Mazzini at its head, became the flag-staff of Europe's hope, from which the banner of freedom proudly waved. The influence of literature was felt—newspapers were established—books were published and extensively read—science and art never flourished better, than when their growth was fostered by the enlightened and generous sentiments, which influenced the Italian mind. But in Europe the thinker is considered dangerous. There 'tis a crime to unlock the treasure-house of thought, and share one's wealth with paupers. The Bard of Avon,

in his play, the plot of which was laid in Rome, has described the spirit which controls the Holy See, as triple-crowned and seated in his pontifical throne he governs poor priest-ridden Italy. Like Julius Cæsar, he seems to say :

“ Let me have men about that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o’ nights;
Yon Cassius has a hungry look—
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.
“ He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men—loves no plays.
Such men as he be never at heart’s ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.”

And this feeling seems to pervade the church of Rome. But during the history of the Republic, we find that Cassius becomes the noblest Roman of them all. “ Room for the thinker, room !” was wafted on every breeze, as the ranks of men opened for Mazzini to take his proud position as ruler of the Italian Republic. For this reason, Naples sent an army to reinstate the Pope. Spain sent a force to assist at the ceremony. France was meditating an expedition to Civita Vecchia, to maintain the due influence of France in central Italy, and with a view to occupy the city aforesaid, and, it might be, Rome. Opposed to this mighty conspiracy, were Mazzini and his patriot band, composed of students, tradesmen, literateurs, statesmen, and soldiers.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* remarked that the government of Rome, at this crisis, “ was more in accordance with their own high claims, than with the opinion generally entertained of them.” History has already

furnished a home for the record of illustrious deeds, which have stamped the Republican army with the signet-mark of immortality. It enables us to see Rome from June 3d, when Oudinot recommenced his attack, to June 30th, when the Assembly resolved that the city could defend itself no longer—as a continuous scene of combat, fire, ruin and carnage, which only ended under the martial law of the French.

It permits us to gaze upon Mazzini, whose official acts, from the day of his election, the 29th of March, to the 2d of July, when Rome, her last cartridge spent, ceased her heroic but unavailing resistance against the cowardly assailants, who dared only to bombard the city. Joseph Mazzini has been denounced as a visionary enthusiast. Let those who do so, see him alone and unscared in the midst of tumultuous Rome, earnestly and not without hope, remonstrate with the French—welcome and defy the Neapolitans—and then prepare to resist one and all. There were no visionary schemes or impracticable suggestions made. See him superintending the casting of cannon, and every preparation for governing or defending the Republic. See him, while the French army was approaching, issue a proclamation, providing for the security of the peaceable French students, and as an evidence of the spirit of the government, when about to meet and contend with thirty thousand besiegers. Go, watch that pallid brow and restless eye as he gazes upon troops inflamed by his inspiring speech, while they repulse Oudinot and his republic-destroying legions. If still unsatisfied, follow him to the desk, where the contest was carried on with the pen instead of the sword. Listen to his words, as

he plainly but calmly points out the utter worthlessness of the professions of friendship on the part of the French, coupled as they were with the declared intention of occupation, incompatible with independence, and in contradiction of every profession of the French in behalf of freedom.

Follow him, as he shows that of all enmities to the Roman people, the friendship of the French was the most fatal; for it paralyzed their defense against more declared enemies by distracting their operations, and by even stopping the supply of arms which would enable them to defend themselves; and when, in reference to the protest, that they came to give effect to the free choice of the Romans, now held down by a government of force, he challenged them to point out a single proof that their government was other than freely chosen, or a single proof of reaction or regret for the expelled clerical government. Behold him, as before the world he declares the final resolution of the people, in whose name he spoke, never again to submit to a Pontiff-King, and at the same time appealing with words that rang throughout Europe, to the French, that if they could not strike for them, at least not to strike against them; if they would not recognize the Republic, at least to stand by, and see if left to herself she could not repel the Austrian and Neapolitan armies. It has been well said, that there is not a reasoner in the world, who would not admit the argument of the Triumvir as unanswerable.

For some thirty days of the siege, his food was little more than bread and coffee, and his clothes were never taken off. It seemed as if his heroic spirit was sufficient

to sustain him. He slept only at such intervals as he could snatch between the constant emergencies of his work, and the continual throng who came to him, even for personal consolation. His noble forbearance toward the enemy—his cool decision with troublesome friends—his dignified bearing in the extremity of defeat—were alike worthy of his exalted nature.

When at last the French ventured into the city, to prove that his power had not been maintained by terror, and also to observe the bearing of his Romans, Mazzini walked unarmed and unprotected, for some days through the streets, *until his friends told him he was mad*. But no man touched him. Even the French soldiers were awed by the sublime spectacle of that pale, careworn man, his black hair grizzled with the last month's anxiety and toil, passing through them, like the ghost of the Republic, severe and silent, his very patience like a martyr's endurance, rebuking the murderers.

But the time for Europe's disenthralment had not come. Mazzini, careworn and weary, turned his face to England, where he has since resided—now, as then, the hope of Italian freedom. Italy is the object of his love. For Italy he toils, and over the graves of her myriad martyrs, ever and anon, he pours forth tributes of love, which have awakened sympathy in every patriot's heart. French despotism prevailed. The Pope was reinstated on his Pontifical throne, which is now upheld by French bayonets. The reaction was general throughout Italy, save in Sardinia. Austrian bayonets and French tyranny have not destroyed freedom there. Sardinia stands like a great rock in a weary land.

The Grand Duke returned to Tuscany, and was

reinstated upon the throne of his fathers. Jesuitism regained its supremacy over the old man's mind, and it was not long "till one privilege after another, and one liberty after another was abolished, together with the Constitution of 1848." The Court of Tuscany was induced to adopt measures to arrest the spirit of inquiry, and its consequences among the people. The Italian preaching in the Swiss chapel was interdicted. In the Spring of 1851, Count Piera Guicciardini and five others were arrested and thrown into prison, for the sole offense of reading the New Testament. At the moment when the gens d'armes broke in upon their simple and truly primitive meeting for spiritual edification, they were, it is said, engaged in reading the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel by John, which commences with the words, "I am the true vine, and My Father is the Husbandman." A strange truth to be sounded in the ears of Romanists!

Persecution rekindled her fires. Thousands of patriots fled their homes, some escaping to England and others to the United States. The record of martyr sufferings, scattered by means of the press, found readers everywhere. Jesuitism, successful again in Europe, turned its attention to the new and great Western continent, "with a rising empire which stretches from ocean to ocean, marching forward to grasp the scepter of the world—a continent with all the vigor of primal life, and all the enginery of the most magnificent political and social system man has ever seen."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE INFLUENCE AND PROSPERITY OF PROTESTANTISM AND POPERY COMPARED.

The Truth gives Freedom—The church of Rome is enslaved—Freedom—What it is doing for the nations—The past and present condition of the ruling nations—Estimates of the numbers and power of the churches—Protestantism occupies the center of Europe and America—The triumphs of Truth—The condition of Catholicism throughout the world.

It was a truth taught by the past of all ages, that the experience of mankind, from age to age, affords the best light to direct our ways of any human means, and the record of the word of God is our only sure guide to eternal life." The Saviour of the world in speaking to the Jews, said: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

The Catholic church believe that their traditions which have been handed down from age to age, that the pretended miracles which were palmed off upon an ignorant populace centuries ago, that the bulls, decrees of councils, and the proceedings of the Council of Trent, the record of which forms their works of reference in theology, and the sum total of their licensed literature, that the system of espionage, beggary, and persecution instituted by Hildebrand—are and should be considered, as the guides and landmarks in accordance with which they are to live, upon which they are to hang their

hopes for the future, and from which they are to receive their present joy. Thus they lose their freedom. They go harnessed to toil, goaded by fear and superstition, and sink into the grave worn out with fetters borne, not by labor performed. The free thought is chained by circumstances or condition. The past forms a chain to fetter the limb in the present. Their traditions and ceremonies enslave the believer, entomb thought and shackle limb.

Not so with truth. This is Heaven-born. God is truth. Truth comes from above. It is changeless; the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and can be relied upon under all circumstances, in all conditions, places and times. It does not forge chains, but knocks them off by giving freedom. Those governed by human wisdom, traditions and formulas, resemble blind guides leading the blind; they must and do fall headlong into ruin. But those led by the bond of truth journey heavenward. Their path is ever flooded by the streaming sunlight—their hearts grow, their views expand. The plain of thought widens before them. The heart is vocal with praise—the spirit, free from the contracting influences of error, roams at large, receives instruction from every object, every leaf, every rock, and every fact. God is their teacher, and nature their schoolhouse—the world their country—humanity their brothers—the teachings of the Saviour the lesson to be learned, and he their Divine Guide.

There is at the present time a great central thought lifting itself out of the deep strata of humanity—it pervades with its influence all classes and conditions of society—it has built for itself a temple, higher and

grander than all other structures—a temple destined to overlook the beauteous homes of the earth-born race. That thought is freedom. It has created for itself a want that is now being felt more than ever before throughout the world.

This love of freedom is natural. In every age, in every clime, and among every race its history may be learned, its influence observed. To a great extent however, this so called freedom is a delusion. It is a freedom from restraint, from oppression, from law, that is desired by the masses, not the Bible freedom, not the freedom which truth gives. Perfect freedom is the absence of all restraint. A mere created and dependent being can not enjoy absolute and unqualified freedom, because his finite and dependent nature necessarily imposes certain restraints which he can not surmount. Constituted as we are with reason and conscience, our freedom can not be called rational freedom, if employed in contravention of the dictates of right reason, or in known disregard of truth, which is to be the standard by which reason acts; or in opposition to the movings of conscience, the monitor within us. “Liberty is a relative thing. It must conform to truth and justice as its rule, and conduce to happiness as its end.” The truth alone can give this freedom. The warfare to be waged is with error, not with men. The weapons to be used are the truths of God’s word, not the bayonets or bullets of armies. The church of Christ composed of different sects, but united by a common interest, is the grand moral army on whose banners is emblazoned “*Christ and his Gospel.*” The one to be followed, and the other to be proclaimed.

Our Saviour organized this army when upon the earth. At that time he called about him a few ignorant fishermen and tax-gatherers, and with these as standard-bearers sent them out to teach the people. Behold the result. In three hundred years Christianity was acknowledged throughout the Roman empire, and a nominally Christian king sat upon the throne of the Cæsars. The secondary influence of the truth overcame the rude barbarians of the North; it tamed the wild Hun and warlike Magyar, and would have subdued the followers of Mohammed, had not its pristine glory departed with its original purity and strength. At this time three of the continents, beside many of the larger islands are included in Christendom. Europe, the smallest continent of the five, contains one quarter of the population. The latest estimates of the population of the world make it eleven hundred and fifty millions. Pagans, six hundred and seventy-six millions; Christians, three hundred and twenty millions; Mohammedans, one hundred and forty millions, and Jews, fourteen millions. Of Christians, the church of Rome numbers one hundred and seventy millions; the Greek and Eastern churches, sixty millions, and Protestants, ninety millions.

Russia rules the Northern portion of Asia, while England holds sway over one hundred millions that occupy its Southern portion. Thus it is easy to discover that God intends to open Asia to the Gospel by means of Europe. One hundred years ago the Russian monarchy was unknown. The Republic of the United States takes precedence in rank among the nations of the Western continent, and for education, liberty and

advancement is surpassed by none upon the Globe. A century ago the frame-work of this Republic lived only in dreams; India and China were barred against Christianity; the power of England was in its infancy, and Turkey and Mohammedanism were casting their lengthening shadows over the cherished hopes of Christianity. In 1806 there was no Austrian empire, while now the heel of Austrian despotism rests upon the neck of Hungary, her sword hangs over all Italy, and stays with its hilt the hand that holds the crosier.

Three hundred years ago Spain, among the nations of Europe, towered peerless and alone in power and influence. Her banners floated in pride from the palace of the Montezumas and the temple of the Sun. The isles of the Ocean, and the vast plains of South America and Mexico, were occupied by her soldiery and governed by her priests. Now she is poor and weak at home, while Mexico and the greater part of South America heed not her power.

England and America invigorated by the indirect influence of which we have spoken, unfurl flags that are respected on every sea, while the keels of their ships cut every river, and sea, and ocean. Under the ægis of their protection missionaries take their stand on every shore, and the ships that extend their commerce convey the Bible to every port.

China, numbering three hundred and fifty millions, resembles a nation of grown children. The truth as it is in Jesus, was scarcely uttered in their hearing "Till the leaven began to work, and a nation the laughing-stock of the world begins to manifest an inner life that gives omen of a happier future. It is an important

and cheering fact, that the third among whom the Gospel is preached, rule the other two thirds. No heathen nation has power beyond its own borders, as is evident by the past condition of China, and the present position of Turkey, sustained by England and France, as she trembles in the presence of Russian greatness, that hangs over her like a suspended avalanche. Africa is being lifted into notice. God evidently has rich blessings in store for that benighted land. England is subduing her Southern portion, France her Northern, and America is extending civilization to her Western coast. Large numbers of Africans, who have been hopefully converted to God in America, are going thither, bearing with them the torch of truth. The press, the school-house and the pulpit are all bringing their agencies to bear upon her night of ignorance and superstition, and the new-created light is fast bringing out of the chaos of her past, a beauteous superstructure with which to adorn her present.

In an inferior but yet important sense, social and political liberty have followed in the train of Bibles. The Saviour had in view the spiritual emancipation which the Gospel achieves for every part into which it comes, but it is so rich in power, so overflowing with blessings to man, that it extends far beyond the hearts of those who become true disciples, and even over the condition of those who remain strangers to its influence. As the house of Obed-edom the Gittite, in which the Word of God was temporarily deposited, found a blessing in its presence which extended over all that he had ; so the existence of the church of Christ and the presence of the Gospel in any nation, bring temporal benefits

which even the ungodly share. This is made very evident in the history of the nations throughout the Christian era, and is impressively exhibited in the present condition of the world. When the Lord uttered the sublime assurance, "The truth shall make you free," and organized his army composed of one hundred and twenty men, and sent them out to subdue the world by the power of the Gospel, he gave them no weapon but truth and nothing but error to oppose.

Nominal Christendom is divided into three parts. First, the Northern European or Greek church. Second, the church occupying the Southern portions of Europe and America, the Roman Catholic church; and third, that occupying Central Europe and America, the Protestant church.

The Greek church numbers sixty millions. Its visible head is the Emperor of Russia. For a liberal policy in science, literature and the freedom of the press, it is far in advance of its sister, the Roman Catholic church. Schools and colleges flourish in Russia, Turkey and Greece. They derive their support partly from public, and partly from private munificence. There is a spirit of progress manifest in everything connected with Russia. Her people seem desirous of obtaining an education. Their youth are thronging the colleges both of St. Petersburg and Constantinople. American missionaries and English scholars are frequently appointed to fill the vacant professorships. This elevates Protestantism in the estimation of the people, as the great proportion of the Greek priesthood are wanting in attainments in letters or science. The Greek church is therefore accessible to the Gospel.

The Roman Catholic church numbers one hundred and seventy millions. Its head is the Pope—in theory ; in fact, as we have elsewhere shown, the head of the church of Rome or its governing power, is to be found in the order established by Loyola, the Jesuit. The present condition of this church may be described in a single sentence : *Palyzed at the heart, and alive at the extremities.* Her weakness results from her seeming strength. The power of armies and of superstition is all that keeps her in existence.

Who is there that does not know that if French bayonets did not uphold the tottering throne of the Pope, that if the hand that holds the crosier did not rest upon the hilt of an Austrian sword, in less than one day the Italian people would rise as one man, and with one united pæan of victory they would hurl His Holiness from his Pontifical chair, disrobe him of his mantle, drive him from the country, and throw his tiara after him ? The whole country where the Pope rules supreme is in ignorance and rags. A mountain of superstition seems to be superimposed upon them. During the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind seems to have been her chief object. “ Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe, have under her rule been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor ; while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of a long list

of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what four hundred years ago they actually were, shall now compare the country around Rome with the country around Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of Papal domination. The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation, the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teach the same lesson. Whoever passes in Germany from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant principality; in Switzerland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant canton; in Ireland from a Catholic to a Protestant county, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilization. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru and Brazil. The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada remain inert, while the whole Continent round them is in a ferment. The French have doubtless shown an energy and an intelligence which even when misdirected, have justly entitled them to be called a great people. But this apparent exception when examined will be found to conform to the rule, for in no country that is called Roman Catholic, has the Roman Catholic church during several generations possessed so little authority as in France. Said Mr. Brooks :

“In Rome, under French domination, there have been one hundred and twenty assassinations in twenty-four hours, with a population of only one hundred and eighty thousand people !

“Compare this Papal city (Rome) with any in this

Protestant land. Compare any of the Catholic cities of Europe and South America with the Protestant cities of Europe and on this continent. Behold the city of Naples and the city of Brotherly Love! The city of Mexico and the city of Boston! The city of Rome, with its seven hills and all its glorious classic history, and little Manhattan Island, which makes up our own imperial city! Contrast the Empire of Rome with the little island of Britain. Picture the time when the mightiest of the Cæsars led the Roman army against the barbarian Britons. What is Rome now, and what is Britain now? And what has wrought these stupendous changes? I will tell you. England is Protestant, and therein lies her gigantic strength. America is Protestant, and therein is the chief source of her power. Italy is priest-ridden, and that is the canker-worm that has eaten out her very vitals. We owe our government, our liberty, our prosperity, mainly to our Protestant religion. If evidence was yet needed of Papal domination in matters of civil government, look at Switzerland. Her crags and peaks and 'cloud-capped towers,' are all symbols of liberty, but there only nine years ago, the Holy See became the instrument of civil war, and colleges and convents, even the convents of nuns, were filled with arms which were used to deluge the land of William Tell with fraternal blood. The little Republic of San Marino has been haunted by the same fatal power, and was only saved from Roman cupidity, a few months since, by the merciful interposition of the French. Stand upon the Rialto of Venice, and recall the days when Giulius II., Paul V. and Clement V. let loose the dogs of war upon that beautiful city of the sea.

“The Romish censorship of the Press, and its hostility to works of a liberal character, show the anti-republican character of this illiberal power. Though it may sometimes be done, it is not lawful to read Bacon, Locke, Hobbes, Kant, Des Cartes, Grotius, Machiavelli, Montesquieu, in books of Philosophy; Buffon, Copernicus, Gall, Cuvier, D’Alembert, in science; Milton, La Fontaine, Ariosto, Victor Hugo, in poetry and prose; nor Hume, Gibbon, Robertson and Botta, in history. The works of our own Thomas Jefferson are also named among the books which it is not lawful to read.”

More recently, English literature was denounced by the Catholic press of St. Louis. It said:

“The want of a literature sound in principle and ennobling in its aim, is becoming every day more keenly felt and painfully acknowledged. We have indeed, an abundance of books, such as they are, but they do not meet our wants. Generally speaking, they are such as are hurtful to know, and no great loss to be utterly unacquainted with. For us, and we may add for all, the entire body of English literature is irremediably tainted. History and even poetry, are made to combat against truth, which seems to be the very last thing that is sought after. * * * * ”

“We seek truth from those who we well know were ignorant of it, or indifferent to it, and borrow our principles from those who had none but the worst. There is no doubt that much of the prejudice which blinds the minds of many excellent persons at the present day, is to be referred to the popular historians of England—the Gibbons, the Humes, the Hallams, and in our own day to the unprincipled Macaulay and his servile imitators!

We all know how vivid and lasting are first impressions, and that frequently they give a coloring to the mind which no amount of knowledge and experience can afterward entirely efface. And thus the poison of error and bigotry is imbibed in early youth, and determines forever the character of the man. Few in after years have either the time or the opportunity, or even the inclination, to examine statements which they have rashly adopted as truths; and as these chance to coincide with their own views and inclinations, they are content to remain as they are. With the greatest confidence then, we assert that to the Catholic mind, almost the entire body of English literature is hurtful and often poisonous. 'Tis true that truth is often found there, but mixed with error, and is often made to wear the mask of falsehood. Generally speaking, the information it affords is "a knowledge of good bought dearly, knowing ill." Take for example the various popular historians of England; examine their works, and you will find all, with one illustrious exception, having much stronger claims to the character of romancists than to the reputation of grave historians. Their writings, especially since the period of the Reformation, seem to have steadily in view the perversion of truth. Calumnies and misrepresentations, refuted and corrected a thousand times, are again repeated by the next swarm of compilers with the most unblushing audacity, and seem quite a sufficient authority to idle declaimers and vapid lecturers, as they supply congenial food to their diseased minds."

The remarks just quoted in regard to English literature, are in keeping with the principles advocated and

the views entertained by the entire clergy of the Romish church. The shaft is apparently aimed against English literature. Perhaps it is not quite time to decry American writers and their productions ; but who does not know that if there be truth in the assertions made, they apply as well to our own as to the literature of our mother ? English literature belongs to us. It is a part of our patrimony, which we received from the land of our sires. " Can distance abolish history, or the waves of the sea wash away the lineal blood of genius ? Their fathers' songs are ours, and their familiar sayings our household words." American and English literature are *one* ; and whoever would strike out the names that shine like stars in the widening firmament of a world's thought, does that " which not enriching him, makes us poor indeed."

Catholicism has for centuries found a deadly foe in the free thought of untrammelled England and Germany. When Luther threw off the chains of slavery, and dared with his single arm the world to battle, then began the contest between truth and error, which has resulted in the emancipation of millions, and its destiny is not yet half accomplished. Rome feared truth then ; she fears it now. These books are bad things for children, for they teach them to think ; and all know how mean and unworthy of support appear the paraphernalia and mummeries of the Catholic church to thinking men. Let men read books, and they learn that there is a better mediator than a drunken priesthood—a better God than the Pope—a nobler literature than licentious question-books, and " Guides " to perdition. In Rome, history, philosophy, poetry, travels, novels, and

periodicals are put under the ban of the Pope, and find a place in the "Index." Macaulay, Gibbon, Hume, and Hallam are there, and they could not find better company. "All that the world has known of wise, or witty, or useful, is there. All the master discoveries and principles which flood the ages with light, all the impartial history, all the purest of dogmatic theology, all the profoundest of mental, political and natural philosophy, are in the Index; and the sorest affront to ambitious authorship would be exclusion from that volume, through approbation or extreme contempt." Such are the feelings expressed by the able writers of the land. So little do thinking men regard the denunciations of the Pope, the Catholic clergy or press, that, instead of striving to avoid it, they court it as a pass-ticket to universal favor. One has well said, that "Should the dark ages return, and once more run their round and vanish, men would seek out the Roman Index, in order to measure the volume of light extinguished in the gloom of barbarism and bigotry. That would be the great photometer of former civilization—an inventory of lost wits, to save a future Ariosto a trip to the moon."

It would be doing great injustice to the Catholics of America, to believe for a moment that they indorsed the sentiments of some arrogant leaders. They know full well that "a tree is known by its fruits;" that Christ said, "Let your light shine;" and that any church which, for fifteen centuries, has been striving to put out every vestal lamp of truth, can not have been with Christ and learned of him. This attempt to undermine the love with which we cherish English literature,

is equaled only by the attempt made throughout this broad Republic to destroy a people's confidence in our system of free schools. The one has failed ; the other will meet with a like defeat. In the language of Chapin, " This enterprise of thought and sentiment—this vast achievement of intellectual and moral power—employs a great army, from its newsboy trumpeters and its artillerymen of the pen to its veteran leaders—its Irvings, and Bryants, and Bancrofts, on whose breasts the world has set its stars of the Legion of Honor. And each of these is loyal to its interests, and zealous for its reputation. American literature is a literature *diffused among the people*, flowing from the richest fountain heads of wisdom along ten thousand channels into every house—carried up into every story, brought to every level—an intellectual Croton, as long and as broad as the continent, with as many reservoirs as there are schoolhouses, and as many hydrants as there are printing offices ; a literature that is not penned up for a class and served up in costly books, but that is sent abroad by every facility and style of cheapness, because it belongs to a people who can read, and therefore can be trusted. It is the literature of a live people, who don't trudge in the harness of feudal formulas, or lie baking in the sun, but who feel that they are part and parcel of a great world, and mean to know what's going on. If a man has a bold thought, let him utter it. It can do no harm in this open air of freedom, though it were made of camphene and gunpowder. If anybody has caught a new planet, or seen the sea-serpent, publish the fact—everybody wants to know it. If the Russian bear has had his claws cut by

a scimeter, and goes howling back toward the Baltic, let us hear it; we shall all be *glad* to hear it. And it is the literature of a people who find in this diffused intelligence not only the gratification of curiosity, but the magnetism of a world-wide sympathy—wherever man rejoices or suffers, suffering and rejoicing with him.”

Every student of history is familiar with the fact that wherever Papacy holds absolute sway, there superstition weaves for the mind the pall of ignorance and a moral death. Penance and long weary pilgrimages, take the place of faith in Christ and implicit confidence in the Gospel. Poor, deluded victims! it is sad to see them wandering the world over after health and peace, but never coming to the Great Physician.

There are ninety millions of Protestants. They occupy central Europe and central America, and hold the key to the commerce of the world. They are more powerful, exert a wider influence, and are doing more for the world's advantage, than the one hundred and seventy millions of Roman Catholics. In commerce, science, and the means of widening the area of truth, they have outstripped that competitor, which in the sixteenth century plotted their ruin and extirpation. The civilization of Protestant America and Europe is civilizing Asia, Africa, New Holland and Madagascar, while numerous islands are being Christianized.

“There is not,” says Macaulay, “and there never was, on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic church. The history of the church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left

standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when the camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheater. The proudest royal houses are but as yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity; but the Republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the Republic of Venice is gone and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains not in decay—not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor.

“The Catholic church is still sending forth to the furthest end of the world, missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of Missouri and Cape Horn—countries which a century hence may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her community are certainly not fewer than one hundred and fifty millions, and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to one hundred and twenty millions. Nor do

we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshiped in the temple of Mecca; and she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

A few years since, the Bride of our Republic, dressed in the white vestal robes of the altar, stood upon the Pacific strand, and called after the millions of China. Ship after ship of industrious men answered that call. They come to our borders—they are digging in our mines, and are immerging into the light of a Christian civilization.

Gold has for ages been the star hanging over the domain of enterprise. After it have gone with eager haste, not the shepherds of Judea, but the nations of the Globe. The love of it has been the instrument used by a far-seeing Providence to bring about the subjugation of India—the breaking down the walls of China—the discovery of America. It has bridged our rivers—tunneled our mountains—covered our oceans and seas with the white wings of commerce—netted our continents with railways, and strung with wiry nerves the Globe. Steam has made the three continents

neighbors, and enabled America to become the almoner of blessings to far distant China and Japan. The love of gold has peopled California with a mixed population—it has leveled Western forests, and in one view made the valley of the Mississippi the lazar-house of Europe; while in another that valley is becoming the cradle of the nations, and hastening to become the capital of the world. In it is found the dividing line of empire.

Overstocked Europe is emptying her refuse population upon our shores, and Jesuitism is making tremendous exertions to control this vast accumulation of material, to dethrone liberty and put out the altar fires of freedom. The Jesuits, like the frogs of Egypt, come into our very bread-troughs, by means of nuns, servants and music teachers. The priesthood, with their allies scattered through our families, schools, churches and legislatures, are permeating every portion of the community, busying themselves with the substrata of society—opposing education—burning Bibles—crying, “Down with free schools!” Is it not the saddest sound man ever heard—that cry lifted up from over a million of freemen, calling, “Down with free schools, away with the light of the Gospel?” It sounds like the dirge of a funereal wail, sung by two millions of Catholics, led by Jesuits and priests, as they hasten to bury the hope of Christendom, which has for years been, that the votaries of the church of Rome would lose their hostility to truth, to education and an unmuzzled press, by mingling with our people, and by enjoying the advantages therefrom.

It is to oppose this common enemy that an alliance should be formed among Protestants. We should labor

in all practical ways in pushing forward the interests of the Cross of Christ. Dr. Cumings, the great champion of Protestantism in London, said on one occasion, "It is our solemn duty to cultivate this union. We are only *insuperable* while we are *inseparable*. To enforce and illustrate this advice, let me call upon all true Christians to look less at the defects by which their brethren are deformed, and more intensely at the beauties by which they are distinguished. Act the part of the painter who was called upon to sketch Alexander the Great. Alexander had a scar upon his forehead, which he had received in the course of his Macedonian battles, and the painter was perplexed to find a way by which to escape showing this deformity on the portrait. At last he hit upon the happy expedient of representing the monarch sitting in his chair, his head leaning upon his right arm and the forefinger covering the scar." As Protestants let us place our finger over every scar that sectarian pride or bigotry has caused, and unite together in breasting the incendiary waves of Popery in all forms and conditions. Then will a paternal sympathy take the place of a sectarian animosity. God will be honored, and his cause will be advanced.

We will now narrow down our circle, and let it girt the thirty millions that inhabit the United States and Canada, that we may get at the numerical strength of our foe in America. "The Annals of the Faith," the great Roman Catholic book for the details and statistics of the Roman church, gives the sum total of Catholics in the United States in 1853 at one million six hundred and sixty-three thousand five hundred. In a note it states that the real population is larger than

that, while Archbishop Hughes estimates the number at two millions. The American Almanac for 1852 gives the number of Catholics at one million two hundred and thirty-three thousand five hundred. Now it is estimated that there are in the United States three millions of born Irish, and four million five hundred thousand of the descendants of the Irish, making in all seven million five hundred thousand of Irish; one million more than in all Ireland. The priests themselves suggest that there ought to be in the United States three million nine hundred and seventy thousand of Catholics, whereas there are not two millions. Add to the seven million five hundred thousand the hundreds of thousands of Catholic German, French, Swiss, Spanish, and Italians, and their descendants who have emigrated to this country, and at once we find that Romanism has sustained a great loss. The truth and the influence of our institutions has broken the fetters that bound them, and permitted them to emerge into the enjoyment of freedom.

In 1820 the population of the Canadas may have been five hundred and twenty thousand, of whom perhaps three hundred and eighty thousand were Roman Catholics, and only one hundred and forty thousand Protestants; exhibiting nineteen to seven of the whole country as in favor of the Roman Catholic church, its doctrines, and worship. In 1853 the population of Canada numbered, it is assumed, two millions, of whom nine hundred and forty thousand belong to the Roman Catholic church, and one million and sixty thousand to the Protestant religion; showing nearly eleven Protestants to every nine Catholics. The latter have gained

five hundred and sixty thousand in thirty years, the former nine hundred and twenty thousand. The Roman Catholics have more than doubled their number, while the Protestant army has increased seven fold.

Let us now return to the United States and notice a few facts which present the triumphs gained by Protestantism in a still stronger light.

“ Maryland, the first State where the Roman Catholic church gained a footing, now contains eight hundred and seven Protestant churches, and only sixty-five Catholic congregations. In Florida the Catholics early made settlement. Now there are one hundred and seventy Protestant, and only five Catholic churches! Louisiana was settled by the Catholics, who have now fifty-five churches in the State, while the Protestants have two hundred and forty-seven congregations. In Texas, the Catholics were the first sect in point of time, they now have thirteen churches, but the Protestants report three hundred and seven societies in the State. The number of Episcopal, Lutheran, and Roman Catholic churches are nearly the same throughout the country, but each of these denominations have about *one-eleventh* of the number of the Methodists, scarcely *one-eighth* that of the Baptists, and not *one-fourth* that of the Presbyterians. The entire Protestant population of the country, compared with that of the Catholic, is about twelve to one.”

The faith of our fathers, their devotion to the cause of truth, and zeal in building up the institutions of freedom, has made Rome tremble at the mention of our Republic. The Catholic priesthood with Father Mathew at their head, made strenuous exertions to keep the

Papists from leaving Ireland, and in preserving the faith uncorrupted of those emigrating to America.

At the heart we have shown that Popery was paralyzed—not so at the extremities. Should the Pope be banished from Italy; should his mighty temporal power crumble to dust; should he become again the bye-word and laughing stock of Europe, the battle would rage no less furiously here. Within the last few years the Catholic population has more than doubled. Our country is fast changing its position in relation to Popery. From the time the Catholics of Spain murdered the Huguenots of France, on the plains of Florida, hanging over them the inscription, “*Not as Frenchmen, but as Protestants we kill you,*” to within a short time, the Catholics have labored in a secret way. New England Puritans had beaten them across the ocean, and De Wolfe conquered Montcalm on the heights of Abraham, and they knew from sad experience that opposition would be powerless, and persecution would prove their speedy overthrow. They have endeavored by loyalty to our institutions, and by prating largely of the glory of our Republic, and the rights of man, to palm themselves off upon the country and world as really lovers of freedom, and almoners of the truth.

Popery, let it be remembered, has never been satisfied with an equality of political and religious rights. When Frederic of Prussia established equal privileges, the Catholics rebelled and endeavored to destroy his power. In England, equal rights were followed by the Gunpowder Plot; in France by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. When the Grand Duke of Tuscany established liberty in his own sunny clime, the Jesuits

frightened the poor old man, and filled his prisons with the devoted Madiai and other adherents to a common faith. In America, when the arch of our present school system spanned all classes with its resplendent bow of promise, the Catholics shouted, "Down with the school system!" The Catholic press openly avows and defends the intolerance of the church of Rome, and even reproves those whose timidity causes them to shrink from the open avowal of the real features of Popery. "We hold," said the Bishop of St. Louis, "the truth, and nothing but the truth; and it is not fair to sacrifice us to the prejudices of ill-instructed and timid Catholics, or of heretics, whose delicate nerves a bold statement of Catholic doctrine may happen to shock."

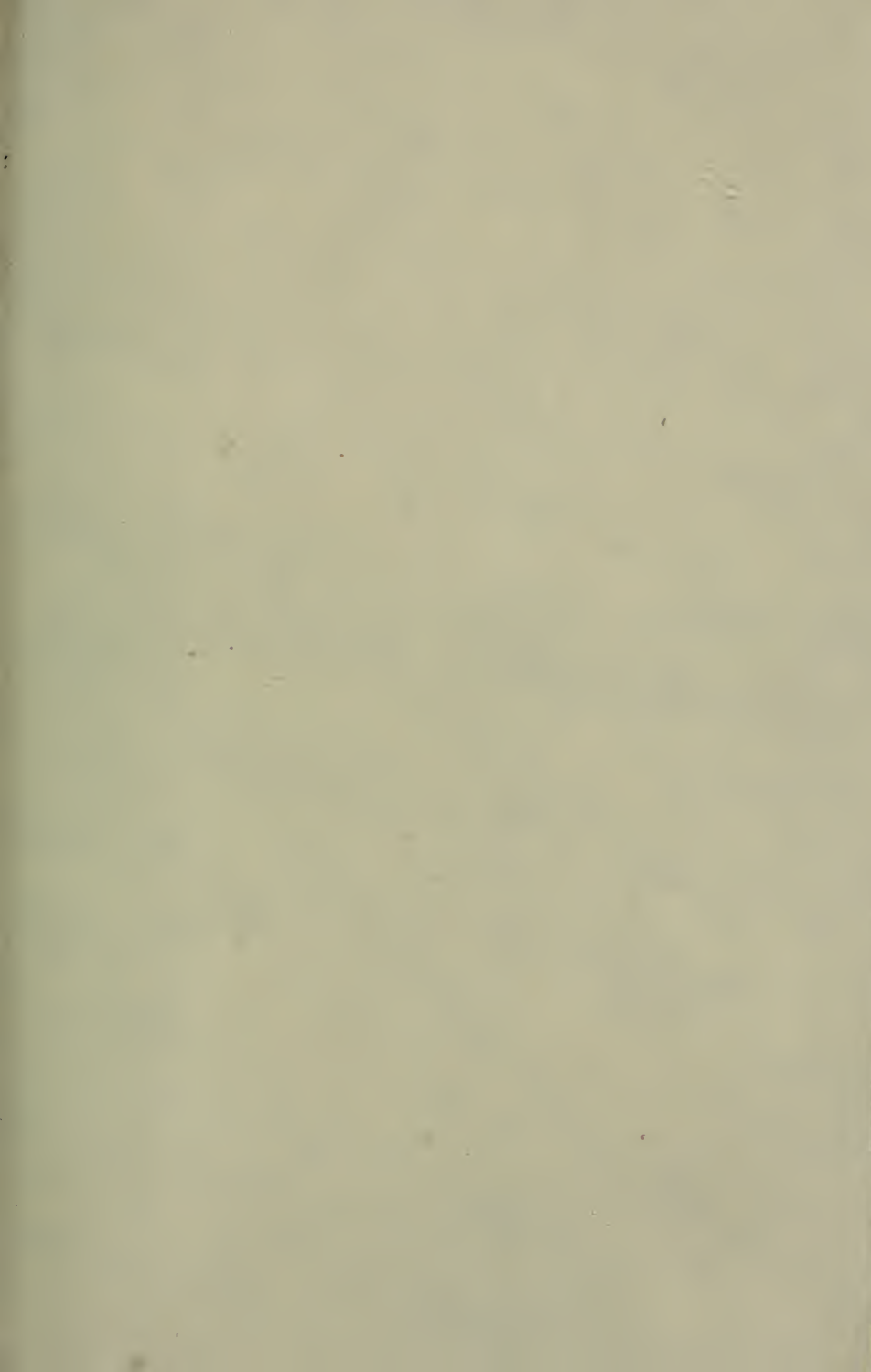
Such revelations being daily made by means of the press, the pulpit and the platform, have caused many to tremble lest Popery, triumphant and perched upon our high towers, should one day, and that quickly, mock with bitter scorn and derision the blindness of our citizens. The religion that has well nigh smothered and put out the altar fires of truth in Europe, is now as in former times willing to mount to power upon the bleeding hecatomb of millions.

There is no doubting this, whether we look at France, at Mexico, or Canada. Doubt history ye who can—believe that Catholicism has changed in its relentless nature—but the experience of a thousand years affirms with trumpet-tone what all the organs of the Catholic press proclaim, that when the day arrives for a general uprising in this country, then the mournful tragedy of St. Bartholomew will be played again, and if necessary

foreign powers will lend their aid to strike a death-blow to Protestantism in America.

But thank God! that people who gave birth to liberty—who loosed the pinions of the Bird of Freedom, and permitted her to make mountain summit and woodland vale vocal with the wild free note she sings—that people who have dug the grave of despotism—are prepared to dig a deeper one for Roman Catholicism, and to give the principle which has beggared Europe an appropriate burial upon the forest continent of America. The hum of commerce shall be its requiem—happy and enlightened millions its pall-bearers—the Bible its disease, and an untrammelled literature its epitaph!

THE END.







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